UNIV OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/edinburghreview196londuoft

P
LE
E

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR

JULY, 1902 . . . . OCTOBER, 1902.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

60315
14/8/03

VOL. CXCVI.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO., LONDON AND BOMBAY.
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY, NEW YORK.

1902.

CENTENARY NUMBER.

PORTRAITS.

LORD JEFFREY, 1773–1850 . . . . . *To face p.* 275
Engraved by H. Robinson; from a painting by Colvin Smith.

THOMAS NORTON LONGMAN, 1770–1842 . . . . . „ 279
From a painting by T. Phillips, R.A., in the possession of T. Norton Longman, Esq.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH, 1771–1845 . . . . . „ 280
Engraved by W. Greatbach; from a painting by E. U. Eddis.

LORD BROUGHAM, 1779–1868 . . . . . „ 282
From a painting by James Lonsdale in the National Portrait Gallery.

LORD MACAULAY, 1800–1859 . . . . . „ 296
From a photograph by Maull & Fox, circa 1856.

MACVEY NAPIER, 1776–1847 . . . . . „ 298
From a pen drawing of the bust in the Library of the Edinburgh University by P. Sclater, the sculptor, in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR G. CORNEWALL LEWIS, BART., 1806–1863 . . . . . „ 305
Engraved by F. Holl; from a photograph.

HENRY REEVE, C.B., 1813–1895 . . . . . „ 308
From a photograph.

CONTENTS OF No. 401.

Page

ART. I.—L'Empire Libéral: Etudes, Récits, Souvenirs. Par Emile Ollivier. In six volumes. Paris: Garnier Frères, Libraires-Editeurs, ... 1

II.—1. Lyra Heroica: a Book of Verse for Boys. Selected and arranged by William Ernest Henley. Sixth edition. London: David Nutt. 1900.

2. Patriotic Songs: a Book of English Verse. Selected and arranged by Arthur Stanley, with an introduction by the Right Reverend J. E. C. Welldon. London: C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. 1901.

3. Pro Patriâ et Reginâ. Being Poems from Nineteenth Century Writers in Great Britain and America. Collected and edited by Professor Knight, St. Andrews. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1901.

4. Ballads of the Brave. Selected and arranged by Frederick Langbridge. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

5. Songs of England's Glory. London: Isbister. 1902, 29

III.—1. La Situation en Epire, mémoire adressé à la Commission des Ambassades d'Angleterre, d'Autriche et d'Allemagne à Constantinople. Athens: P. D. Sakellarios. 1900.

2. Proclamation of the Albanian League at Athens to the Brethren in Albania. Athens: Anaplasis. 1899, ... 55

IV.—1. The Return of Ulysses. A Drama in Five Acts. By Robert Bridges. Poetical Works. Vol. IV. London: 1902.

2. Ulysses. A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts. By Stephen Phillips. London: 1902.

3. La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri. Commentata da G. A. Scartazzini. Seconda Edizione. Milano: 1896.

4. The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson. With Notes and an Introduction by J. Churton Collins, M.A. London: 1899, ... 84

V.—The Scenery of England and the Causes to which it is due. By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury, F.R.S., D.C.L. (Oxon.), LL.D. (Cantab. Dublin et Edin.), &c. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1902, ... 97

Page

ART. VI.—1. Luke Delmege. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan. London: Longmans. 1902.

2. Noblesse Américaine. Par Pierre de Coulevain. 5me édition. Paris: Ollendorff. 1902.

3. Eve Triumphant. By Pierre de Coulevain. Translated by Alys Hallard. London: Hutchinson. 1902, ... 120

VII.—1. The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall. By Edgar Sheppard, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1902.

2. The Secret History of Whitehall. By W. Jones, gent. London: 1697.

3. Memorials of St. James's Palace. By Edgar Sheppard, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

4. The History and Survey of London. By B. Lambert. London: T. Hughes. 1806.

5. The Old Court Suburb. By Leigh Hunt. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1855.

6. Kensington Palace. By Ernest Law. London: George Bell & Sons. 1899, ... 139

VIII.—Œuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo. Edition définitive. Forty-seven volumes. Paris: 1883, . . . 156

IX.—1. The Theatre: its Developement in France and England, and a History of its Greek and Latin Origins. By Charles Hastings. London: Duckworth & Co. 1901.

2. Drame ancien: Drame moderne. Par Emile Faguet. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie. 1898.

3. Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant (1898) and Three Plays for Puritans (1901). By Bernard Shaw. London: Grant Richards, ... 178

X.—1. The Mastery of the Pacific. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. London: Heinemann, 1902.

2. China and the Powers: a Narrative of the Outbreak of 1900. By H. C. Thomson. London: Longmans. 1902, ... 210

XI.—1. A Bill to make further provision with respect to Education in England and Wales.

2. Report of the Board of Education, 1900–1901, . 236

XII.—Agreement as to Terms of Surrender of the Boer Forces in the Field. (Parliamentary Papers, South Africa, June 1902). 260

CONTENTS OF No. 402.

Page

ART. I.—1. The 'Edinburgh Review' (1802–1902).

2. On the Authorship of the First Hundred Numbers of the 'Edinburgh Review.' By W. A. Copinger. Privately printed. Manchester: 1895.

3. The First Edinburgh Reviewers. Literary Studies, vol. 1. By Walter Bagehot. Second edition. London: Longmans. 1879.

4. The Rev. Sydney Smith's Miscellaneous Works, including his Contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review' Longmans.

5. The Life and Letters of Lord Jeffrey. By Lord Cockburn. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1852.

6. Selected Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier. London: Macmillan. 1879.

7. Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. By Sir George Trevelyan, Bart. London: Longmans. 1876.

8. Memoirs of the Life of Henry Reeve. By John Knox Laughton. Second edition. London: Longmans. 1898, ... 275

II.—1. Helen of Troy. By Andrew Lang. London: Bell & Sons. 1882.

2. Völsunga Saga. Translated by Magnússon and Morris. The Story of Sigurd the Volsung. By William Morris. 1877.

3. Epics of Ancient India. The Rāmāyana. Translated and abbreviated by Romish Chandra Dutt, . 319

III.—1. Report of His Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject of the Administration of the Port of London and other matters connected therewith, 1902.

2. First Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Steamship Subsidies, 1901.

3. The German Empire of To-day. By 'Veritas.' London: Longmans & Co. 1902.

4. Commercial Trusts. By John R. Dos Passos. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901, . 343

IV.—1. The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin. By Francis Darwin, F.R.S. London: John Murray. 1887.

2. Dar[illegible]. By Alfred Russel Wallace, F.R.S. London: Macmillan 1889.

Page

ART. IV.—3. History of Botany. By Julius von Sachs, F.M.R.S. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

4. Collected Essays. By the Right Hon. Thomas H. Huxley, F R.S. London: Macmillan. 1898.

5. Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. By Leonard Huxley. London: Macmillan. 1900, . 366

V.—1. An Account of the Campaign in the West Indies in the Year 1794. By the Rev. Cooper Willyams. London: 1796.

2. State Papers (Public Record Office). Colonial Correspondence: War Office, Original Correspondence, ... 408

VI.—The Victorian Anthology. Edited by Sir M. E. Grant Duff. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902, ... 436

VII.—1. Lord Grey's Letters on the Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell, 1846–52. London: Bentley. 1853.

2. The Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald. By Joseph Pope. London: Edward Arnold. 1894.

3. The Commonwealth of Australia. By Professor W. Harrison Moore. London: John Murray. 1902, ... 464

[And other works.]

VIII.—The English Novel: being a Short Sketch of its History from the Earliest Times to the Appearance of 'Waverley.' By Walter Raleigh. Fifth impression. London: Murray. 1901, . 487

IX.—1. Seizième Siècle: Études Littéraires. Paris: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.

2. Dix-septième Siècle: Études Littéraires. Paris: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.

3. Dix-huitième Siècle: Études Littéraires. Paris: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.

4. Dix-neuvième Siècle: Études Littéraires. Paris: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901, ... 507

[And other works.]

X.—Recueil des Traités et Conventions conclus par la Russie avec les Puissances Étrangères. Tomes XI. XII.: Traités avec l'Angleterre. Publié par ordre du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères. St. Petersburg: 1895–98, ... 534

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1902.

No. CCCCI.

ART. I.—*L'Empire Libéral : Etudes, Récits, Souvenirs.* Par EMILE OLLIVIER. In six volumes. Paris: Garnier Frères, Libraires-Editeurs.

THE inner history of the Second Empire is gradually acquiring distinctness. The men who were associated with its fortunes have given us, one after another, their reminiscences or their criticisms. The Duc de Persigny, M. Thouvenel, the Duc de Gramont, and M. Benedetti are only prominent examples of statesmen who have been anxious to explain their shares in the fortunes or misfortunes of the Emperor. Writers like M. Maxime du Camp and M. de la Guéronnière have thrown light on portions of the history. Novelists like Victor Hugo, the brothers Margueritte, and M. Zola have told the story of the circumstances in which the Empire had its birth, and of the catastrophe which overwhelmed it at its close. Historians like M. Rothan have illustrated important passages in the diplomacy of the reign. M. de la Gorce is summing up with admirable impartiality and clearness the annals of the Second Empire; and, finally, M. Ollivier is recording the transition from autocratic to constitutional government and, as we presume, intending to offer some apology for his own share in the events which directly led to the crowning disaster of Sedan. The reader who is acquainted with these and other similar works ought to have no difficulty in understanding the history of France during the reign of the Third Napoleon. It may, indeed, be many years before the history of England from 1850 to 1870 is told with the knowledge, the perspicacity, and the eloquence with which M. de la Gorce has related the history of France during the same period.

If M. Ollivier's six volumes are the latest contribution to our knowledge of the subject, they are, at present, incomplete. The narrative is brought down only to 1864; and it is much more concerned with the autocratic government of the first half of the reign than with l'Empire Libéral which gives a title to the work. Many of the most interesting chapters in the book have already appeared in the pages of a great French review; and, perhaps in consequence, the book as a whole is deficient in what an artist would call its 'values.' But we have hardly the right to expect the proportions which are required in a history in a work which professes only to consist of studies, narratives, and reminiscences. The latter word is, perhaps, M. Ollivier's excuse for inserting a much fuller account of his own proceedings in the French legislature than would be justifiable in a mere history of the reign.

Notwithstanding these defects the book is full of interest. M. Ollivier has been able, from his own experiences, to add to our knowledge of the period, and to throw fresh light on the character of the Emperor. We are far from thinking that Napoleon III. was either a great statesman or a great ruler. He committed many faults which we cannot excuse; he was responsible for many mistakes from the effect of which France was destined to suffer severely. Yet amidst all his faults and all his mistakes we cannot avoid being attracted by his personality. He would probably have been a much more successful monarch if he had been a less generous man. He was no match for the resolute diplomatists with whom, at various stages of his career, he was associated or confronted. He gave himself away at Plombières to Count Cavour: he gave himself away at Biarritz to Count von Bismarck. In the one case the Emperor's weakness was of less importance; for the end at which Count Cavour was aiming was the end which Napoleon himself desired. In the other case it was attended with fatal consequences; for the great Prussian minister played with the Emperor, and, securing for himself all that he desired for Prussia, threw over, one after another, the concessions which the Emperor undoubtedly thought had been secured for France.

In the years of his youth, his captivity, and his exile, the Emperor had carefully considered the policy which he should pursue if he ever attained power. He borrowed from the First Napoleon that doctrine of nationalities which was ultimately destined to lead to the chief success and the crowning

disaster of his reign. The French people had always sympathised with the Italians in their sufferings, and with the Poles in their oppression, and Napoleon had himself taken part in the revolutionary movement in the Romagna in 1830. M. Ollivier categorically asserts that Louis Napoleon had no connexion with the Carbonari, the secret society which, later in his life, he was so often charged with having joined. The reason which he gives for his opinion that the Carbonari had their origin in Naples, and that their organisation did not extend to Tuscany and Rome, those parts of Italy in which Napoleon resided in his youth, does not satisfy us. We readily admit, however, that we have never been able to discover any evidence which has convinced us that Napoleon had joined the Carbonari in his earlier years. There may be grounds for presuming, but, so far as we know, there is no proof, that he joined the society. The allegations of men like Lord Malmesbury and Count Vitzthum to this effect are probably founded on the mere gossip of their contemporaries; and we may perhaps assume that the Emperor would sooner or later have struck a blow for Italy if Orsini's horrible crime had not precipitated his action.

The Emperor, when he went to war in 1859, had a clear idea of what he intended to accomplish. He desired a free, but he had no wish for a united, Italy. He was willing that Piedmont should extend from the Alps to the Adriatic, on the sole condition that the French slopes of the Alps should be ceded to France. But he had no inclination to disturb the existing arrangements either in Central or Southern Italy. France, strengthened by the addition of Savoy and Nice, could view with equanimity an extended Piedmont. But neither France nor her ruler had any relish for a united Italy, with twenty-six millions of inhabitants, on her south-eastern frontier.

The ideas which the Emperor had formed found expression at Villafranca. Alarmed at the rumours of Prussian intervention and the movements of Prussian troops to the Rhine, he thought himself compelled to stop halfway in his march to the Adriatic; but, in other respects, he gave effect to the ideas with which he had commenced the campaign. He arranged that the Italian States should be formed into a confederation under the honorary presidency of the Pope; he surrendered Lombardy, which he received from Austria, to his Piedmontese ally; and with some generosity he forbore from exacting the price of his assistance—the incorpo-

ration of Savoy and Nice in France. He thought, in fact, that, as he had only given Piedmont one half the extension which he had foreshadowed at Plombières, he was not entitled to any portion of the reward which he had stipulated should be paid to him on the completion of his whole programme.

In truth, Napoleon rose to his zenith on the day on which he signed this famous treaty. He had never before, he never again, attained so striking a position. For, on that day he stood, beyond dispute, the most powerful man in Europe. He had gone to war for an idea, but for an idea which found favour with all that was best in liberal Europe; he had defeated the army which was supposed to be the most highly organised on the Continent; and he had displayed a moderation in victory which was as creditable to him as his success in arms. Thenceforward it seemed certain that no great change could be effected on the map of Europe without his concurrence. Thenceforward the statesmen of Europe thought it their first business to endeavour to fathom his thoughts, and to forecast his intentions. Even in this country the sense of the power which he had displayed on the battlefield created the panic which Lord Palmerston did so much to encourage, and which Mr. Cobden vainly endeavoured to allay. We sometimes forget that the great Volunteer movement, which has done, and is doing, so much for England, was due to the impression produced by the campaign which was concluded at Villafranca.

Yet at that very moment, when the Emperor might have been forgiven for thinking that fate had declared itself in his favour, and that he might safely rely on the destiny which was still before him, the tide which had borne him to fame and fortune was already turning. During the eleven years in which he had occupied the first place in the French Republic and Empire everything had gone well with him. France had enjoyed an increasing prosperity which was reflected in the new boulevards, new streets, new buildings which were being constructed not only in Paris but in almost every provincial town. Whatever opinion might be formed of the autocratic government which the Emperor had established, there was no doubt that France, as a whole, had derived advantage from the good order which resulted from his rule. The mere fact that he was on the throne, receiving and repaying the visits of contemporary sovereigns, was a proof that he had triumphed over the traditions of 1815, and over the prejudices of European

Courts. The birth of a son had apparently given fresh stability to the Empire, and had given his people a new interest in his dynasty. And yet the writing was already on the wall, if any Daniel had been there to read it. The very campaign which had just concluded so successfully, the very arrangements which he had dictated at Villafranca, were to involve him in difficulties and embarrassments from which he was never to extricate himself. For, if Villafranca saw the Emperor at the height of his power, it saw the commencement of his fall. And in Italy, to use M. de la Gorce's striking language, the fate of the Second Empire was sealed.

In the first place, powerful as he had proved himself on the battlefield, the Emperor was unable to give effect to the arrangements which he had made. He had set a flood in motion which he could not control, and Italy was enabled, in defiance of his will, to carry out the settlement on which she had set her heart. The Emperor had decided that Central Italy should take back her old rulers; and Central Italy showed an increasing disinclination to do anything of the kind. Had the Emperor been endowed with the resolution of Count Cavour, or with the iron determination of Prince Bismarck, he would have insisted on the conditions which he had laid down at Villafranca being fulfilled. No power in Italy could have withstood his will if he had had the courage to enforce it. But Prince Napoleon had told the Emperor of Austria that France would not suffer force to be used to effect the restoration of duke or grand duke. And Lord John Russell was always asking for some definite pledge that France would not employ herself the force which she had refused to allow Austria to exert. Short of force, however, nothing could restore the old system which the Italian campaign had destroyed. There was literally no mean between marching troops into Tuscany and the adoption of Lord John Russell's policy of leaving the Italians to settle their own affairs for themselves. As the months wore on after Villafranca it was accordingly evident that a great military success was likely to be followed by a great diplomatic reverse. The Central States of Italy, against the will of the Emperor, and in defiance of his orders, were, one after another, throwing in their lot with Piedmont; and the Emperor, pledged not to allow Austrian interference, and reluctant to discredit the whole of his Italian policy by employing the arms of France against the Italians, was

compelled to stand by and see Northern and Central Italy consolidate themselves against his will. The Emperor was learning for the first time that the doctrine of nationalities, which it had been so convenient to raise, was very difficult to control. He endeavoured to cover his failure by acquiring fresh boundaries for his own Empire. We do not wish to condemn, if we cannot wholly excuse, the annexation of Nice and Savoy. It was not altogether unreasonable on the Emperor's part to maintain that, if Savoy and Nice were the price which Piedmont had agreed to pay for the extension of her kingdom to the Adriatic, the forfeiture should be exacted if a larger and more populous territory than Venetia were added to Victor Emanuel's dominions in Central Italy. But if, from this point of view, the annexation of Savoy and Nice was excusable, there is no doubt that the act itself increased the Emperor's difficulties. Nothing in his career had done him such good service as the close alliance which he had formed with this country. He was ready to make large sacrifices to maintain the friendly relations with England which he had satisfied himself formed a strong guarantee for the permanence of his rule. And the annexation of Savoy and Nice deprived him, at a single stroke, of this advantage. He never recovered from the effect of the suspicions which the act excited; he never completely regained the confidence of the Prime Minister of England, or the goodwill of the English people. They felt that he had entered on a new policy of extending the bounds of his Empire which might, in the near future, be productive of results opposed to the peace of Europe and the best interests of England.

The course of events, moreover, increased the embarrassments in which the Emperor had been involved in the closing months of 1859 by the attitude of Central Italy, and in which he had involved himself in the opening months of 1860 by the annexation of Nice and Savoy. For, before this controversy was settled, the action of Garibaldi in invading Sicily raised a new issue which could not be otherwise than disquieting to the Emperor. Opposed as he had been throughout to the union of Italy, he saw other Italian provinces abandoned by their old rulers, and prepared to throw themselves into the arms of Piedmont. He tried again to stem the tide which was running steadily against him; and if he had had his own will would have prevented Garibaldi from crossing the Straits of Messina. But this country, through Lord John Russell, kept on repeating the

eternal conclusion that Italy should be left free to settle its own affairs, and the Emperor hesitated to act alone or against the opinion of the ally whose friendship he still desired to preserve. He contented himself with stationing a French fleet at Gaeta to afford a possible refuge for the King of Naples. And this policy only emphasised the failure of his diplomacy. For France, and indeed Europe, received an object-lesson of the Emperor's incapacity. He showed himself opposed to the union of Southern and Northern Italy, yet powerless to prevent it; the crowning act—the capture of Gaeta—was actually accomplished in the presence of the French fleet.

This discomfiture was preceded by an occurrence still more fatal to the prestige of the Empire. The Piedmontese Cabinet considered that it could only prevent Garibaldi's march on Rome by itself invading the Roman provinces. Rome, however, was occupied by a French garrison; the Pope had enlisted in his support volunteers from every Catholic nation; and a French officer, General Lamoricière, had been permitted, against the strong advice of some of Napoleon's own counsellors, to assume the command of the contingent. Thus the invasion of the Romagna involved an attack upon territory whose capital was occupied by a French garrison, and whose frontiers were defended by a force commanded by a French officer. Such a proceeding seemed so dishonourable to France that her Foreign Minister, M. Thouvenel, wished the Emperor to dispatch an ultimatum to Turin; and the Duc de Gramont, the French Ambassador at Rome, inferring that M. Thouvenel spoke the mind of the Emperor, told the Papal Government that the Emperor would not tolerate Piedmontese aggression. The Emperor was thus committed by his agents to the defence of the Pope, and the defeat of the Papal troops seemed to emphasise his inability to resist the march of the Piedmontese. The sovereign of Northern Italy, who knew his own mind and who was supported by his minister, seemed able to defy at every turn the powerful Emperor, who was vibrating between resolution and irresolution, and whose ministers were unable either to guide or influence their master. Italy, so the Emperor had decided, should not be united, and the union of Italy was practically complete. Rome, so the Emperor had promised, should be defended against aggression, and the Pope had been stripped of his richest provinces by the Piedmontese soldiery.

Only a little more than a year had passed since Napoleon

at Villafranca had laid down the conditions on which the question of Italy was to be settled. Every portion of his programme had been torn up. Italian federation had passed out of the possibilities of practical politics, and the union of Italy, notwithstanding the Emperor's opposition, had been almost completely accomplished. Everything that the Emperor had desired had been abandoned; every end which he had resisted had been attained. The victory on the battlefield had been followed by diplomatic disaster, and the Emperor had shown that, if he was still the master of many legions, his will was no longer law.

The discredit into which the Emperor thus fell weakened his authority, and his treatment of the Pope exposed him to severe criticism. Both in the inner circle of the Emperor's Court and in French society there was a difference of opinion on the events which had been thus accomplished. At Court the Empress was passionately devoted to the cause of the Pope, while Prince Napoleon was equally zealous for the union of Italy. The Empress, on the one side, endowed with all the religious fervour of her race, could not even contemplate the desertion of the head of her Church in the hour of his necessity. 'Mort soit, Rome jamais' was her comment on the report that Garibaldi was inviting the Italians to bind themselves under the oath 'Roma o morte.' But, if the Empress was inspired with a passionate desire to save the head of her Church, Prince Napoleon was actuated by at least as strong a determination to extend the rule of his father-in-law. The government of the Pope, so the Prince openly argued in the Senate, was unworthy, effete, and did not deserve a defence. United Italy, moreover, was in need of Rome, and Rome must be surrendered to it. This was the policy which the Emperor ought to pursue, and this was the policy which the Prince believed, notwithstanding all the assurances to the contrary, he would ultimately adopt.

The contrary views which were thus pressed on the Emperor by his wife and his cousin found expression in the country. Catholic and Conservative France—the France to which the Emperor owed his throne, and on whose support he relied for the maintenance of his dynasty—warmly espoused the cause which the Empress was unceasingly pleading. Liberal France, on the contrary—the France which was still suffering from the extinction of liberty and the repression of opinion—as eagerly adopted the views of the Prince. The Emperor found himself in this dilemma.

If he listened to the Prince he exposed himself to the tears of his wife and the reproaches of his supporters. If he attended to the Empress he was liable to be charged with abandoning the cause for which 30,000 French soldiers had laid down their lives in 1859.* A stronger man than the Emperor would have resolutely faced the difficulties of the situation, and have definitely decided on the policy to be pursued. But the Emperor, throughout his career, always shrank from arriving at a decision on the day which he could defer till the morrow. He could not bring himself either to abandon the Pope or to impose a distinct veto on the aggression of the Italians. His vacillating and uncertain policy secured the support of neither Turin nor Rome, and offended both. The Italians complained that the Emperor's attitude was preventing them from crowning the edifice of a United Italy by giving her Rome as her capital. The Papal Government complained that the presence of a French garrison had prevented it having recourse to other assistance, and had not preserved it from the loss of its territory.†

The Emperor, moreover, was confronted with another difficulty, an indirect legacy of the Italian campaign. In Italy he was the champion of liberty; in France he was the head of an autocratic government. He was practising one principle at home and advocating another abroad. The dilemma which he was thus preparing for himself was pointed out on the eve of the Italian war. 'You are com-
'promising,' said M. Plichon in the French Chamber, 'the
'internal tranquillity of France. For you cannot be revo-
'lutionary in Italy, and remain conservative at home.' 'If
'you are going to crush the despotic rule of Austria,' said M. Jules Favre on the same occasion, 'my heart, my blood,
'my life are at your service. But when the victory has
'been won, I shall claim from the conqueror that he will
'concede to his own people the liberties which he will have
'restored to another nation.'

---

* In a remarkable interview which he had with M. de Falloux in 1860, the Emperor explained his difficulties by saying, 'I have always been bound to the cause of Italy, and it is impossible for me to turn my guns upon her.' (Memoirs of M. de Falloux, ii. 226.)

† Cardinal Antonelli, on being congratulated on the dismissal of M. Thouvenel, who was in favour of the French troops evacuating Rome at a definite date, replied: 'Non; c'est alors que nous commençons à trembler. Ce sont nos amis qu'on chargera de nous exécuter.' (Le Secret de l'Empereur, ii. 439, *note*.)

Perhaps the Emperor was himself conscious of the inconsistency of giving liberal institutions to Italy while denying them to France. Perhaps, as M. Ollivier hints, he was a little weary of the burden of empire and anxious to shift some of the load on to other shoulders. Perhaps he was anxious to devote to the Life of Cæsar some of the hours which he had hitherto reserved for affairs. At any rate, he decided to give his legislature a little more power. Verily there seemed little risk in such a step. The election of 1857 had returned only five men ('Les Cinq,' as they were called) who were avowedly in favour of a more liberal system of government. The two men, who rapidly became the chief exponents of the five, were M. Jules Favre, who was already known as a capable orator both in the legislature and at the Bar, and M. Emile Ollivier, the author of the volumes whose title we have placed at the head of this article. In the sessions of 1857, 1858, 1859, and 1860, the five under M. Ollivier's guidance had shown considerable skill in criticising the autocratic measures of the Emperor without transgressing the rules of debate. They had been encouraged in their difficult task by the sympathy of M. de Morny, the President of the Chamber, who was slowly arriving at the conclusion that the legislature might safely be entrusted with a larger measure of responsibility. M. de Morny's parentage—he was the half-brother of the Emperor—gave him ready access to the Emperor's ear. He prevailed on the Emperor to accord to the legislature a little more liberty of discussion, and to formulate the decree of November 24, 1860, the foundation-stone of l'Empire Libéral. Perhaps there is no better proof of the restrictions under which the legislature had previously acted than is afforded by the concessions contained in this decree. It introduced three reforms:—1. It restored the Address to the throne at the opening of each session, and thus afforded the Opposition an opportunity of criticising every salient point in the policy of the Government. 2. It directed the publication in the 'Journal Officiel' of authorised official reports of the proceedings of the Senate and the Legislative Assembly, and thus brought the delegates into touch with the people. 3. It undertook that the Emperor should be represented, and that his measures should be defended, in the Chambers by ministers without portfolios. Perhaps, when we in this country are a little inclined to denounce the abuses which have crept into and are prolonging the debate on the Address, it may do us good to recollect that the restoration of the

Address was the first stage which marked the passage from autocratic to liberal government in the Second Empire.

'Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.' Almost exactly a year after the publication of this decree, the Emperor took another and still more significant step. On November 15, 1861, he announced his intention to reorganise the financial arrangements of the Empire, and to surrender the right which he had hitherto exercised of opening supplementary credits when the legislature was not sitting. This concession was even more striking than that which preceded it. For the men who control the purse will, in the long run, govern the country. Napoleon, indeed, found it necessary to disregard his own promise almost as soon as he had given it. The necessities of the Mexican expedition induced or compelled him to raise a supplementary credit of 35,000,000 francs (1,400,000*l.*) without the authority of the legislature. But this illegal action, of course, strengthened the hands of the Opposition. It gave M. Ollivier himself the opportunity of declaring that the true method of preventing irregularity was to make the minister responsible to the legislature. It was a striking sign of the progress which had been made that constitutional government and a responsible ministry should have been openly demanded in the autocratic Chamber which had been elected in 1857.

At the time at which the demand was raised both parties were making elaborate efforts in preparation for a fresh election. The general election of 1863 was fought in very different circumstances from those which had existed during the general election of 1857. In 1857 there was a general disinclination among Liberals to engage in politics; in 1863 there was as general an interest in the progress of affairs. In 1857 the Liberals had experienced difficulty in finding candidates; in 1863 their chief difficulty consisted in deciding among many candidates who were the most competent to stand. In 1857 Paris had with some hesitation returned five Liberals. In 1863 the five and their allies swept every constituency in the French capital. In the provinces, indeed, the machinery at the disposal of the Government enabled it to prevail over the attacks of the Liberals and the discontent of the Church. But the whole aspect of the Chamber was altered by the elections of 1863. An obscure group of five members had developed into a party; and the opposition, which this party was preparing, was facilitated by the concessions which the Emperor had himself made: by the decree of November 1860, and the financial

reforms of November 1861. The elections of 1863—so wrote M. de Morny—had left the Emperor and the democracy face to face.

Conscious of the great change which had, almost silently, been effected in the principle on which his government was founded, the Emperor himself set his mark upon it by changing his machinery. No man had served him more faithfully than M. de Persigny: no man had struggled harder to win victory in 1863. If he had failed to make any impression on Paris, no man had done more to ensure the victory of Imperialism in the provinces. In throwing himself into the struggle, M. de Persigny had adopted a policy in which he firmly believed. This policy was based on the principle that ministers should be responsible to the Emperor alone; and M. Ollivier was already demanding—and the electors were supporting the demand—that they should be responsible to Parliament. The Emperor marked his sense of the change by removing M. de Persigny from office. At the same time he replaced the ministers without portfolios—who had been appointed under the decree of 1860—by a Minister of State, who was made the mouthpiece of the Government before the Chambers on all occasions. For the latter office he selected M. Billault, by far the most eminent of the ministers without portfolios, and a man whose tact, whose temper, whose debating skill, and whose liberal opinions qualified him to fill the first place in a responsible ministry. The dismissal of M. de Persigny, and the selection of M. Billault, were, in fact, accepted as much more important indications of the drift of the Emperor's policy than the decrees of 1860 and 1861. For he had deliberately parted from the faithful supporter whose policy was most distinctly opposed to M. Ollivier's demand; and he had as deliberately selected the Liberal statesman whose appointment was certain to be welcome to M. Ollivier and his friends. By a singular misfortune, M. Billault was struck down by sudden illness on the morrow of his appointment, and the Emperor replaced him—the saying at the time was that they had given M. Billault 'un remplaçant plutôt 'qu'un successeur'—with M. Rouher. No one foresaw at the time the consequences of the appointment. No one foresaw that, in giving the Chamber a new mouthpiece for his Government, the Emperor presented not merely the Chamber but France itself with a master. 'It was on the '18th of October, 1863,' so writes M. de la Gorce, 'that 'the Emperor made M. Rouher Minister of State. That

'date should be remembered by the historian. For on that 'day began the reign of M. Rouher.'

A little more than four years had passed since the Emperor at Villafranca, exercising an authority which none of his subjects dared question, had practically dictated the terms on which the peace of Europe should be assured. In the interval everything both in Italy and France had tended to discredit his policy and to shake belief in his destiny. For Italy, against the will of the Emperor, had become a powerful kingdom—a serious menace, as many Frenchmen thought, to France; while the Pope, instead of being promoted to the chief place in a new Italian Federation, had, to the dismay of all pious Catholics, both in France and elsewhere, been stripped of his possessions. Catholic France was angry at the spoliation of the head of the Church; military France was annoyed at reflecting that the defeat of the Pope had been accompanied by the defeat of a French general; and that French ships and French troops had stood idly by, while the King, whom they had been sent to support, had been driven from his last stronghold, and the Pope, whom they had been directed to sustain, had been reduced to extremity. In the discredit of the Emperor's policy, and in the universal unpopularity of his measures, Liberal France had naturally seen fresh opportunities for criticising his system, and had claimed that the self-government which had been given to Italy should, at least, be extended to France. The exertions of the Liberals had led to concessions which, large in themselves, had become larger from the manner in which they were carried out. The elections of 1863 had constituted an Opposition formidable not merely from its numbers, but from the ability of its members, and from the success which they had already achieved; and the Emperor, instead of being the autocratic head of a State whose legislature was a mere echo of his will, found himself the chief of a government confronted with a Parliament prepared to seize every opportunity of criticising, and even thwarting, his policy.

Had the Emperor, at this juncture, frankly accepted the full consequences of changes to which he had himself agreed, the history of the next few years might have taken another course. Even if the great disaster of 1870 had not been averted, the responsibility for it might have rested on the ministers and not on the sovereign. But, in truth, Napoleon's temperament was ill adapted to fit him to work with a constitutional ministry. Incapable of decision, he

could not bring himself to part with the right to decide. He could not, in other words, devolve on others the responsibility of decision. It would, indeed, be possible to argue that he habitually deprived his advisers of the opportunity of giving him advice. Frank to a fault with foreign statesmen, he usually concealed his intentions and his decisions from his own ministers. A conspirator by nature,* he conspired against his own advisers. Count Walewski enjoyed his confidence in 1858. Yet Count Walewski was not made acquainted with Napoleon's interview with Count Cavour at Plombières in July, nor with the secret treaty between Sardinia and France in December. M. Thouvenel succeeded Count Walewski: yet M. Thouvenel was deceived as to the Emperor's intentions in 1860 towards Rome, and was never fully informed of the Emperor's Mexican policy. M. Drouyn de Lhuys was M. Thouvenel's successor, and he, too, had to complain that he was allowed, in the name of his Government, to declare that the Emperor would never agree to arrangements which he had already accepted. The Emperor, in fact, took a positive pride in his reticence to his own servants. 'Do not attach any 'importance'—so he said to the Prussian ambassador—'to 'the words of my ministers. I alone am acquainted with 'the foreign policy of France.' The Emperor's habitual refusal to entrust his advisers with his intentions was inconvenient enough when he was the autocratic master of France; it became full of danger when he permitted parliamentary criticism and parliamentary interference. For the men who were charged with the defence of his policy did not know his whole mind: and, though they might not have found it always easy to explain the views of a despot, it was ten times more difficult to interpret the thoughts of a Sphinx.

It was, moreover, the Emperor's misfortune that the closing years of his reign were years pregnant with great events in the history of the world, in which France either had, or thought she had, a deep interest. In Europe, Poland was again rising for its independence; Germany was demanding the solution of the Schleswig-Holstein question; and Prussia was preparing for the great struggle which was to bring her, in one stride, to Sadowa, and in another to Sedan. If, in Europe, the doctrine of nation-

* M. de la Gorce says of him, 'Rêveur et conspirateur, il le fut sur le trône et toujours.'

alities, which the Emperor himself had done so much to encourage, was raising issues which could not easily be determined, in North America still more serious problems were being settled by war. For, in the United States, the great Civil War was deciding the issues of slavery and freedom, of union and secession; while in the neighbouring republic of Mexico the struggle between Juarez and Miramon was throwing one of the richest countries in the world into disorder, and involving the foreigners, who had settled in it to make their fortunes, in danger to their persons and in ruin to their estates.

France had always felt a keen interest in the cause of Poland. The majority of Frenchmen would have preferred a war of nationality for the Poles to a war of nationality for the Italians; thoughtful Frenchmen, at any rate, understood that, while a united Italy on their south-eastern frontier might be a possible menace to their own country, a restored Poland, in the east of Europe, could only be a menace to other nations. Into the causes of the Polish insurrection, indeed, Frenchmen did not probably inquire too minutely. We suspect that, even now, they are not likely to accept M. Ollivier's view of a movement, in which he seems to think that most of the excesses were committed by the Poles, though they may perhaps appreciate from his narrative the difficulties of Napoleon's position. In the first place, the Emperor rightly attached the highest importance to a good understanding with Russia. Without that understanding he would hardly have ventured on undertaking the Italian war of 1859, or on braving this country by the annexation of Savoy and Nice in 1860. It was no slight matter, therefore, to quarrel with Russia by becoming the champion of the Poles. But, in the next place, if the sympathies of his own subjects with the Poles compelled him to interfere, it was not easy to see what he could do. As M. Ollivier puts it, Napoleon could not dispatch an army in balloons to a country which could not be approached on any side. It was not merely then—as the Polish proverb ran—that Paris was too far. The real difficulty was that Poland was inaccessible.

In these circumstances the Emperor would have probably acted wisely if he had refrained from doing anything. He committed his first mistake in asking this country to join with him in a remonstrance to Prussia for assenting to a military convention with Russia, under which the soldiers of either country were authorised to follow insurrectionary

bands into the territory of the other. The British ministers were quite as hostile to this convention as the Emperor. Lord Russell—for Lord John had now become a Peer, and we must consequently give him his later title—spoke of it in terms of unmeasured severity. But the very reasons which made the Emperor hesitate to pick a quarrel with Russia made them shrink from taking any step which might lead to a disagreement between Prussia and France. Lord Palmerston, in particular, had never recovered from the distrust of Napoleon with which the annexation of Savoy and Nice had inspired him. He believed that the Emperor was bent on seizing the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, and that he was seeking a pretext for a quarrel which would enable him to move an army upon the Rhine. We are disposed to think that, in this respect, Lord Palmerston did the Emperor an injustice. The more we read, the more we learn of the policy of Napoleon III., the more we feel satisfied that he was ready to incur almost any sacrifice to regain the good understanding with this country which he had lost in 1860, and that he placed the English alliance above the rectification of the Rhine frontier. But we cannot agree with M. Ollivier that Lord Palmerston's suspicions were unnatural. Great rulers should recollect that, in politics as in private life, the broken pitcher may be mended, but that it never can again be trusted to hold water.

Foiled in his first effort, the Emperor had next to consider whether he would accept Lord Russell's proposal that all the Powers should agree to present remonstrances at St. Petersburg. We are not among those who think that this proposal was a wise one. Remonstrances which it is not intended to support by action are not likely to carry much weight. And, as a matter of fact, the notes, which were presented by all the Great Powers except Prussia, ultimately resulted in a somewhat discourteous refusal on the part of Russia to continue the discussion. This refusal produced a wild burst of excitement in France. In the Chambers, in society, in the streets, arose a clamour for war. The Emperor, wiser than his subjects, resolutely refused to embark single-handed upon a campaign which the simplest study of geography showed to be full of difficulty. He endeavoured to cover his retreat by his favourite expedient of a congress of sovereigns. But this proposal, which perhaps would in no case have been accepted, was practically destroyed by a despatch of Lord Russell, which M. Ollivier admits that it is difficult to answer; and Lord

Russell—so M. Ollivier alleges—made his despatch more unpalatable by communicating a copy of it to the 'Times' before the original reached the French Foreign Office.

Thus the unhappy insurrection, which led to the final subjugation of Poland, increased the discredit into which the Emperor had already fallen. The man who, in the earlier part of his reign, had marched from victory to victory, seemed in the latter part of his reign to move from failure to failure; and the ruler who in the first period had seemed always ready to use his military strength in a cause in which he believed, appeared in the latter period either incompetent or afraid to support his opinion on the battle-field against a first-rate Power. In the latter part of 1863, indeed, there was good reason why the Emperor should shrink from such a struggle. For, with inconceivable folly, he had allowed himself to become involved in a campaign, 5,000 miles from home, which was exhausting the resources of his country and locking up thousands of men in another hemisphere. The Mexican war, however, had so fatal an effect on the fortunes of the Second Empire, and its incidents are so imperfectly known in England, that it is worth while devoting a few pages to the subject.

In the middle of the nineteenth century Mexico was the scene of civil war. Two men, Juarez and Miramon, were struggling with alternate success for the mastery. In the course of the struggle things were done on both sides which it was difficult to justify. Many Europeans, French and English especially, attracted by the wealth of the country, had settled or were carrying on business in the republic, and these adventurers—Uitlanders they would have been called to-day—were exposed to arbitrary taxation and personal violence. In August 1860, for example, a considerable quantity of silver, the property of British subjects, was 'commandeered' (we again use a more modern word) on its way to the coast, by Juarez's orders. Three months afterwards a large sum of money was taken from the British Consulate at Mexico itself by a force under Miramon's officers.

Outrages of this character justified grave remonstrance. If remonstrance failed in its effect, precedent could be quoted for a resort to stronger measures. The complaints which this country had against Mexico in 1860 were at least as serious as those which she had preferred against Greece ten years before. It so happened, however, that this country was not alone in its complaints against Mexico.

France and Spain were in very much the same position; it was natural, therefore, that the representatives of the three Powers should meet and discuss the possibility of concerted action. They accordingly met in London in the autumn of 1861. They agreed to send a joint expedition to Mexico, and to seize and occupy certain positions on its coast as security for the settlement of their claims and the safety of the Uitlanders.

In the negotiations which thus took place it soon became evident that France was anxious to go much further than England was prepared to follow. France was already contemplating the reversal of Juarez's government, while London was determined to confine itself to obtaining pecuniary redress for the wrongs which British subjects had suffered. The fact was that, in the days of his exile, Napoleon had dreamed a dream of a Latin Empire in the New World intersected by a canal joining the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific, and that the outbreak of civil war in America had apparently supplied him with an opportunity for giving effect to his dream. He had in Mexico a representative—M. de Saligny—who had penetrated his thoughts and who made it his business to supply him with arguments for his policy. 'M. de Saligny became the indefatigable 'accuser of Juarez. With premeditated bitterness, he recited 'all the violence which had been committed in the past, he 'added all the vexatious experiences which the Uitlanders 'had recently undergone, and by dexterously grouping his 'facts he composed a picture, true in its main features, but 'artificially coloured, to produce an effect.' And he repeated, by every mail, the same story; he added, as its moral, the same advice; it is necessary to have in Mexico a force sufficient to protect our interests; the time has come when we must support our remonstrances by force.

The forces which the allied Powers determined to send hardly came up to M. de Saligny's expectations. Spain, indeed, dispatched a little army of 6,000 men, under General Prim; France a contingent of 2,500 men, whom it placed under the command of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière. This country was content with sending a couple of line-of-battle-ships, some frigates, and on landing some 700 marines. The allied forces, however, on their arrival at Vera Cruz, in January 1862, disclaimed all thoughts of war. They had come with the intention of securing redress, but with the best wishes for the happiness of Mexico. They proceeded to formulate their demands. The English claimed the punctual

execution of treaties and the prompt payment of all debts. The Spaniards made a somewhat similar demand. The French demanded a lump sum of 12,000,000 piastres (about 1,500,000*l.*), and 'the loyal and immediate' execution of the Jecker contract.

In 1856 Miramon, in sore want of money, had contracted a loan with M. Jecker—a Swiss banker—for the nominal amount of 3,000,000*l.* M. de la Gorce states that M. de Morny, the half-brother of Napoleon, and the President of the French Chamber, had a corrupt interest in the loan. M. Ollivier, whose friendship for M. de Morny is apparent in many passages of his book, says that he is not in a position either to affirm or to deny the truth of the story; but that he can give a formal assurance that the Emperor never gave a minute's consideration to the Jecker loan. However that may be, it is certain that M. de Saligny included in the French demands the loyal and immediate execution of the Jecker contract; and that the British and Spanish representatives protested against the claim, and declared that it was 'shameful.'

It was one thing to formulate demands of this character; it was another to enforce them. It is true that the allied troops were at Vera Cruz. But their presence there did not enable them to procure any money, and the men were already beginning to melt away with fever. It was, in fact, becoming plain either that the troops must be moved to some higher and healthier part of the country, or that the expedition must be abandoned. The allied forces, however, were not strong enough to venture into the interior; they found themselves, in consequence, forced to negotiate with Juarez, and they concluded the Convention of La Solidad. Under this treaty Juarez gained the great advantage of recognition by the allies; he was even permitted to fly his flag at Vera Cruz. In return, the French were allowed to establish themselves at Tehuacan; the Spaniards at Orizaba and Cordova. The commandant of the British contingent preferred to embark his men on board his vessels, and keep them, under healthier conditions, at sea.

Before the news of this convention reached Europe, the Emperor, a little jealous of the numerical superiority of the Spanish force, decided on reinforcing his own troops; and, early in 1862, he despatched General Lorencez with 4,000 additional men to Mexico. With this new force came General Almonte, the natural son of Morelos, the hero of the Mexican war of independence—a man who had been

selected by Miramon to represent him at Paris, and who had persuaded the Emperor that there would be no difficulty in overthrowing Juarez's government, and establishing monarchical institutions in its place. General Almonte's presence accentuated the difficulties of the situation. He came with the object of overthrowing Juarez's government; and he found that the allies had just made a solemn treaty with that government, under which French troops were moving into healthier quarters at Tehuacan, and Juarez's own flag was flying at Vera Cruz. He found, too, that every suggestion which he made for interference in the internal affairs of the country increased the tension between the commanders of the allies. The differences between the allies became so acute that the British, who, in pursuance of their instructions, were rigidly refusing to intervene in the internal politics of Mexico, resolved to withdraw from the expedition. The Spaniards, with some hesitation, followed their example. The French were thus left alone to carry out the ambitious projects of their Emperor, which were slowly becoming manifest.

It is satisfactory to note that, in recording these proceedings, French historians are agreed in according praise to both the policy and the conduct of the British Government. Neither M. de la Gorce nor M. Ollivier has any special liking for Lord Russell, who in 1862 held the seals of the British Foreign Office. But M. de la Gorce calls his criticism of the French policy singularly wise; and M. Ollivier defends M. Thouvenel from any charge of dishonesty by affirming that in his heart he thought with Lord Russell.* We may assume, therefore, that the only criticism which French historians have to offer on our withdrawal from the expedition is an expression of their regret that their own Government did not follow our example. The French, in fact, were surrounded with difficulty. The treaty of La Solidad had apparently made an attack on Juarez impossible; and General Almonte could not carry out his own views, or perhaps even Napoleon's instructions, without destroying Juarez's power. The French, accordingly, under General Almonte's inspiration, set themselves, as a first step, to tear up the convention to which they had just agreed, and they charged Juarez, in a document—which M. Ollivier says he blushes to copy—with a breach of its

* 'Au fond, l'honnête Thouvenel pensait comme Russell.' Vol. iv. p. 381.

stipulations. A miserable and unworthy excuse—which the French troops themselves are said to have resented—was made the basis of an unworthy and unjustifiable war.

Success in military matters occasionally is held to justify the unjustifiable. If the French, however, had entered on a war without excuse, they commenced it in a state of ignorance which is almost inconceivable. General Lorencez declared at the very outset of the campaign that the French were so superior in race, in organisation, in discipline, and in other qualities, that at the head of 6,000 men he was master of Mexico. Within a month this *soi-disant* master of Mexico had been foiled in an attack on Puebla—an open town—and forced to retire with a loss of 500 men.

News of this disaster reached Paris in June 1862, and the Emperor, to do him justice, at once roused himself to the necessities of the situation. He hurried off reinforcements to Mexico; he raised the grand total of the French troops to 27,000, and ultimately to 34,000 men; and he selected General Forey, who had served under his orders in Italy, for the supreme command. General Forey arrived in Mexico in August 1862, but he did not find himself in a position to open the campaign till February 1863. Puebla, the scene of General Lorencez's defeat, was only taken after a two months' siege, at the end of March. Mexico, the capital of the country, was occupied in June. Juarez hastily retired into the more inaccessible portions of the Republic. A provisional government was instituted, which took for its title 'The Regency of the Empire,' and the French persuaded themselves that Mexico had reached the limit of its trouble, and that they themselves had come to the end of the war. General Forey, made a marshal, was recalled, and the command was entrusted to his chief lieutenant, General Bazaine.

The conviction that the war was at an end, that Mexico (to use General Bazaine's phrase) was 'conquis, pacifié,' induced the Archduke Maximilian to accept the crown, which the Emperor had from the first contemplated he should receive. But the war was not at an end. Juarez, though he had abandoned his capital, still maintained his authority in the more inaccessible portions of the territory. He called on his fellow-countrymen to unite in a great effort to save their independence. The country, at his orders, was covered with bands of guerillas, who intercepted the convoys and cut the communications of the French. In such a struggle the Mexicans had many advantages. True,

their men were badly trained, badly clothed, badly fed, badly armed, and, in many cases, forcibly taken from their homes against their will; but they were brave, temperate, tired by no exertion, and, mounted on lean but wiry ponies, they had a mobility which the French did not possess. The very women aided their cause. They followed their husbands to the field, watched over the transport and commissariat, and, when a halt was ordered, prepared the food.

Thus, if General Forey in the summer of 1863 had returned to France with the conviction that he had, in the language of his successor, conquered and pacified the country, that successor, General Bazaine, soon found that he was in the presence of a guerilla war which was much more trying than the regular warfare with which General Forey had dealt. It is only fair to add that he carried out the work with energy and skill. Towards the end of 1863, or nearly two years after the commencement of the war, three-fourths of the territory and four-fifths of the population were acquired for the Empire. In the beginning of 1864, two years after the first expedition had sailed, only some detached commandos—as we should call them to-day —kept up the semblance of organised resistance. 'Every 'day it was announced that they were scattered to the 'winds, and every morrow saw them re-appear as numerous 'as ever.'

The more cheering reports, which continued to arrive in Europe, encouraged the Archduke Maximilian to embark on his fatal expedition. And in June 1864 the unhappy Prince, and his still more unhappy wife, landed at Vera Cruz. He may, perhaps, be forgiven for inferring from what he saw that General Bazaine's boast that the country was 'conquis, 'pacifié' was justified. The resistance which the French were still meeting seemed gradually weakening, and measures were in progress to ensure its more rapid collapse. General Bazaine was organising a great movement—it would be called to-day a great 'drive'—by which he hoped to clear the whole of Northern Mexico from the Juaristes, and to drive Juarez himself across the frontier. His complete success induced him to repeat the same operation in Southern Mexico, where he gained a similar advantage. The beginning of 1865 was the most prosperous period in the French occupation, and the culminating point in Marshal Bazaine's career. Fortune had apparently smiled on the Commander-in-Chief. He might almost have been compared to Alexander in Dryden's famous poem. He had even 'the lovely Thaïs'

at his side in the person of a Mexican lady, whom he had married in Mexico.

At this point, however, we part company with M. Ollivier, whose narrative has not yet been brought down to the final issue, and we must turn to other sources for a brief summary of the difficulties in which Marshal Bazaine was about to be involved, and which were ultimately to lead to the withdrawal of the French, and to the defeat, the capture, and the execution of Maximilian.

These difficulties arose from two causes. In the first place, even the Emperor Napoleon—dreamer as he was—would have never embarked on the Mexican campaign if the existence of civil war in the United States had not made it certain that he had no reason for fearing American intervention. During the three years of warfare the Americans had stood sullenly aloof, powerless to take any steps in opposition to a policy diametrically opposed to the Monroe Doctrine. In the spring of 1865, however, when the Mexican war was entering on its fourth year, the resistance of the Southern States collapsed. Large bodies of armed men, disbanded in the States, were only too ready to embark on some fresh enterprise, and Juarez's partisans had no more difficulty in securing recruits in Texas than the Fenians at the same time encountered in raising recruits for an attempt on Ireland. The Juaristes enjoyed, however, an advantage which the Fenians did not share. Texas 'marched' upon Mexico; bands of guerillas could easily cross the frontier; and the Government of the United States declared that it would require all the cavalry of Europe and America to prevent their doing so. But the action of the United States was not confined to a passive toleration of armed incursions from their own country. Freed from the pressure of civil war, they rejected with disdain a proposal of the French Government that they should recognise Maximilian; they emphasised their refusal by accrediting a diplomatic agent to Juarez himself.

Those persons who are fond of speculating on the 'what 'might have been' may perhaps interest themselves in discussing whether, if General Lee had not surrendered in 1865, Maximilian might have established his dynasty. Practical men will be satisfied with observing that the surrender at Richmond necessitated surrender in Mexico. But the Emperor's own policy had made retreat as difficult as advance. By destroying Juarez's government and substituting Maximilian he had deprived himself of any respon-

sible persons with whom he could treat. So far as French policy could effect it, Juarez and his partisans had been converted into rebels against the government of their country. But governments do not make treaties with rebels; they crush them. From the very nature of their position, therefore, the French could not demand less than unconditional surrender. Unfortunately, however, Juarez and the brave men who were fighting for him could not accept this view of the situation. From their point of view they were not rebels, but patriots. If the French could accept nothing less than unconditional surrender, they could accept nothing less than independence. There was absolutely no mean between the two demands. Large as it was, Mexico was not large enough for both Maximilian and Juarez.

In France, moreover, the expedition was becoming more and more unpopular. The Government commanded a great majority in the French Chamber; the small minority did not dare to display its hostility. But it found ample opportunity for criticism in the constant applications which were made to it for supplies: How comes it—so men began to ask—that in this country which we are told is at peace we continue to fight battles? It is pleasant enough to learn that the forces of our enemy are scattered; it would be much more pleasant to know that they would not reform. The Juaristes, said another, are like the brigands of Naples, who, we are assured once a week, have been entirely destroyed. M. Forcade, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' spoke out even more strongly. 'How long,' he asked, 'are we to persevere in this gigantic folly?'

But, in truth, it did not require the arguments of the Opposition to influence the Emperor. In 1865 he had only one object—to withdraw, if possible with honour, from an expedition which he should never have undertaken; and, in the beginning of 1866, he announced to his legislature that he was accordingly arranging for the withdrawal of the French troops. This decision destroyed the sole hope which Maximilian still retained of preserving his already tottering throne; yet, hard as it was on Maximilian, it was inevitable. Many months, in fact, were not to pass before the Emperor was to find himself face to face with fresh proof that it had already been too long delayed.

For if, in the six years which had passed since the Emperor had risen to the zenith of his power at Villafranca, the star of his destiny had been steadily declining,

its lustre was to be almost extinguished by the events of the critical year which was just beginning. For Count von Bismarck was preparing his spring upon Austria, and the struggle between the Man of Iron at Berlin and the weary and irresolute sovereign at Paris was commencing, which was only to terminate, more than four years afterwards, at Sedan.

Before venturing to attack Austria, Count von Bismarck thought it wise to address himself to the French Emperor; and thus it happened that Sadowa was preceded by an interview at Biarritz, just as Solferino had its origin in the meeting at Plombières. The secrets of the Biarritz interview have not been completely revealed,* but the course of subsequent negotiations makes it comparatively easy to infer what passed at it. There is little doubt that the Emperor opened the interview by an expression of his strong desire to complete his programme of 1859 by giving Venice to Italy; and that Count von Bismarck saw that he could practically obtain a free hand in Germany if he gave a promise that this transfer should be effected. 'Si l'Italie 'n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer,' was the famous phrase in which he expressed his sense of the advantage which the Emperor's predilections for Italy were giving him. But he did not rely on the Emperor's wishes respecting Italy alone. He dexterously held out the hope that Prussia would consent to a rectification of the French frontier on the Rhine. It is certain, however, that the Emperor took no steps to embody this arrangement or this promise in writing, or even to obtain Count von Bismarck's assent to it in a form which could not be subsequently repudiated. He gave the Count all he asked, and exacted nothing but the vaguest of assurances in return for his concession.

This loose method of transacting business was no new thing with the French Emperor. At Plombières, six years before, he had left it uncertain whether France was to receive from Piedmont, as the price of French assistance, Savoy and Nice, or Savoy alone. His success on the first

---

* Since this article was in type, M. Ollivier has published in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' (1er Juin 1902) an article on L'Entrevue de Biarritz, which we presume will become a chapter in one of his forthcoming volumes. There does not appear to be much in M. Ollivier's conclusion which is inconsistent with our own. But it may be convenient to some of our readers to refer to his account of this famous interview.

occasion may have satisfied him that he could safely follow the same precedent. But he also made the great mistake of miscalculating the strength of the two combatants in the approaching duel. He was deceived, not only by the reports of his own officers, but by his own experience of the Austrian army, into believing that, even with the aid of Italy, the task of Prussia would tax her utmost resources; and that the war which she was provoking would inevitably be long. The Emperor, in other words, thought that he was sanctioning a war which would last certainly for months, and possibly for years; and in which, after both combatants were exhausted, he might intervene with decisive effect, and obtain all that he required. The victory of Sadowa rudely dispelled the illusion, and in a council, which was held at Paris immediately afterwards, M. Drouyn de Lhuys urged the Emperor to summon the Chambers, to demand supplies, to 'impose' the intervention of France, and to move an army on the Rhine. M. de la Valette, who a few months afterwards succeeded M. Drouyn de Lhuys as Foreign Minister, resisted this counsel, and, in resisting it, he showed that France was not in a position to adopt the energetic policy which M. Drouyn de Lhuys was recommending. Mexico had consumed everything, and France, though nominally disposing of many legions, could not place a fully equipped army of 50,000 men on the Rhine. Verily, if M. de la Gorce is right in saying that 'the 'fate of the Second Empire was sealed in Italy,' its grave was dug in Mexico.*

An English reader has difficulty in believing that even the Mexican war could have reduced the military power of France to so low a level that she was unable to place in 1866 a fully equipped army of 50,000 men on the Rhine. Englishmen had been taught to believe, English statesmen had publicly declared, that Napoleon was the master of 500,000 regular troops; and how is it possible to reconcile this belief and these declarations with the fact which M. de la Valette urged, and which Marshal Randon practically admitted, that the Emperor had not 50,000 fully equipped

---

* M. Ollivier denies that the Empire was exhausted by the Mexican campaign. He contends that the consumption of men, guns, and money in Mexico was too small to make any difference. But he apparently forgets that the effect of the Mexican campaign was to divert the supplies intended for the army at home, and to prevent the Emperor from applying for further supplies for its reorganisation.

men whom he could place on the Rhine in 1866? It is certain, however, that the Emperor himself had long been aware of the deficiencies of his own army. The Crimea had taught, and Italy had enforced, the lesson that reorganisation and decentralisation were necessary; and the Emperor in 1860, with the assistance of Marshal Randon, had prepared a scheme of military reform which in some respects anticipated the system on which Mr. Brodrick proposed to reorganise our own army. The reforms, however, required money; the Emperor's ministers advocated economy; and the Emperor himself—on the eve of conceding fuller control to the legislature—was not over-eager to ask for large supplies. He received, too, but little support from the military men, who should presumably have been the first to encourage military reforms. It was clear, for example, to ordinary persons that the substitution of a rifle for the old smooth bore should be followed by the addition of a movable sight, enabling the soldier to adjust the elevation of the piece to the distance of the object to be fired at. The wise committee of military experts, to whom the new rifle was referred, invented, on the contrary, an elaborate system under which the thumb of the soldier's left hand could be used as a sight:—

'Pour la distance de 400 mètres, il passait le pouce de la main gauche à cheval sur le canon et visait par le sommet de l'articulation; pour 600 mètres il levait le pouce et visait par le sommet de l'ongle.'

—advice which, a few years afterwards, had its parallel in the opinion which high military officers in France pronounced on the incontestable superiority of the Prussian artillery. 'Our officers,' so they argued, 'would easily 'defeat this advantage by an alteration in tactics. All that 'would be necessary would be a livelier attack than had been 'usual in previous wars. They must push on boldly till 'they reached a point where the superior range of the 'Prussian artillery would no longer give the enemy an 'advantage over the inferior guns of France.' Every profession is, in fact, conservative of its own traditions; and the last persons from whom large military reforms are to be expected are the distinguished military men who have passed their lives in the surroundings which they are called on to improve.

In carrying our narrative to this point we have travelled beyond the period over which M. Ollivier's present volumes extend. The subject of them seems to us one of the most

interesting and most instructive in history. The central figure—the Emperor himself—is pathetic in his fortunes and misfortunes. He perhaps never merited the position to which he attained at one period of his career, but he certainly did not deserve the fate which overwhelmed him at its close. As a ruler, we believe that he was honestly anxious to promote the prosperity of France and the happiness of the world. But, as a ruler, he had the fatal defect that he was full of ideas, eager to give effect to them, yet over-timid in carrying out the views which he was overbold in initiating. Thus he drifted, from first to last, on the tide which alternately carried him to victory and defeat. In the first eleven years of his rule fate declared itself in his favour, and the flood of fortune carried him to Villafranca; in the last eleven years of his reign destiny deserted him, and he drifted on a sea of sorrow to ruin and Sedan.

Art. II.—1. *Lyra Heroica: a Book of Verse for Boys.* Selected and arranged by William Ernest Henley. Sixth edition. London: David Nutt. 1900.

2. *Patriotic Songs: a Book of English Verse.* Selected and arranged by Arthur Stanley, with an introduction by the Right Reverend J. E. C. Welldon. London: C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. 1901.

3. *Pro Patriâ et Reginâ.* Being Poems from Nineteenth Century writers in Great Britain and America. Collected and edited by Professor Knight, St. Andrews. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1901.

4. *Ballads of the Brave.* Selected and arranged by Frederick Langbridge. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

5. *Songs of England's Glory.* London: Isbister. 1902.

Most things in the world may be brought within the scope of Drama, whether the theatre or the novel be the vehicle of the Muse. Subjects adapted to Epic or Lyrical Poetry are more rare. The toils and struggles of ordinary life, business, politics, law, commerce, afford no inspiration, although, as Shakespeare proved in his sonnets, they can be made to supply imagery. Walter Landor makes Pericles say to Thucydides, in the sweet presence of Aspasia, speaking of History, 'Let the books of the Treasury lie closed as 'religiously as the Sibyl's; leave weights and measures in 'the market-place, Commerce in the harbour, the Arts in 'the light they love, Philosophy in the shade; place History 'on her rightful throne and, at the sides of her, Eloquence 'and War.' The poetic Trinity is Wisdom, with Love on her right hand and War on her left.

The Epic has its own themes, high and rare. There must be a labour so heroic as to afford a foundation for many a canto, whether it is the destruction of Troy, or the return of a man to his own country; or the foundation, by long effort and resistance to temptations, of an eternal city; or the passage from Earth through Hell and Purgatory to the heights of Heaven; or the Fall and Rise of Man. This is the supreme Poetry, and near akin to the noblest History. It is poetry so great that, as Milton saw, no man can write it unless his own life is a poem. His soul must be like a star and dwell apart. And in Epics the noblest parts are those which describe not outward war, or outward love, but those which penetrate the deep-sea levels of thought and

feeling. The Homeric poems (or, at least, the 'Iliad'), true as they are to elemental feelings, and spacious and glancing as the sea, are yet books for boys when compared with the 'Æneid' and with the 'Divine Comedy.' Virgil's Epic is like a great question; Dante's like a great answer.

Minor poetry may be broadly covered by the term Lyrical, as distinguished from Epic and Dramatic. It, too, derives its inspiration from Wisdom, Love, and War, distinct or blended. Chirpings in verse about the Seasons, incorrect when read beyond the Equator, or descriptions of natural scenery, are not poetry at all, but soulless chimeras, abound though they do in our magazines. To draw, as Wordsworth does, the 'still, sad music of humanity' from the instrument of Nature is a very different thing. As Wisdom, or Religion, is the highest atmosphere in which man breathes, so Lyrical poetry inspired by this motive attempts the highest flight. It is not, probably, the earliest flight. War, said the Greek Philosopher, is the father of all things. It is the begetter of the earliest poetry all the world over. Rude chants reciting deeds of battle, like the war-dance of many tribes, were intended to stir up the emotions to a kind of intoxication necessary, in addition to love of clan, to make men run counter to the instinct of individual self-preservation, and face violent death. In later days long discipline and training, as a supplement to love of country, took the place of excited emotions; and now in civilised war even the nerve-exciting drum is heard no more. The next developement of poetry may have been the chant intended to propitiate the tribal gods. Later still came, probably, the poetry used to store up and hand down, in a form easy for memory, the precepts of wisdom and the customs of the people. And lastly was born the love poetry inspired by the desire to seduce the heart of woman when she could no longer be acquired by the easier methods of force or purchase. So Poetry was launched on its main tracks of War, Religion and Wisdom, and Love.

Each passing Age has, in poetry as in other respects, arrayed these themes in the dress woven out of its own thought and feeling. We propose in this article to discuss some of the changes in that region where the dominant motive of poetry is War. The source of War, at least of any which rises higher than the will of a tyrant, or the desire of a combination of bandits for booty, is the love of clan, city, or nation. In this sense it might be said of War, as Dante wrote over the gates of Hell, 'Love made me.' In

the order of Providence, it may be, the love of one's clan or country is a step to lead to higher sympathies, which will in the end make war impossible. Wordsworth says, in his 'Laodamia,' of the passion of man and woman:

> 'Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend
> Towards a higher object. Love was given,
> Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
> For this the passion to excess was driven—
> That self might be annulled.'

The same thing might be said of the passion for one's race or country. This cannot be other than a noble love, so long as men remember that it is not their final end, and do not let it degenerate into idolatry, nor confuse it with desire to stand well with their compatriots; and so long as they recognise that love of country is not, any more than self-interest or kinsmanship, to outweigh love of justice and truth.

The early war poetry is that of the clansman with a gift of expression who took part in the fight, shared in the pursuit and the slaughter, and afterwards at the banquets of the Chief recited the fierce joys of the battle. So, probably, arose the old war ballads of the South and the North. Dull or non-essential stanzas dropped out as the songs, not then fixed in writing, passed from memory to memory; the most spirited and striking stanzas, by reason of their superior fitness to live, survived, and were improved by the working of many minds; and at last, in Greece, arose a Homer who codified all these fragments into a great epic. These are the poems of the races who fight *con amore*. The stakes in those ancient wars were the carrying into captivity or the extermination of the conquered. The victors entered into the land of the enemy to possess it. War, with all its most cruel incidents, no more afflicted consciences untroubled by the Sermon on the Mount than does now the competition of Commerce. The fierce joy of the ancient fighters burns in the magnificent Hebrew ballad of Jael and Sisera:

> 'They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength. . . . Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. He asked water, she gave milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer;

and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and smitten through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; . . . where he bowed, there he fell down dead. The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the lattice, "Why is his chariot long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" Her wise ladies answered her, yea she returned answer to herself: "Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey—to every man a damsel or two, to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework? . . . So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord!"'

Here is the pure war spirit, not softened but heightened by religion, and heightened to an extraordinary degree. There is not an Arab in all Arabia who would not condemn the treacherous murder of Sisera, both because it is contrary to the wildest morality to offer hospitality to a man and then slay him in his sleep, and because there was 'peace 'between Jabin the king of Hazor and the house of Heber 'the Kenite.' Heber, like Piet de Wet, had 'severed his 'tent from the Kenites.' Did Heber, we wonder, approve of Jael's act, as much as did the singers, Deborah and Barak? Women were ever less restricted by law than men, and break it more readily either for a good cause or a bad one.

The pure delight in battle and in utter destruction of the foe resounds in the Homeric poems, though in them the harshness of war is tempered by a certain religious chivalry, such as Achilles showed towards Priam, which is not found in Semitic war. As Art arose, with its instinctive abhorrence of brutalities, the poetry of war became more abstract. Virgil's fights are anæmic reproductions of those in the Iliad. One feels that war was altogether repugnant to his gentle, civilised, and profound spirit:—

> 'Nos alias hinc ad lacrymas eadem horrida belli
> Fata vocant.'

The horror of the miserable half-century between Sulla's march on Rome and the battle of Actium is audible, like a sigh, in those words. Horace, though a man of peace, had seen some real fighting, and had seen it with disgust. His references to war are often fine, but they are of the distant landscape kind, and he avoids details as sedulously as a well-bred poet of the reign of Anne.

In the chants of the barbarians returns the voice of those who delight in war. The bards of the Norsemen and Danes, and of the unconverted Saxons, were as ruthless in song as were their folk in fight and massacre and devastation.

The Christian religion softened the people and the song. Chivalry was the compromise between delight in war and a religion of love and forgiveness of enemies. War in the Middle Ages was still cruel, as we learn from Froissart: not only the burning and pillaging of a country, but worse brutalities were the incidents of any English expedition into France in the reign of Edward III. Yet war was bound by some rules, and was tempered by pity. The English and Lowland Scotch fighting was between near cousins, and was carried on in a sportsmanlike spirit:—

'The Percy leaned upon his brand
And saw the Douglas dee;
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, "Woe is me for thee!

'"To have saved thy life, I would have given
My landes for years three;
For a better man, of heart or hand,
Was not in the North country."'

Three years' rental was a handsome valuation of a foeman's merit.

Here we are far indeed from the spirit of Jews in the days of the Judges, from that of Danes and pagan Saxons, or from that of the Indian Mutiny. English and Scottish opponents, Froissart tells us, were wont to exchange congratulations after a satisfactory encounter. There was more ferocity in Scottish family feuds than in Warden raids, and these feuds inspired the most vivid poetry. Their savage spirit lives in the sixteenth-century ballad of 'Edom of Gordon,' perhaps the strongest of its kind. How firmly the note of approaching woe is struck in the first stanza:

'It fell about the Martinmass,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom of Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld."'

That hot Northern blood which in later times, following the channels opened for it by great Englishmen, has found its vent in every quarter of the world, drove its possessors, so long as it was pent up at home by Southron force, into many a stormy love passion, and many a bloody deed of hate and revenge. Every glen had its tale of 'dule and 'sorrow.' The Gaelic chants of the Highland clans have vanished, but the incessant broils of the Lowlands have

left as fine a stock of ballads as any country has to show. They came from the heart of the people, a race as poetic as the southern Anglo-Saxon is the reverse. What a Homeric spirit breathes in the ballad of 'Kinmont Willie'! The wrath of the 'bold Lord keeper in Branksome Hall 'where that he lay' when he hears that Lord Scroope 'has 'ta'en the Kinmont Willie' recalls the wrath of Achilles for the slaying of Patroclus:

'He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garred the red wine spring on hie;
"Now a curse upon my head," he said,
"But avengèd of Lord Scroope will I be.

'"O, is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly me?

'"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bold Buccleuch
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?"'

So long as Europe was bound together by a common Church and by the cosmopolitan order of chivalry, there was much to mitigate war. The sixteenth century saw the break-up of this *régime*, and for a time, till a new order of things had established itself, there was a return towards the more savage and pagan spirit of war. Episodes in the Catholic and Protestant wars in the Low Countries and in Germany, the sack of Antwerp for instance, or that of Magdeburg, were worse than anything that had happened among Christians during the preceding centuries. Even in these islands we could make small boast of our superior civilisation. In Ireland a deep difference of race led in the Tudor days, when the bond of a common faith was broken, to campaigns almost of savage extermination. England was full of poets during the second half of the sixteenth century, but they paid little attention in verse to the wars of their day. The ballad of the 'Brave Lord Willoughby' was, perhaps, the best of those which referred to contemporary events. It opens finely:

'The fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field.'

It is a stout old poem throughout, with that curious relish

for exact, no doubt, but unpoetic statement of fact which has in all ages marked the true English popular poetry :

'To the soldiers that were maimed
And wounded in the fray,
The Queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day,
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free;
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

'Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our country free.
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

The honest old sea-ballad of the fight made by the good ship the 'Angel Gabriel' of Bristol against a Spaniard belongs to the same time. The metre must have suggested to Macaulay that of his famous 'Armada'—

'Attend you, and give ear awhile, and you shall understand
Of a battle fought upon the seas by a ship of brave command.
The fight it was so glorious, men's hearts it did fulfil,
And it made them cry, "To sea! to sea! with the Angel Gabriel."'

Here is another of the spirited stanzas :

'Our Captain to our Master said, "Take courage, Master bold!"
Our Master to the seamen said, "Stand fast, my hearts of gold!"
Our Gunner unto all the rest, "Brave hearts, be valiant still;
Fight on, fight on, in the defence of our Angel Gabriel!"'

One can hear the hoarse sea-voices chanting this, the last lines in chorus, in old taverns of Bristol Port.

We owe much in Milton's 'Paradise Lost' to the civil wars in England, but little surviving poetry directly relates to that brave encounter between the aristocracy and the middle class. There is on one side an heroic sonnet or two by Milton, on the other a gallant love and war poem or so, like Lovelace's perfect 'Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,' and there is Marvell's extremely judicious 'Ode to Crom-'well.' None of these is exactly war-poetry.

Nor did the wars which lasted, with one short break, from 1689 to 1712, inspire any great English poem. Addison's 'Campaign' stands as far on one side of the line which

divides idealism from realism, or, rather, the abstract from the concrete, in this field, as Mr. Kipling's 'Barrack-room 'Ballads' stand on the other side. Its most famous passage is worth quoting, as a type of the best poetry in this kind. The battle of Blenheim has begun:

> 'But oh! my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
> To sing the furious troops in battle joined?
> Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
> The victors' shouts and dying groans confound;
> The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
> And all the thunder of the battle rise.
> 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
> That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
> Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
> Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
> In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
> To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
> Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
> And taught the doubtful battle where to rage:
> So when an angel by divine command
> With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
> Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,
> Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
> And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.'

These are noble lines in their way, and deserving of perpetual remembrance. Yet perhaps there is more vitality in a line of a French song—'Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre.'

The Seven Years' War made us paramount in India and America, but its heroes, like the brave who lived before Agamemnon, found no immortalising poets. There was David Garrick's admirable 'Hearts of Oak,' produced in a pantomime in that year of wonders, 1759:

> 'Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
> To add something new to this wonderful year.'

But what else? In 1775 began a war in which, under a dark cloud of disgrace on land but amid a finishing blaze of glory at sea, half the British Empire disappeared. Perhaps no Englishman had the heart to celebrate either such a victory as Long Island or such a defeat as Saratoga, and the Americans did not grow fine poetry. Besides, the world was not yet escaped from a long commercial and unlyrical period.

Next came wars which were indeed of a kind to inspire poetry, especially when the tremendous power of Napoleon

rose upon the foundations of an atheistic Republic. For five years before Trafalgar we were fighting at sea, and ready to fight on land, in the noblest of all causes, the defence of the soil on which one is born and bred against a mighty foreign invader. When this danger had been removed, we still found ourselves, for a time almost unaided, resisting a nation which was then twice as large as our own, and controlled all the countries of the West and South. During the Peninsular War we were defending the independent existence of weaker nations against a tyrant of immense power and genius. The British armies were in the chivalric position described by Spenser:

> 'Nought is more honourable in a knight,
> Ne better doth beseeme brave chivalry,
> Than to defend the feeble in their right.'

The feeling of all Europe, and even of part of France, was with us in that fight against Napoleon. In this case, at least, it might have been said 'securus judicat orbis 'terrarum.' The British Isles teemed with poets produced, no doubt, by the intellectual upheaval which, in politics, took the shape of the French Revolution. Two great poets, Byron and Wordsworth, were of the first rank, and around them were lesser stars, differing in brightness, Scott and Crabbe, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Southey and Landor; Moore, Campbell, Rogers, and others. Yet all this war gave birth to few poems of the martial-patriotic order directly connected with the events of the day—few, at least, which have survived the year of their birth. There are Campbell's three great war poems, there is Wolfe's perfect 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' and four or five successful sonnets by Wordsworth. Among the best of these is his address to the Men of Kent, in October 1803, when, after a brief pause, the war had recommenced, and Bonaparte was forming his camp at Boulogne:

> 'Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
> Ye children of a soil that doth advance
> Its haughty brow against the coast of France,
> Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
> To France be words of invitation sent!
> They from their fields can see the countenance
> Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
> And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.'

The true fire is in that, although material realism is absent.

Byron, of all his contemporaries, was best qualified by temperament to be a great war-poet. His 'Assyrian came 'down like the wolf on the fold' splendidly embodies the fierce old Hebrew spirit. But Byron should have been born in France. He was out of sympathy with his own countrymen. His glorious stanzas on Waterloo were almost forced from him despite his will by the spirit of poetry:

'Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay.
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms; the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it.'

Never, indeed, was there a better theme than the Duchess of Richmond's ball, where Love and Gaiety vanished in the morning before the stern apparition of War and Death, nor has a theme been more superbly treated.

If the martial-patriotic poems, fit to survive, were few for a war so long and great, the second Punic War of our history, these are immortal. One can hardly conceive a finer battle-lyric than Campbell's 'Hohenlinden.' It is not in the realistic style, yet there is in it nothing conventional as in Addison's 'Campaign.' It stands, as poetry should, halfway between the abstract and the concrete. In eight four-lined stanzas of concentrated speed, every word telling, and in a metre fitting like the make of a racehorse to its purpose, the poet brings before the imagination the quiet winter scene before the battle, the fierce excitement of the moments before the armies joined issue, the crash of the contending guns, the storm-centre or crisis of the fight—and then the scene quiet once more, but morally how different, when the battle was over, and the armies had vanished!

'On, stranger, on
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

'The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave,
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

'Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.'

How effective is the unexpected return to the fierce old race-names in the scene of elemental passion, and what a sound of onslaught is embodied in the second of these stanzas! Mark the effect of the full stop after 'the combat deepens.' One feels the crisis of the battle begin, as the trumpet sounds for the charge of the Bavarian horse.

In the 'Battle of the Baltic' Campbell seizes as truly the slow movement of the old sailing war-ships drifting into battle, and the gradual dying away of the cannonade as one enemy's ship after another was put out of action. The thing is not so much described as embodied in the movement of the verse. A modern sea-fight would require a swifter metre. Two modern warships, steaming full pace ahead, with their far-reaching guns, might be in action ten minutes after they saw each other's smoke above the horizon. A modern sea-fight might be as much a surprise as one by cavalry coming over the edge of a hill. Campbell's 'Mariners 'of England' is, perhaps, our best patriotic ode. It is an interesting example of the transmutation of a good old popular piece of verse into far finer metal. Then, again, Campbell's 'Soldier's Dream' is the most beautiful rendering in English verse of the war-weary mood. Altogether, if, as Eton boys used to be sagely instructed, 'a 'few good verses are better than a great many bad ones,' no British poet surpasses in this kind the Scotchman Campbell. One can understand what Walter Scott meant when he said that 'he could imitate other poets of his day, but not 'Campbell, because the peculiarity of Campbell lay in his 'substance and not in his style.' It was in a few poems only, however, of this poet that the style was so one with the theme. Campbell himself seems to have founded his expectations of fame upon 'The Pleasures of Hope' and 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' poems in the late Georgian style, which few can now relish. He spoke of his 'Hohenlinden' as a 'damned drum and trumpet thing!' So great may be the delusions of poets as to the relative merits of the results of their laborious lucubrations and their real inspirations.

Like Campbell's best poems, Wolfe's 'Burial of Sir John 'Moore' embodies with singular felicity in the essence of its simple metre the feeling of one side of war, and it will endure while and wherever English is spoken or read.

What did the Crimean war produce in this field? One splendid war lyric certainly, which ranks with the English

classics in this kind—Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light 'Brigade.' There is not a word too much, or too little, or misplaced, or out of taste in those half-dozen stanzas. Sir Franklin Lushington and Mr. Henry Lushington wrote several poems included in the most patriotic anthologies, but they are of the forcible-feeble kind, not good enough to reprint at this distance of time. The Chinese 'opium war,' with its dubious object and easy success, is not one in which Englishmen can find any gratification. But it chanced to bear poetic fruit in one of the finest poems of this kind—Sir Francis Doyle's 'Private of the Buffs,' with its noble moral:

'Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.'

The desperate and heroic race-struggle in India in the summer of 1857 has hardly found its poet. Tennyson's retrospective 'Defence of Lucknow' was not written when he was in his full powers, and seems to be too laboured and remote from the real thing. One feels in it too much the action of the pump, as Fitzgerald said of some of his friend's later work. The feeling of the Mutiny time lives best, perhaps, in the poems of Sir Alfred Lyall, who had the advantage of being in his youth amid those troublous scenes, and yet, as a civilian, standing somewhat aloof from the full tide of war. In his 'Theology in Extremis' and his poem on a soldier's burial amid the Himalayas to the piercing northern melody of 'Annie Laurie,' episodes or scenes of the war stand out in vivid relief, and his 'Somnia' recalls, though without any imitation, the spirit of Campbell's 'Soldier's Dream:'

'A late moon that sinks o'er a river,
Flowing luminous, languid, and still;
Long white tents that shroud men, and shiver
In the cold morning breeze from the hill;

'Just a thin veil of darkness above you,
While the cool quiet hour is your own;
Then farewell to the faces that love you,
With the fast fading night they'll be gone.

'Look up, see above you the star-land
Wanes dim with the flush of the dawn,
You are called from your flight to the far land,
And your visions must break with the morn.

'But your soul, by sweet memories haunted,
Still wanders, forgetful and free,
To the West, and in echoes enchanted
Hears the long winding plash of the sea.

'Ah, sleep, though the falling dews wet you;
Ah, rest in that home while you may;
Other scenes, other sounds, shall beset you
When you wake, and your dreams pass away.

'When the sun beats aflame on your faces,
What the old fighters felt, ye shall feel,
When the pitiless strife of the races
Flashes out in the smoke and the steel;

'For the plain, bare and burning, lies yonder,
And perchance, when the war-cloud has passed,
Never more, day or night, shalt thou wander,
And thy sleep shall be dreamless at last.'

The American Civil War was an embodiment of a great struggle of contending ideas; on the one side those of human freedom and the unity of the United States, on the other those of State liberty and rights of property. Some of the poetry which was born of it will be an enduring part of the American heritage. Of such a kind is Bret Harte's 'Réveillé,' with its stirring opening:—

'Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum:
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.'

Whittier's 'Barbara Frietchie' is an excellent model of narration of a touching and striking incident of war.

The Afghan War of 1878-80 did not elicit either from official or unofficial bards any immortal British poem. It did produce a fine crop of ballads of the primitive kind among the Afghan mountaineers, some of which have been rendered into excellent French prose by M. James Darmesteter in his 'Chants populaires des Afghans.' They are true border ballads, written by bards who were not distant

literary artists, but had seen that of which they wrote, and had themselves keenly enjoyed the pleasure of shooting at the Firangis. The names of Râpat (Lord Roberts), who has 'sworn upon the Gospels that he will take Kâbul,' Kamnâri (Cavagnari), Warbarton (Colonel Warburton, of Peshawur), figure oddly in this uncivilised poetry. Here is a spirited little 'ghazal' concerning a hero called Muhammed Jân:—

'He fights always, never flies, the admirable youth. He leaps upon the Firangis; his name is Muhammed Jân.

'The English are come from London, thinking to take Kâbul; he fires at them his great pistols, every moment.

'They make war on those who believe in the Law of the Prophet; he covers himself with honour, he covers all the Pagans with shame.

'The place of the Pagans is in the fifth circle of hell; for them deep is the abyss, dark is the tomb; they burn in eternal flames.

'He who has ascended so high on the ladder of the martyrs, the colour of the flower,* rests on his bed in Paradise.

'Since thou must depart from this world, O, Muhammed-Dîn, make thyself a dervish at the door of the All-Glorious.

'He fights always, never flies, the admirable youth; his name is Muhammed Jân.'

'Let death come suddenly upon them, and let them go 'down alive into hell,'' said the Hebrew psalmist. 'The 'righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he 'shall wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly.'

The latest South African war has been illustrated by countless deeds of valour, and has caused tears enough to flow, Heaven knows; but it has not, we think, inspired a single poem which is likely to live.† One poet of a rather cold order of merit, Mr. Watson, has been compelled by conscience to indite sonnets and other poems condemning the British cause. Mr. Kipling's verses upon the departure for Table Bay of the fifty thousand men, who were so easily and rapidly to conquer the Dutch Republics, had some go and ring, but were ephemeral. Mr. Swinburne, under the influence of over-excited feelings, has written a poem or two which, in his own interest, had better be forgotten as soon as possible. The Poet Laureate has written exhortations

* The blood of martyrs is supposed to make red roses grow.

† Except, perhaps, a little poem by Mr. Newbolt, quoted by the Bishop of London in his sermon at St. Paul's, before the King, on June 8, 1902.

hardly exhilarating enough to animate the gentlest charge:—

'Comrades in arms, from every shore
Where thundereth the main,
On to the front they press and pour
To face the rifle's rain;
To force the foe from covert crag
And chase them *till they fall*,
Then plant for ever England's flag
Upon the *rebel wall*.
What! wrench the sceptre from her hand
And bid her bow the knee?
Not while her Yeomen guard the land
And her ironclads the sea.'

In justice to the Laureate it must be said that this was written in December 1899, before the Boers had proved that they could not only defend trenches and difficult hill positions, but attack on the open veld as bravely as any soldiers in the world. It may be that English education has so bred in our poets, and infused into our mental atmosphere, the habit of sympathy with small nations defending independence against mighty empires, that, however just and necessary this war may have been, not even a Poet Laureate can celebrate it with the fire which burned in Athenian poets when they remembered Marathon and Salamis.

Byron lit his torch at that hearth of freedom when he wrote his noble 'Isles of Greece:'

'The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

'A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

'And where are they, and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!'

It is a far cry in this region of poetry from Lord Byron to Mr. Alfred Austin.

Altogether in civilised lands there is no great crop of fine poetry directly referring, like the innumerable chants of barbarous bards, to wars contemporary with the poet. Modern bards have, on the whole, succeeded better in retrospective war poetry. Of this kind is all the war part of Shakespeare's plays; his themes were furnished by the wars of ancient Rome, of Henry V. in France, and the Wars of the Roses. His contemporary, Michael Drayton, wrote an admirable war-poem in this retrospective kind, 'The 'Battle of Agincourt,' fought two centuries before his time.*

'Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.

'O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?'

Not while a nervous Scotch pedant sits on the throne, the truly English poet may have desired to intimate in this closing stanza.

Walter Scott was singularly unsuccessful in his attempts to celebrate the martial exploits of his own contemporaries. He failed where his less great countryman, Campbell, succeeded. No one could compare Scott's poem on Waterloo with his ballad of the 'Red Harlaw,' or his gay 'Bonny 'Dundee.' Only when 'distance lends enchantment to the 'view' is Scott really inspired. But no doubt the military animation of his own day gave mettle to one of the best battle pictures in verse, the Flodden scenes in 'Marmion.' He is said to have composed them while galloping about the Portobello sands during the camp-out of the mounted volunteer corps to which he belonged. With what imagination and vigour that fight is described, from the first view caught of the position by the English lord, arriving just in time—through the wavering fortunes of battle—till the canto dies away with the splashing through Tweed of many a broken band, on their way to spread the dismal news of the disaster,

'Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield.'

One cannot visit Flodden, so untouched and unchanged to

* The poem was published in 1605.

this day, without seeing the fight as Sir Walter imagined it. One sees Marmion ride up to Lord Surrey by the tiny Norman church of Branxton hamlet, rein in his horse, salute, and receive instructions.

'"The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour!
Short greeting serves in time of strife:
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vanward post
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share;
There fight thy own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said.'

A scene in the amusing and interesting autobiography of stout Sir Harry Smith, a warrior of the real old English breed, shows how true Scott is to life. Major Smith, coming from the American campaign, arrived on the field of Waterloo, by what he would doubtless have called 'damned 'good luck,' just in time for the fight on the 18th of June, a fine morning after the soaking rain of the night. He was sent forward by his brigadier to get instructions from the Duke.

'About 11 o'clock I found His Grace and all his staff near Hougomont. The day was beautiful after the storm, though the country was very heavy. When I rode up, he said, "Hallo, Smith, where are you from last?" "From General Lambert's Brigade, and they from America." "What have you got?" "The 4th, the 27th, and the 40th; the 81st remain in Brussels." "Ah, I know, I know, but the others; are they in good order?" "Excellent, my lord, and very strong." "That's all right, for I shall soon want every man." One of his staff said, "I do not think they will attack to-day." "Nonsense," said the Duke, "the columns are already forming, and I think I have discovered where the weight of the attack will be made. I shall be attacked before an hour. Do you know anything of my position, Smith?" "Nothing, my lord, beyond what I see—the general line, and right and left." "Go back and halt Lambert's Brigade at the junction of the two great roads from Genappe and Nivelles. Did you observe their junction as you rode up?" "Particularly, my lord."

"Having halted the head of the brigade, and told Lambert what I desire, ride to the left of the position. On the extreme left is the Nassau Brigade, those fellows who came over to us at Arbonne, you recollect. Between them and Picton's division (now the 5th) I shall most probably require Lambert. There is already there a brigade of newly raised Hanoverians, which Lambert will give orders to, as they and your brigade form the 6th Division. You are the only British staff officer with it. Find out, therefore, the best and shortest road from where Lambert is now halted to the left of Picton and to the right of the Nassau troops. Do you understand?" "Perfectly, my lord." I had barely turned from His Grace when he called me back. "Now, clearly understand that when Lambert is ordered to move from the fork of the two roads where he is now halted, you are prepared to conduct him to Picton's left." It was delightful to see His Grace that morning, on his noble horse Copenhagen, in high spirits, and very animated, but so cool and so clear in the issue of his orders, it was impossible not fully to comprehend what he said; delightful also to observe what his wonderful eye anticipated, while some of his staff were of opinion the attack was not in progress.'

Macaulay wrote verse with as much vigour as he wrote prose. His historical war-poetry has now been declaimed by several generations of boys, and should surely please boys for ever. The 'Lays of Rome,' 'The Armada,' 'Naseby,' and 'Henry of Navarre' are in this class. No Englishman, at any age, can read the Armada alarum without emotion. The other poems, perhaps, do not altogether fulfil Newman's definition of a classic, for, while they enchant boyhood, they less please the more fastidious taste of maturity. They lack the subtle distinction of fine poetry. If one compares Macaulay's 'Naseby' with Scott's Cavalier lyric, 'Heaven 'shield the brave gallants who fight for the Crown,' one certainly feels that in Macaulay the vintage is less fine. But if Macaulay's poems, like his prose, lack something of the more delicate aroma, yet they, also like his prose, are crowded with knowledge and full of life. Macaulay, in prose and verse, marshals and handles his armies of facts with consummate ease and power, like a commander of the first order. What a magnificently concise and rapid survey of England from Cornwall to Kent, and from Kent to Carlisle, is contained in 'The Armada'! Here are some stages in the swift march:—

'The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton down.'

The six lines summon up in the brain eight different scenes and associations as rapidly as a skilled pianist can throw off different chords from his instrument.

Returning once more to Scotland, one cannot forget Aytoun's pathetic and beautiful 'Burial March of Dundee,' the echo of a lost cause.

The poets of the Young Ireland school produced some good poems inspired by the memory of past valours, rebel or exile valours, it is true. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has rightly included in his agreeable 'Victorian Anthology' 'The 'Irish Brigade' of Thomas Davis :—

> 'They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true,
> And, though victors, they left on the field not a few,
> And they who survived fought and drank as of yore,
> But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more,
> For in far, foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
> Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.'

And there is an Irish charm and music about John Casey's rebel poem, 'The Rising of the Moon,' which celebrates the miserable insurrection of the downtrodden Catholic peasants in 1798—so heroic, so stained by atrocities, and so savagely suppressed :—

> '"O, then, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall, tell me why you hurry so?"
> "Hush, ma bouchal, hush, and listen," and his cheeks were all aglow;
> "I bear orders from the Captain,—get you ready quick and soon;
> For the pikes must be together at the risin' of the moon."
>
> '"O, then, tell me Shawn O'Ferrall, where the gath'rin' is to be?"
> "At the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me;
> One word more—for signal token, whistle up the marchin' tune,
> With your pike upon your shoulder, by the risin' of the moon."'

In our own days the memory of England's naval glories has found admirable expression in some poems by Mr. Henry Newbolt, who, like Campbell (but more to the realistic side of the line), holds his path between the extreme abstract and realistic schools. Nothing could be better in this way than his 'Drake's Drum,' or his 'Ballad of the 'Bold Menelaus :'

> 'It was morning at St. Helen's, in the great and gallant days,
> And the sea beneath the sun glittered wide,
> When the frigate set her courses, all a shimmer in the haze,
> And she hauled her cable home, and took the tide.
>
> 'She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
> Nine and forty guns in tackle running free,
> And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore
> When the bold Menelaus put to sea.

Mr. Newbolt is by no means a mere war-poet. He always writes with fine taste, as well as with ardour and spirit, and has a very distinct style of his own.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has invented a style and discovered a subject-matter, and has, like Pope and Tennyson before him, founded a school. One hears his echoes everywhere. This proves the originality of his genius. He is the discoverer who inaugurates a new line in the poetic trade-routes. Mr. Kipling suddenly brought down poetry from the high cliffs upon which it had been kept by the Tennysonian school to the familiar levels of streets, and barracks, and ship-decks; he won the heart of an immense public, and he extended the influence of poetry. He did in poetry that which Macaulay did in history, making his themes seem really like plain and visible life. Mr. Kipling has not much used his lyre (he would probably prefer to call it his banjo) to celebrate specific deeds of old, or battles of to-day. He has translated into verse with extraordinary fidelity and skill the view taken of life by the unlettered Englishman of the roving disposition, the kind of man, a rough idealist in his own way, who becomes soldier, sailor, rancher, denizen of mining camps, who may be found taking the chances of life with the same ironical stoicism in every land and on every sea.

> 'Speakin' in general, I 'ave tried 'em all,
> The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world,'

says the new Ulysses.

Here, now, by way of contrast with the classic battle-pieces which we have quoted, is a picture by Mr. Kipling of a British regiment of the line going into action. 'E,' in the first line, is the sergeant, that cement of the army:—

> 'E knows each talkin' corpril that leads a squad astray,
> 'E feels 'is innards 'eavin, 'is bowels givin' way;
> 'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin,
> An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap 'em in.
>
> An' now the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust,
> An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must;
> So, like a man in irons, which isn't glad to go,
> They moves 'em off by companies uncommon stiff an' slow.
>
> An' now it's "Oo goes backward?" an' now it's "Oo comes on?"
> An' now it's "Get the doolies," an' now "The captain's gone;"
> An' now it's "bloody murder," but all the while they 'ear
> 'Is voice, the same as barrack drill, a shepherding to rear.'

Mr. Kipling is as strong a war realist, though for a different motive, as Tolstoy is, or Verestschagin in his pictures. He is not a mere glorifier. He has ventured once or twice, in prose and in verse, to describe, as no English poet has done before him, a shameful rout of British soldiers. There are his verses called 'That Day,' beginning—

> 'It got beyond all orders, an' it got beyond all 'ope;
> It got to shammin' wounded an' retirin' from the 'alt.
> 'Ole companies was lookin' for the nearest road to slope,
> It were just a bloomin' knock-out, an' our fault.'

Mr. Kipling's war-poetry is to that of Campbell, Scott, Byron, and Tennyson much what, in the sphere of another passion, the work of a novelist like Maupassant is to the 'Nouvelle Héloïse' of Rousseau, or to the 'Corinne' of Madame de Staël. He tears aside the veil of poetic weaving by which the beauties and glories of war are made to appear, the defects or ugliness hidden. This is something new. Mr. Kipling's is not the frank, childish pleasure in blood and carnage of old Norse, or Welsh, or Afghan bards reciting before barbarous audiences. He is the modern realistic artist consciously describing fights in which he has not taken part for the amusement of a public which has also not taken part, but which likes to have its sensations excited in a novel manner. The grateful public, one may add, rewards its favoured bard not, like the barbarous chief, with cups or chains of gold, but by the purchase of thousands of copies of cheaply printed volumes. It may be that poetry, like perhaps much else, passes—to borrow an expression from a discerning writer—through three stages, those of uncivilisation, civilisation, and decivilisation—and that the last resembles the first, with an immense moral difference. If Mr. Kipling's lower treatment, for he has a much higher one at his command, anticipates or founds the war-poetry of the future, some will look back with regret to the style of 'Hohenlinden' and 'The Eve of Waterloo.' Both in love and war the superior part of man's mind craves for a certain reserve and idealisation. If this be thrown away, it is a sign of corruption and decay, or of retreat from the upward struggle. 'We must not,' says Aristotle, 'agree with those who maintain that, being mortal, we 'should cherish the thoughts which are mortal; but, as much 'as possible, we should immortalise ourselves, and do all 'things with a view of attaining to the highest life.'

After all, both in love and war, the abstracting writers probably see things as they really are better than do the realists, who, indeed, also abstract, but abstract the lower or smaller part of the subject, presenting that as if it were the whole. If things be seen rightly, a little that is spiritual, one may venture to believe—upon the assurance of the higher instincts of man—deserves to be represented more largely than much that is material. Tennyson may have depicted an objective fact in its true proportions when he ignored the blood and mangled bodies in the Balaclava charge—the jostling, colliding, and swearing, the terrors and shrinkings. If he had used insincere language, if he had dragged in Mars or Bellona, or described a colonel as a 'god of war,' the poet would have departed from truth, but not by his selection of features. It is true that the higher emotions might be better employed, but while they are so engaged it is right that the poet or painter should ascribe to them their due proportion in the sad business.

Writers like Tolstoy depict the horrors of war in detail because they hate it, and desire that the world shall pass into a period where wars shall be no more. Tolstoy belongs to a country where multitudes who have not the slightest wish to fight or die for their country are driven into the army by force. Under such a system the soul of war may be destroyed, as it was so strikingly when Napoleon, to gratify his ambition, compelled half a million Western Europeans, with no interest in his quarrel, to perish miserably in Russia. Nothing in such a case is left but war's soulless body. There is, in England, a school of poets who continue the idealising or abstracting treatment of war, avoiding the details in which Mr. Kipling revels. There is something new about writers of this kind also. A hundred years ago poets were satisfied with the simple motive of their country's triumph. This seemed reason enough in itself why men should with an easy conscience violently deprive of the light of day and life fellow-creatures with whom they had no personal quarrel, why lands should be devastated, and the keen sword of sorrow pierce the hearts of women. The modern writers, we mean those of the finer school, desire to find a motive for this motive, a superior reason why their country should triumph. They seek a deeper justification of actions in themselves contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of the Christian religion, and to the better and higher instincts of human nature. They look for a religious or philosophic ground of war.

Some work upon the basis of the Darwinian gospel, and see in evolution the Will of God. They assume, like the Jews of old, that their race is the chosen people, destined to survive and rule, the instrument of Providence to make justice, freedom, and morality prevail. It is almost a new religion. In the poet's mind the soldier is the priest, battle the sacrifice, the slain are the victims. Or the modern poet may depict war as a means of perfecting the individual life, a form of renunciation and death to self. In this case the veil is skilfully drawn over the sheer love of excitement and adventure which makes mettled youths welcome the chance of war as of the finest form of sport. Their zest is ennobled and redeemed by the sentiment 'dulce et decorum est pro 'patriâ mori,' but is not due to it, certainly not in the professional army, where peace work is dull, and the chance of war is the chance of distinction. It is touching to witness the disappointment of young officers in an Indian station when some border quarrel is settled by diplomacy, and the hoped-for expedition is frustrated. There is self-sacrifice, but it takes the form of acquiescence in hopes not fulfilled.

Meanwhile the anxiety of writers at home to find motives for war of a kind superior to those which satisfied their ancestors is perhaps one out of many signs of an increasing contradiction between the fact of war and the conscience of civilised humanity. It is not merely the increased expense of war which has so much diminished its frequency; it is also the moral feeling that the cause for war must be overwhelmingly great. There have been times when princes went to war, in Europe as well as in Asia, almost as regularly as sportsmen to the annual slaying of grouse or pheasants. 'In the month of June,' says William of Malmesbury, 'quando solent reges ad bella procedere.' In India, of old, the war season always began in October or November, after the rains, when the air was cooler. Even so late as the eighteenth century wars were undertaken with much the same ease of conscience as that with which financiers now fight their wars for possession of the market. There were differences of opinion as to the expediency of wars; there has not, till late times, been much division of opinion as to their morality. Although this feeling is growing, there is, no doubt, at the same time an inclination among writers of the day to glorify war as a good in itself. This may be partly due to a reaction against the tame and sedentary lives which most poets lead in great cities; partly, perhaps, to a disposition of literary men, in days when

literature is not strong, to adore men of action. Truly great poets—Dante, Milton, Wordsworth—have rated their own sacred calling as it deserved.

The deliberate glorification of war by some poets, the subtle justifications of it by others, are signs of this movement of feeling. Our ancestors felt no need either to glorify or to justify war. They took it as a normal incident of life, and described its beauties with zest. They thought it good exercise, as Shakespeare makes one of his comic characters say: 'Let me have war, say I; it exceeds 'peace as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, 'audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, 'lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; peace makes 'men hate one another.' But Shakespeare's own feeling, as that of all wise men, is rather to be found in these deep lines:—

> 'O War, thou son of Hell,
> Whom angry heavens do make their minister!'

War is a great misfortune, a sad necessity, a visitation for the sins of men, a malady burning itself out in fever. If there be reality and truth in the conception that the course of mankind lies upward from the levels of the brute creation, war must vanish from the earth, and civilised war, already half refined away, must become a mere memory, as much as now are, among Europeans, the old barbarous wars with their full and unabated equipment of killing, destroying, ravishing, and enslaving. Modern war is only relatively better; it is evil in itself. The evil may be sometimes necessary, but one may hope that it is so only in consequence of men's crimes and follies. As a foreign writer has lately said, fatality reigns in the lower sphere of human passions, but its chain may be broken by the intervention of wisdom.

We have pointed out that modern poets have on the whole written better war-poetry when they were divided from their subject by time. One may say also that they write better when they are divided from their subject by space. Campbell, who was roaming in Germany in the year of Hohenlinden, did actually cross one field of recent fight covered with dead horses and other débris, and even saw from an adjacent monastery a slight skirmish between French and Bavarians. With this exception and that of Sir Alfred Lyall, no one of the authors of the later English war-poems which we have quoted had ever, we think, heard a shot fired or seen a sword drawn in battle. The

old clan bards who followed the fray, a little, perhaps, behind the front rank, are now represented in this respect, not by our poets, but by the paid correspondents of newspapers, often, certainly, most poetic writers of prose. These now celebrate the heroes, and award the palm. The actual vision of battle does not seem to inspire poetry. No doubt this is partly due to the great specialisation of all occupations in modern life. Perhaps also, since professional armies, with all their machinery, came into use, war has lent itself less easily to the poet's art. But the fact is also due, we think, to the growing separation between the nature of civilised man and delight in war. It is more necessary than of old for poetry that the brutalities of the business should be softened by distance. Macaulay could hardly have written so gaily of the Roman battles, or Scott of Flodden, had they seen at nightfall the field, more horrible than our modern fields of battle. Sadness and disgust would have deprived the poet of the high spirits necessary for this kind of poetry. The modern poet needs to be at a distance of space from scenes of human slaughter, and writes better still, as a rule, if he is also at a distance of time. And the men who fight do not write. The lust of battle in the soldier is followed by a reaction of disgust, though the desire to fight returns again. 'Nothing,' wrote the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo, 'nothing except a 'battle lost is half so sad as a battle won.' After war the soldier is often inclined to talk of any other subject in preference. Often he would say, like Claudio in the play—

> 'But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts
> Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
> Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
> All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
> Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.'

Finally, it may be pointed out that it is not, in modern times, the greatest poets who have written the best war-poetry. The author of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' was not a professional poet at all. Campbell, Scott, Macaulay do not rank among the highest stars in the poetical firmament, although one of these was the greatest of British romance-writers, and another was one of the greatest of British historians. The distaste of poets for the subject is natural. War, notwithstanding the fine qualities and emotions which it evokes in the nobler natures, is a lower state than peace, as disease, although it, too, may

evoke certain virtues, is a lower state than health, and the poet who devotes himself to celebrate acts of war, although his art may be redeemed if he can reveal the soul of good in things evil, does nevertheless choose a lower region when he might inhabit a higher. A Christian poet may pass through scenes of war, but it must be like Dante through Hell, on his way to Paradise. The loftiest poets have instinctively felt that their true and eternal business is to express, not the darkness of the world, but the manifestations of love and wisdom.

Art. III.—1. *La Situation en Epire, mémoire adressé à la Commission des Ambassades d'Angleterre, d'Autriche et d'Allemagne à Constantinople.* Athens: P. D. Sakellarios. 1900.

2. *Proclamation of the Albanian League at Athens to the Brethren in Albania.* Athens: Anaplasis. 1899.

Turkey, like an examination paper on mathematics, is a list of problems all waiting for solution. To the Armenian and the Macedonian, already painfully familiar to every newspaper reader, have of late years been added the Syrian, the Samian, the Tripolitan, the Arabian, and the Albanian questions, differing from each other in degree of gravity and urgency, as well as in the number and nature of the factors involved. In a previous issue of the 'Edinburgh 'Review'* we have dealt with one of these questions. It is our purpose to give here a summary of another no less interesting and equally complex problem. This is the problem known to the student of Near East politics as the Albanian Question.

Albania, from one point of view, may be described as the Armenia of Turkey in Europe. Like that unhappy province, it is a district seamed with mountain ranges, which afford a safe retreat to a highland population chiefly subsisting by the robbery of their lowland and less warlike neighbours. It is also a district inhabited partly by Christians and partly by Mohammedans, two elements which ever live on terms resembling the relations prevalent between the feline and the canine species of brute creation. But here the similarity ends. The Albanians, be they Christian or Mohammedan, both are sections of one and the same stock, both share the same racial attachment to liberty, and both show an equal capacity for preserving it. Their feuds are family affairs, and, like most people engaged in domestic disputes, the Albanians resent nothing more bitterly than interference on the part of outsiders. Whatever the differences which separate the two elements may be, there is one point on which they both agree—namely, a distrust of and contempt for the Turk, to whom they apply an opprobrious and untranslatable nickname.

Indeed, Albania can hardly be considered a portion of the Ottoman Empire in the same sense as Macedonia or Armenia.

* 'The Macedonian Problem and its Factors,' October 1901.

Though conquered, it has never been subdued. Nominally consisting of two vilayets, that of Skutari in the north and that of Jannina in the south, with portions of the vilayets of Monastir and Kossovo on the east, it really is a conglomeration of clans to all intents and purposes independent of one another and of all central authority—independence meaning less autonomous administration, or, for that matter, any kind of administration, than the privilege of waging war against each other, plundering their neighbours and abducting their daughters. This is the only form of freedom for which the average Albanian really cares, and he generally succeeds in enjoying it. The Porte in older days tried repeatedly to confirm its grip on the province. The suppression of Ali Pasha, the famous satrap of Epirus, in 1822, and the *coup* ever since known as the massacre of the Beys at Monastir, in 1830, had the same object in view. A later attempt to enforce conscription in Albania led to the insurrection both of north and south, in 1846. But those and similar attempts, though comparatively successful in the south, have never produced any lasting result in the north of the province. The North Albanian of the present day, like his forefathers of the remotest period of which there is any faint record in history, recognises no other rule than that of the chief of his *phara* or clan. This *régime* the Ottoman conqueror was compelled to sanction, and, since the nominal subjugation of Albania in the fifteenth century, the heads of clans have been known by the title of hereditary Beys.

Turkish authority, such as it is, is exercised through the medium of these tribal chiefs, and the Porte, whenever it meditates the introduction of any legislative novelty, is extremely anxious to conciliate them and to secure their good will and support by means of presents and promises. Even normal taxation cannot be enforced except through the Beys. The amount to be levied depends entirely on their approval, and is collected through their instrumentality. It is obvious that the Beys will never lend their countenance to any measure which is likely to affect their own privileges and purses, and accordingly two of the main sources of Turkish revenue, the Public Debt imposts and the Tobacco Monopoly, are institutions unheard of in Albania. The only tribute which the Beys are occasionally inclined to pay, and that as a voluntary contribution rather than as a matter of obligation, is the cattle tax (*djeleb*). Again, in matters judicial no Albanian charged with a capital offence is

amenable to Ottoman justice. Such cases are tried by the tribe council of notables or elders, presided over by the tribal chief. Besides these permanent councils, there is a kind of general assembly in which every family is represented, and which meets periodically in spring and autumn for the discussion and settlement of questions of high import, chiefly concerning the foreign policy of the clan, that is, its relations with its neighbours. The subject most frequently under debate in these popular assemblies is the commencement or the cessation of a tribal blood feud.

Conscription is also carried on through the good offices of the Beys. The Albanians as a race have never recognised the Sultan's right to press them into the service. Yet, whenever the levying of troops is deemed necessary, the Sultan has only to appeal to the Beys, and a number of volunteers, as undisciplined and turbulent as they are brave, are ready to enlist under the imperial standard—drawn thither by the prospect of plunder. For long ages Albania has been the nursery of Mohammedan soldiers, a reserve from which the Sultans have always drawn the bravest defenders of the Crescent. Among the Turks themselves it is generally admitted that the blood of the Albanians has done much to cement the throne of the Osmanlis. To quote the pamphlet mentioned second at the head of this article: 'We Albanians have ever been the pillars of Turkey. Our 'bones are to be found scattered over Hungary, Roumania, 'Servia, Montenegro, and the Crimea; through Greece, 'Persia, Arabia, to the confines of India'—a statement which is more than a vain boast. These irregular troops, however, not unfrequently prove as dangerous to their own allies as to the enemy, and during the last Græco-Turkish war Edhem Pasha, the Commander-in-chief, was only too glad to get rid of them at all hazards.

The relative importance of the patriarchal chiefs in question depends not, as that of the patriarchs of old did, upon the magnitude of their herds and flocks, but as in mediæval Europe each baron's strength was estimated by the number of bows which he could put into the field, so the Albanian Bey's power is measured by the number of Martinis at his command. These weapons, when not required for imperial purposes, are employed in the conduct of the civil strife which constitutes the normal state of affairs in the interior of the country. The Albanian is a bred and born fighter, and, like the pickpocket who, in default of another victim, used to keep his fingers in training by practising on himself, when

hard up for a foe he will gladly pick a quarrel with his next-door neighbour. So general is this rule that the cessation of hostilities is emphasised by the term 'peace,' or rather 'truce' (*bessa*), which in Albania is a synonym for ordinary friendship. There is hardly any clan, great or small, that has not a feud with some other clan. Some of these quarrels are of modern growth; others are of so long a standing that their origin is all but lost in the mists of immemorial antiquity. But though the cause may be forgotten, the quarrel continues as a matter of habit or tradition. Feuds are handed down in the aristocratic *odjaks* of Albania by one generation to the next, as games of chess are said to be handed down in the great families of Spain.

These feuds generally originate in the murder of some member of a clan. The rest of the clan consider themselves in honour bound to avenge the crime by 'taking 'back blood'—that is, by murdering the individual who shed their own friend's blood, or his next-of-kin. The task of vengeance is religiously transmitted from father to son in a direct line, and the nearest relative of the deceased is looked upon as dishonoured until he has performed it. On the other hand, the accomplishment of the sacred duty is celebrated by great festivities and boisterous rejoicings, and the avenger is lionised as befits the man who has saved the prestige of the *odjak*. The Turkish authorities do their clumsy best to suppress the vendetta, and the prisons are crammed with persons guilty of murder. But the fear of imprisonment has never yet deterred a true Albanian from 'taking blood.' In so doing he considers himself as acting in obedience to a time-honoured clan code, in comparison with which State legislation counts as a thing of yesterday. Moreover, the satisfaction which he experiences in carrying out the behests of this *quasi*-divine law makes all other considerations sink into insignificance. How deeply rooted is the conviction in the sacredness of the duty of revenge is shown by the Albanian's every-day conversation: 'I have a 'blood-feud (*gyak*) on, sir,' was an Albanian heard to say a short time ago. 'If I kill him now, well and good. If I 'miss him, and am arrested, I shall get, say, fifteen years. 'The Sultan is certain to let me off five. Very well, ten 'years hence I shall be set at liberty, and then, if he still is 'in the land of the living, I will kill him. If he is dead, I 'will kill his son or brother, please God (*issha'llah*)!'

The speaker was a mere humble retainer, but his point of view is exactly the same as that of any Albanian, no matter

of what rank. When a few years since Djavid Bey, the son of the Grand Vizier, was shot dead in broad daylight, and in one of the busiest thoroughfares of Constantinople, everybody explained his murder as an act of vendetta on the part of the Albanians for the assassination of Gani Bey, an influential fellow-countryman of theirs, who a twelvemonth before had been murdered by one of Djavid's creatures. Nor did the avenger attempt to escape. Why should he? Had he not fulfilled 'the unwritten law of the gods'? Would not his name be ever remembered and revered by his clansmen, and his deed celebrated in rugged mountain verse for the admiration of posterity? What is death itself, let alone mere imprisonment, when weighed against everlasting fame?

In view of this state of things it is hardly to be wondered at that agriculture is not a favourite or flourishing pursuit. Maize is the only kind of corn cultivated, and it barely suffices for the subsistence of a small portion of the population. The deficit is made good by robbery. The ordinary Albanian farmer, after having gathered in his crop, and hung it up between the rafters of his cottage, considers the year's labours concluded. This grain, ground as it is wanted, a cow, and a small stock of fowls supply all his needs throughout the winter. A limited export trade in farm produce is carried on with Trieste, and tortoises, which require neither keeping nor tending, are largely exported to Italy. Despite the absence of peace, and the presence of poverty, the Albanian is a very hospitable individual. A stranger, just as among the Homeric Greeks and the modern Arabs, is looked upon as 'one sent by God'—a sacred and inviolable person. In the smaller villages, where the patriarchal *régime* is especially powerful, the first rite of hospitality consists in the washing of the guest's feet by the mistress of the cottage. It is also her duty to sleep outside the door of the bedroom assigned to the stranger, in order to be ready at hand to offer assistance, should he chance to be taken suddenly ill during the night. Even the greatest personal enemy is perfectly safe under an Albanian's roof. The host will entertain him kindly, will feast him liberally, and on departing will conduct him half an hour's distance from his house. This is the limit of the forbearance imposed by piety. Once there, the obligation of respect ceases, and the host will proceed to shoot his *ci-devant* guest with the complacency of a man who feels that he is doing a meritorious deed.

A redeeming feature of the Albanian's character is his

warm gratitude for any kindness shown him. If he is slow to forgive an injury, he is still slower to forget a favour. This trait was not long ago vividly impressed upon a foreign consul at Durazzo. The gentleman in question was a qualified doctor, and during an epidemic had saved the lives of many of the inhabitants out of charity. When, some years after, he was transferred, his ex-patients went *en masse* to see their benefactor off, and, as a proof of their sincerity, they promised to kill his successor. They were not to be dissuaded from their purpose except by repeated assurances, accompanied by a solemn oath, that the consul's removal was of his own seeking, and had not been brought about by his successor's machinations, as they imagined. The loyalty and fidelity of the Albanians are proverbial throughout the Levant, and those who employ armed attendants (*cavasses*) of that nationality have many instances of self-sacrifice to relate.

The remarks concerning Albanian barbarism made above apply to the whole of Albania, but it should be added that the degree in which these features prevail is highest in the north and lowest in the south of the country. It is to the northern portion that the term 'Savage Land' (*Yabani*) is specially applied by the Turks—a term reflecting the wild and lawless character of the people no less than the rugged grandeur of the black and bare mountains amid which they live. This portion administratively constitutes the vilayet of Skutari, and is inhabited partly by Albanised Slavs and partly by Albanians of so-called Illyrian descent. Though both are commonly included in the name of 'Ghegs,' the latter are easily distinguished by their peculiar physique, by the fierceness of their temper, and, above all, by the habit of shaving their heads so that only a lock or fringe of hair is allowed to grow on the crown and hang down upon the nape of the neck—a custom recalling to the spectator Fenimore Cooper's Indians despoiled of their plumage. One tribe of the Ghegs—the Mirdites—inhabiting the district between Skutari and Prisrend, among other relics of truly primitive culture, preserve the practice of exogamy, never marrying within the tribe, but habitually providing themselves with wives forcibly carried off from amongst their neighbours. The maid in many cases has no unconquerable aversion to being abducted, but her male relatives make it a point of honour to defend her, and, as a result, a Mirdite wedding is frequently ushered in by a series of funerals.

The language of the Ghegs is as rough and uncouth as

their rocks, as little susceptible of rule as those who speak it, and as primitive as their manners, withal presenting a certain family resemblance to the speech of the ancient Hellenes and Latins in its rudest form. But it is only the resemblance of a half-faded ancestral portrait to its subject's remote descendants.

Such are the Ghegs and their land. The god of light seems to have forgotten to cast a ray to this benighted nook of Europe. History has almost disdained to record the life of a race which, by the caprice of fate, has been suffered to remain in a primordial state of infancy, while its cousins of the south grew, flourished, decayed, all but died, and rose to life again. And yet it is a race brimming with vitality. The continuous drain in men to which North Albania had been subjected for a long series of generations kept down their numbers. But as soon as the current of Ottoman conquest ceased, they began to multiply. During the latter part of the nineteenth century especially the Ghegs, who had been forced to withdraw before the advancing waves of the Slavs, overflowed the landmarks imposed by that movement, and in their turn began to press upon the newcomers. The Slavs were compelled to cross once more the Drin, and to retire further east. Hence the vilayet of Monastir, as well as the district known as Old Servia, presents the theatre of a constant struggle for existence between the Albanians and the Servians, who are gradually driven towards the banks of the Vardar.

To the south of these tribes lies the land of the Tosks, a milder and less uncivilised race of men, addicted less to fighting and more to farming than are their northern brethren across the Skumbi, though, like them, they are mostly armed *cap-à-pie*. The country still further south is inhabited by a group of clans known as Liaps and Tchams. These have little of the ferocity which distinguishes the other Albanians, and are rather more under the control of the Turkish authorities. Conscription and taxation, though practically matters of as little moment as among the Ghegs, are at all events theoretically admitted to be obligatory. The tribal division has, among them, in great measure been superseded by a corresponding local division into districts, each governed by a great landowner, and the vendetta hardly ever involves whole districts in hostilities, being as a rule confined to individual families. In a word, the further south the traveller proceeds the gentler the people grow, in harmony with their surroundings. The scenery in these parts is less

mountainous, the soil more regularly cultivated, and the population, by scarcely perceptible degrees, merges into the Epirotic Greek. So much so that Jannina, the capital city of the vilayet, actually lies to the south of the Greek frontier, as drawn by the Congress of Berlin in 1878, and, were it not for the refusal of the Porte to carry into effect Article 13 of that treaty, a considerable section of the vilayet would now be in fact what it was then recognised to be in theory—part of the Hellenic kingdom.

The division of Albania into northern and southern is neither arbitrary nor new. It closely corresponds with the delimitation which prevailed in ancient times. Strabo regarded the Egnatian road as forming the boundary line between the Illyrians and the Epirots. Despite the vicissitudes through which the country has passed since the old geographer's day, the modern traveller sees reason to endorse his statement, for the Egnatian road ran parallel to the river Skumbi, which still separates the northern Ghegs from the southern Tosks. Strongly marked and strongly felt as is the distinction between the two tribes, both Ghegs and Tosks acknowledge a common national appellation. Under the name of Skipetar they include all those who use the Albanian speech (*Skip*), a community of sentiment which is not even affected by difference in religion. The name of Skipetar is made to cover a multitude of creeds, Mohammedan as well as Christian. This broad-mindedness is probably due to the fact that neither the Cross nor the Crescent is much more than a mere conventional name to the Albanian. Characteristically enough, the Mohammedan Albanians are mostly Bektashis, an heretical sect deeply tinted with antinomian principles, and therefore congenial to the natural contempt for authority which distinguishes these children of the rocks. In defiance of the precepts of the Koran they openly indulge in wine and pork. Contrary to the practice of Islam throughout the Eastern world they build no minarets to their few mosques, and scorn those who do so. 'How foolish they must be to think that Allah will hear 'their prayers any the sooner because, forsooth, they offer 'them up from an elevation a few feet higher than the 'common level of the earth!' an Albanian was heard to exclaim, and the exclamation showed his hazy notions concerning Moslem practice better than a regular examination in the Prophet's catechism could have done.

In South Albania there are whole so-called Mohammedan districts which do not boast a single place of worship or a

single minister of Allah. These simple believers consider a Turkish name a sufficient passport to the Prophet's paradise; they observe no Ramazan—the great Mohammedan fast—and even dispense with the rite of circumcision, which among the Mohammedans is equal in solemnity to the Christian baptism. Commander-in-chief Eyub Pasha, during the Greek campaign of 1885, on visiting the sick discovered this curious omission, and, shocked thereat, proposed to have the rite administered to the Albanian regiments in the regular way. He was, however, forced to abandon his pious design by the threat of the unwilling proselytes that they would desert bodily to the enemy rather than submit to this ignominy. On another occasion the Turkish Government sent to one of these districts an expert to initiate all the boys into the mysteries of the Mohammedan cult. The great landowners (*aghas*), who had much to lose, submitted with the best grace they could; but the common and irresponsible people rose in arms and put the poor Khodja to death for daring to insult the free sons of Albania, and thus compelled the Porte to recognise that there are limits to the Albanian's susceptibility to religious influence beyond which it is not safe to go. These eccentricities have among the orthodox believers earned the Mohammedan Albanians the sobriquet of *Kitabsiz*, or Bible-less.

Christianity also, whether it calls itself Greek or Roman, is of a type peculiar to Albania. The ordinary Albanian's ideas on the subject are well illustrated by the story according to which a mountaineer once informed a tourist that he prayed to Christ that He might intercede on his behalf with St. Nicholas. Nor is the line between Islam and Christianity very rigidly drawn. In many districts, Albanians who in time of taxation pose as true believers, a few months later, when they are requested to join the army, discover a sudden leaning to infidelity. Others again, while openly professing the dominant creed, in private adhere to Christianity, and reconcile the two religions by giving to their children two names: one Turkish, imposed by the imam according to the rites of Islam and used out of doors; the other by a Christian priest who, soon after the first ceremony, is called in at dead of night disguised, and thus, under the cloak of darkness, neutralises the evil effect by means of the baptism. The second name is exclusively intended for home consumption. Many other observances exhibit the same eclectic duality of views.

Nearly all the Albanians who call themselves Moham-

medans, genuine as well as counterfeit, about four-fifths of the whole race, are the descendants of Christian communities who at various periods renounced more or less sincerely their religion in order to share the privileges of the ruling caste, and be able to defend themselves and to oppress their neighbours with impunity. Conversion was all the easier because it really involved little change in doctrine, and still less in conduct. How superficial it was has been shown already. Vestiges of the old religion are still discernible in the patronymic designations of many Albanian Mohammedans, which are Greek, while their first names are Turkish. The bizarre nature of the combination can be realised by the reader who has heard of such names as Hadji-Abdullah Brown and Mohammed Russel—British and American philological phenomena due to analogous causes. Broadly speaking, Christianity has displayed greater vitality in the north than in the south, owing chiefly to the physical configuration of the country. The northerners, dwelling as they do in more inaccessible regions, were allowed by the conqueror to retain the use of arms, and consequently their religious as well as political freedom, while in the less mountainous south the people, in order to preserve the latter—perhaps too readily —sacrificed the former.

So far as it is possible to locate the rival creeds in Albania, we find the Mohammedan element mainly preponderating in the towns, and the Christian in the open country. Thus in the north Skutari, Dibra, Durazzo, and Elbassan are chiefly inhabited by Mohammedans, while the surrounding tribes are mostly Christian. The same observation applies to Berat and Jannina in the south. So strong is the Mohammedan element in all these centres that during the month of Ramazan—the Mohammedan Lent—no Christian, native or European, dares walk out in the street smoking. Such an act is apt to be construed into a deliberate insult to those who are not permitted to break the fast by smoking, and it is punished in the national method, which, albeit somewhat summary, has the merit of being expeditious—an Albanian marksman seldom misses his aim.

With regard to the Christians themselves, those of the north are mostly Catholic, the only important exception being offered by the inhabitants of Rekka—a score of villages to the north-east of Dibra—who are almost the only Ghegs who have kept up the orthodox religion, and are therefore exposed to the constant attacks of the Moham-

medans of Dibra on one hand and of the Catholic Mirdites on the other. An occasional permission granted by the authorities to bear arms does not go very far to better their condition. On the other hand, we find that in the south all those Albanians who profess the Christian religion at all belong to the Orthodox Church. The distinction between Roman and Greek Christians is emphasised by the difference in the alphabets used by the two sects: the first employ the Latin; the second preserve the Greek, which formerly was in universal use. The introduction of the Roman letters is due to the influence of Western religious and political propagandas, of which there are two—Austrian and Italian —each competing for the favour of the Ghegs and the Tosks. Both these foreign propagandas possess a great ally in the contrast which the better-class Albanians, who visit Austria and Italy for commercial purposes, observe and report to their friends at home, between the state of their own country and that of lands under enlightened administration. Commercial intercourse thus facilitates the political discontent which both those Powers endeavour to foster and to exploit.

The Austrians have hitherto proved more successful. The Roman Catholic Church in Albania is under the protection of that Power, and the northern part of the country is inundated with prelates and priests of Austrian nationality, while Jesuit and Franciscan missions are established in various centres, under the auspices of the same government. The Italians exercise their influence mainly through the Albanian populations settled in Southern Italy and Sicily—a colony counting over sixty thousand members, and dating back to the fifteenth century. George Castriot, for his valour and manly beauty surnamed Scanderbeg, or Prince Alexander (the Great), is the reputed founder of this settlement. When worsted in his last struggle with the Turks he accepted the invitation of Pope Pius II. to cross the Adriatic and assist the King of Naples against the Count of Anjou. As a reward for this service he received grants of land, and brought over a number of his countrymen to settle on it. These early emigrants were subsequently joined by bodies of mercenaries who were employed by various Italian States in their wars against each other, and notably by the Venetian Republic. In the course of time the colony has grown in wealth and importance, and has produced several distinguished men, among whom the late Signor Crispi will long be remembered as the most eminent. Italian influence,

however, is not entirely satisfied with indirect means. In South Albania, where its sphere chiefly lies, it is gaining ground. According to the latest intelligence the staff of the Italian consulate at Jannina has been reinforced. Italian ships visit the Albanian ports with a frequency which is in direct ratio to the decrease of commerce, and it is whispered that, in spite of the opposition of the Turkish authorities, the Italians contemplate the establishment of a post-office at Jannina, in imitation of the British post-office established under similar circumstances at Salonica. Indeed, the ambitious activity of the Italian Government in Epirus, coupled with the alleged preparations of a pretender to invade the country from Italy, is beginning to inspire serious anxiety to the Turks, and has induced them to strengthen their military position in the province. A few weeks ago a staff officer was sent from Constantinople with orders to concentrate troops at various points on the coast, and the Vali of Jannina is said to have already supplied him with three battalions of infantry.

The rivalry between Austria and Italy in Albania is all the more difficult for the ordinary man to comprehend because Albania is far from being a desirable possession. It is hard to believe that Austria, already vexed by the internal antagonism of many and various nationalities, is anxious to add to her troubles by the annexation of so turbulent and uncontrollable a district. Nor is it more probable that Italy, who has scarcely yet recovered from the severe lessons in colonisation and conquest inflicted upon her by Abyssinia, seriously meditates colonial expansion in so unproductive and unpromising a field. Besides, Italy can hardly boast a superabundance of the means of conferring on Albania the ordinary blessings of settled government and material developement of which the country stands in such sore need. And yet mutual jealousy forces both Powers to a policy of conquest in order to prevent each other from acquiring a footing in Albania. The Hapsburgers in particular seem to keep up the family traditions of Rudolf, the indigent and greedy lord of the 'gray Hill-Castle.' Like another of their ancestors, the 'one-eyed, loose-lipped, unbeautiful' Albert I., 'a Kaiser dreadfully fond of earthly goods,' they appear to be still actuated by the desire to grasp all round them, at property half theirs, as Novi Bazar, or wholly not theirs, as Albania, thereby 'getting endless quarrels' on their hands, and much diplomatic defeat mixed with an occasional victory. The wishes of the Albanians themselves are, of course, con-

sistently ignored. The material benefits to be expected from Austrian rule are undoubtedly great, as is shown by the example of Bosnia and Herzegovina, but equally great is the moral loss entailed in a régime which systematically aims at the obliteration of the national sentiment. In the estimation of the recipients themselves the blessings conferred by the Austrian occupation are more than neutralised by the blow which that occupation has dealt at their independent developement as a national entity. The result does not commend itself to the Albanians. It would perhaps serve the ends both of Austria and Italy better should they agree in building up an independent Albania. Instead, they agree to differ, and, while solemnly disclaiming all designs of conquest, they each act as if the conquest of Albania was the one thing nearest their hearts. Their action is for the present decorously veiled, and each Power tolerates the other's efforts so long as these do not lead to an open disturbance of the *status quo*, the maintenance of which, in the words of Signor Prinetti, Minister for Foreign Affairs, is 'the best guarantee of their mutual interests.' The same Minister, however, in the course of the same speech—made in the Chamber of Deputies on May 23—significantly alluded to the possibility of the *status quo* being disturbed, and in that event, he added, Italy, thanks to the Triple Alliance, 'would be sure of finding no one to bar the way to 'her legitimate aspirations.' It is no easy thing to interpret diplomatic language with perfect accuracy. But the Italian Minister's words seem to point to the existence of some definite understanding between Italy and Austria as to an ultimate partition of the country in a mutually satisfactory manner.

The opposition between Austrian and Italian interests extends beyond the limits of Albania. The north-eastern coast of the Adriatic has for ages been an apple of discord between these two singular 'allies.' Their rivalry in those regions affords the astute Prince of Montenegro a constant opportunity of playing the perilous comedy once so adroitly performed by the kings of Navarre in Western Europe. But, happier than they, he enjoys the staunch support of a monarch more powerful than either of his immediate neighbours. Nevertheless, as the White Tsar—whose 'only 'friend' he had the distinction of being until Servia and Bulgaria joined the group—is a considerable way off, Prince Nicholas finds it advisable to cultivate cordial relations with Italy, as the less formidable of the two rivals, and to use her

friendship as a shield against Austria, a Power whose proximity and pushfulness constitute much greater dangers to the peace of his Lilliputian dominions.

The political situation in Albania is so intimately connected with the general network of Balkan politics that the slightest disturbance of the latter is apt to affect it. So long as the Russo-Austrian *entente* of 1897, entered into with a view to preserving the *status quo* in the Balkan Peninsula, was in full force, Austria was allowed a free hand in Albania. But as soon as this contract virtually ceased to control the Near East policy of the two parties, Russia adopted the attitude of open opposition to Austrian interests in that province. Both unofficially, through the Panslavistic societies, and officially, through the Holy Synod of Russia, the Tsar's Government is—or until quite recently was—working with might and main towards the conversion of the Ghegs. In fact, so far from exhibiting any anxiety to conceal its aims, it carried them out by its official representatives in the most obvious manner imaginable. The funds derived from the above-mentioned sources were distributed by the Russian Consul at Skutari, and the same functionary ostentatiously assisted at the restoration of old Orthodox churches or at the inauguration of new Slav schools. It is true that the slight amelioration in Russo-Austrian relations, which has lately been brought about by their common antagonism to Germany, has tended to moderate the zeal of Russian representatives in Albania. But is it to be conceived that agents, who have for years been accustomed to devote themselves heart and soul to a cause, will relinquish it—except in outward appearance—at a moment's notice? Besides, the Russian campaign in Northern Albania forms part and parcel of the great Panslavistic movement which slowly tends to swallow up South-Eastern Europe. One of the immediate objects of this movement is the absorption of Macedonia, and no Power can be secure in the possession of Macedonia whose flank is left exposed to a free Albania. Hence the feverish activity of the Slavs in the latter province—an activity which is too much the result of vital interest to be permanently checked by the improvement of diplomatic or dynastic relations between the two Powers, whom the very nature of things forces into political rivalry.

Were further proof needed of Russia's determination to promote the Slav cause in Albania, it is supplied by an attempt lately made by that Power, in concert with Servia,

to create two new Slav vice-consulships at Mitrovitza and Prisrend respectively. The project, however, had to be abandoned, temporarily at all events, owing to the attitude of the Albanians, who declared in unequivocal terms their intention to kill both the vice-consuls, if they came to take up their posts. In the face of these facts we find it hard to accept without reserve the assurances repeatedly given by Russian and Austrian statesmen of their mutual anxiety to abstain from all action calculated to disturb the equilibrium of the relative positions held by the two Powers in the Near East. The latest authoritative statement to that effect was made by the Emperor of Austria in his Address to the Delegations on May 7, and was subsequently echoed at greater length by his Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Goluchowski, in the Budget Committee of the Austrian Delegation. Both Emperor and Minister agreed in emphasising the beneficial results of the St. Petersburg compact of 1897, one of which is the abandonment of 'the perilous 'system of the so-called Policy of Prestige in the Balkan 'Peninsula' and the initiation of a policy of perfect disinterestedness: 'formerly,' the Minister is reported to have said, 'distrust of the self-seeking aims of the other country 'weighed heavily both upon Austria and Russia; but it was 'bound to disappear immediately it was authoritatively 'established that neither of them aspired to any territorial 'acquisition in the Near East.' This is an admirable text, viewed by itself; but it will hardly bear a scrutiny in the light of contemporary events. These tell a totally different tale. At the best the Minister's profession of faith may be taken as an illustration of Cæsar's dictum, 'Libenter homines 'id quod volunt credunt.'

In Southern Albania, or Epirus, we find, in contrast to the efforts of Italy, the Hellenic influence strong with the strength which long historic association can only impart, and which owes little or nothing to the artificial methods of a political propaganda. This influence is partly the outcome of religious sympathy—all the southern Christians being members of the Greek Church—and partly of community of speech. The Greek language is universally understood. In the larger towns, as Jannina, it is the mother tongue of all the citizens, irrespective of creed; and even in some of the country districts, where Albanian is the idiom in everyday use, Greek is employed in writing, or if, as it rarely happens, a Tosk wishes to use Albanian as a medium of communication, he employs the Greek characters. The

training schools, due to the munificence of one individual alone (Zographos), within the last twenty years have furnished teachers to over two hundred Albanian villages, including altogether a population of some sixty thousand. In short, Greek holds among the Southern Albanians pretty nearly the position which English holds in the Highlands of Scotland and in Wales, and, not unlike the Scotch and the Welsh, the Tosks entertain a kind of sentimental affection for their vernacular, although for all literary, religious, and commercial purposes they find Greek a more practical, as well as more dignified, vehicle of thought. From community of religion and language to community of national sentiment it is but a short step, and, as might have been anticipated, the Christian Albanians of the south—the Epirots—nourish the same aspirations as the inhabitants of other districts similarly situated. They look upon themselves as inseparable members of the Hellenic race, and wish for nothing better than to be allowed to share in its fortunes—a sentiment fostered by the numerous Albanian colonies settled in the free kingdom, and, naturally enough, encouraged by all the inhabitants of that kingdom.

It was not to be expected that Greece should long remain an impassive spectator of the scramble for the possession of Albania. An Albanian League was formed at Athens, the Proclamation of which 'to the brethren in Albania' figures at the head of this article. The document is an eloquent, though necessarily somewhat biassed, appeal to their common origin, traditions, and struggles. It contains a programme for what is termed in it New Albania, and advocates the course of a *rapprochement* between the two ancient and autochthonous races of the Balkan Peninsula. It is, appropriately enough, signed by Sechos, Botzaris, and Tzavellas, names two of which at least are famous in modern Græco-Albanian history, and calculated to arouse in the breasts of many Albanians memories of heroic and not very distant times when Greeks and Albanians shed their blood on many a common battlefield and for a common object. For some mystic reason, however, the pamphlet, though prettily printed and arrayed in a blue garment of unimpeachable purity, is written in an artificial vulgar idiom and spelling which to the Southern Albanian, who has even a smattering of Hellenic culture, will be distasteful if not bewildering; while to his brother of the north, who is not acquainted with the Greek language in any shape or form, it will be utterly meaningless. The idea advocated in this publication is not

quite new. Ali Pasha, the notorious tyrant, and yet one of the three great men produced by modern Albania, at the beginning of the nineteenth century conceived the plan of erecting an independent Albano-Grecian State under his own rule. Had his reputation for perfidy been less wide-spread or less well founded, he would probably have succeeded in carrying out his scheme. He failed because none of those interested gave him credit for sincerity. The fact, however, that he made the proposal shows that it was a plausible one. At a later date, in 1846, the insurgent chief Guleka made similar overtures to the Greek Minister Coletti, inviting Greece to join in the struggle, or to assist the Albanian insurgents with arms and ammunition. The Minister's death brought the negotiations to a premature conclusion. Still later, during the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, the Albanian Committee of Prisrend, in a memoir to Lord Beaconsfield, refer to the possibility of 'doubling the defensive resources of 'Albania by an alliance with Greece, who sees in the Slavs 'a dangerous enemy and is convinced that her interests are 'identical with ours.'

The proposal, briefly stated, is to form a joint Albano-Grecian State on the model of Sweden and Norway or Austria-Hungary, or of Moldavia and Wallachia before those two principalities were incorporated into what is now the kingdom of Roumania. The two States together, it is urged, could easily check the progress of the Slavs and keep them out of Macedonia, as in olden times Philip of Macedon assisted by the Illyrians—the ancestors of the modern Albanians—succeeded in repelling the barbarians of the north. Greece would gain much from such an alliance. The Albanians are warriors born and bred. Their existence for centuries past has been a continuous fight—now against the Turks, now against the Slavs. When in want of foreign foes they keep themselves in training by their internal feuds. To Greece such allies would be invaluable. In return for this service the Albanians would profit by the Greek aptitude for a seafaring life. Their coast would be defended by the Greek fleet, and Greek enterprise would also develop the commercial possibilities of the country. Moreover, the civilisation of the Greeks would enable Albania to lay the foundations of a national education and of a political organisation. The idea, so far as it has been promulgated, seems to have met with a favourable reception among the 'brethren.' There is a strong racial affinity between the Greeks and the Albanians. The national customs, dress, and folklore of the

latter are very closely akin to, indeed in many cases identical with, those of the Greeks. This relationship is proved by the ease with which the two elements mix together and assimilate each other under normal conditions. The Southern Albanians, at all events, have for ages sided with the Greeks, and played a leading rôle in the war of independence, some of the most distinguished chiefs in the struggle being actually natives of Souli and other parts of South Albania. In Greece itself there are large tracts inhabited by Albanians. The islands of Hydra and Spetzai and the opposite coast furnished during that war many a renowned sea hero; the island of Andros is also partly occupied by Albanians. There are Albanian villages at the very gates of Athens and Corinth, Megara and Argos, such as Amarousi, Kharvati, Menidi, &c. The Albanians settled in the free kingdom are computed at four hundred thousand, that is, at about one-fifth of the entire population. They form a majority in the army and in the navy, both royal and mercantile, while many representatives of the race fill important posts in the Government service; many are distinguished members of the learned professions and of the manufacturing and commercial classes. These Albanians, who still retain in a large measure their native speech, form a strong link of connexion between the two races, and it is they who have originated the Albanian League at Athens.

What does the Sultan think of all these conflicting endeavours on the part of outsiders to divide his property while he still counts himself among the living? Any other Power would undoubtedly have resented such acts, or at least would have regarded them as 'unfriendly.' But Turkey and Turkish statesmanship are not to be judged by ordinary standards. What to any one else would have been a source of weakness and annoyance is to the Sultan a source of strength and unalloyed satisfaction. Sad indeed would be his plight, if the Albanians were a race united among themselves and free from foreign interference, or subject to only one foreign influence. Brave and reckless and resourceful as they are, they would lose no time in turning their rocks into impregnable fortresses and his Valis and Kaimakams into vagrants—as in fact they often do. But, fortunately for the Sultan, they are torn by incessant dissensions: every chief's hand is against every other chief, and every clan looks upon every other clan as either an actual or a potential enemy. The Gheg hates the Tosk, the Mohammedan suspects the Christian, the Roman Catholic

detests, and is detested by, the Greek Orthodox. As if these causes of dissension were not sufficient, oil is thrown into the fire by the foreign emissaries from Austria and Italy on one hand, and Russia on the other. So long as this state of things prevails the Sultan feels safe: the very multitude of his foes is a guarantee of their failure. However, he does not allow himself to be lulled to sleep by his sense of security. He makes capital out of the rivalries of the various native chiefs, and, by offers of lucrative posts in the palace and other advantages, he lures the most powerful among them to Constantinople, where it is easy for him, through his legions of spies, to keep an imperial eye on their movements. Now and again one of these deluded and penitent birds finds a way out of the gilded cage, and the world hears of it. In North Albania itself, Abdul Hamid encourages the Mohammedan Ghegs to prey upon the Christians, and connives at the war of extermination which they wage against the Slavs of the vilayet of Monastir and the district known as Old Servia. Things are thus kept in a state of unstable equilibrium partly through the venality of the Albanian chieftains, who find it more convenient to do the Sultan's work and earn the Sultan's wages than to play the unremunerative game of patriotism; partly through the policy of the Sultan himself, who displays the most nervous solicitude to avoid all causes of friction with the hardy mountaineers who profess the Prophet's faith, though after a fashion of their own. Of course, this policy, judged by Western standards, is suicidal. It provides for the present by exposing the future to even greater dangers. But the maxim of the Oriental statesman has always been 'Enough for the day the evil thereof.' When things have reached an *impasse*; when the knot is tangled beyond the possibility of loosening, then it is cut in the manner of which Turkish history furnishes only too many examples, such as the Bulgarian, Armenian, and other periodical atrocities. Could the Sultan be brought to realise his true interest, he would know that an honest policy is in this case the only good policy. He would see that the Imperial and the Albanian interests are identical. Instead of encouraging anarchy, and by so doing furnishing self-seeking outsiders with an ever-present excuse for intervention, he would hasten to satisfy the aspirations of the Albanian people—aspirations which do not in any way militate against the interests of his empire. By erecting an autonomous Albania he would render the bulwark which that country

has always been against Montenegro, Austria, and Servia even more impregnable ; whereas by his present policy Abdul Hamid pulls down with his own hands the fortifications which nature and history have combined to raise for his defence. The same end could be attained by the establishment of a régime which would guarantee security to life and property, order and justice ; but these are utopian dreams, not admitting of serious hope of realisation in any part of the Sultan's dominions, and least of all in North Albania.

To the same short-sighted policy is to be attributed the license enjoyed by the Mohammedan Tosks in South Albania. Not only do malefactors remain unchecked, and that in spite of the representations of so redoubtable a Power as Russia, who has recently assumed the *rôle* of champion of the Albanian Christians of north and south, but even individuals actually arrested and imprisoned for murder at Jannina have been known to be released in obedience to orders direct from Yildiz Kiosk, very much to the annoyance of the Vali and to the prejudice of the interests of justice, which do not always coincide with the interests of the empire, as understood by the reigning sovereign. It is no exaggeration to say that the Turkish rule is virtually dead in Albania. The Turkish garrisons either remain discreetly within their barracks or simply display their threadbare uniforms in the streets of the towns, while the open country is given up to lawless gangs, which roam at random, seeking whom they may despoil. Even the tax-collectors, elsewhere omnipotent autocrats, in Albania are compelled to confine their iniquitous activity within the sphere immediately under the protection of the military. If an open rebellion has not broken out as yet, it is due to the timorous attitude of the Sultan, who cannot afford to provoke such a contingency.

Nothing illustrates the peculiar nature of the relations between the Sultan and his Albanian subjects better than two recent incidents, one at Ipek and the other at Novi Bazar. The cause of the first was the arrest of some Albanians in consequence of a tribal feud. Their kinsmen, under the leadership of the chief of the clan, marched to the town, seized the Government House, and captured all the officials who had not had time to escape. The riot ended in a regular exchange of prisoners, and the Sultan purchased a spell of precarious peace at the price of his prestige. At Novi Bazar the recall of a popular mayor by the Porte induced a large body of armed Albanians to repair to the

principal city of the sandjak and to demand redress from the Mutessarif. On being refused, they proceeded to lay siege to the town. Quiet was not restored until the Sultan yielded to their demands, reinstated the popular mayor, and cashiered his own governor. A third incident had an even more ludicrous *dénouement*. Two chiefs, Riza Bey and Bairam Surah by name, fell out and withdrew into their respective castles, whence their followers carried on hostilities for over a month. The feud spread to the neighbouring town of Diakova, and the usual panic and closing of shops ensued. The war has just been terminated in an eminently characteristic manner 'by the promotion of the two chiefs 'to the rank of brigadier-general.'

In all these cases no other way was apparently open to his Imperial Majesty than abject submission. An attempt to meet force with force would have led to serious complications and made bad worse. The Sultan can no longer rely implicitly on the Albanian garrisons. According to a recent report he is gradually removing them from the province and drafting them to districts in Asia Minor, while their duties in Albania are entrusted to Kurd regiments. Nor would it be easy to keep his own Prætorians quiet in the event of a rising. Many of them are Albanians, and blood is proverbially thicker than water. Furthermore, it has been observed that even Turkish troops, elsewhere notorious for their loyalty, when despatched to Albania for the purpose of repressing or preventing disturbances, are apt to be infected by the local epidemic of discontent. Cases of insubordination have lately occurred to an extent which justifies the Sultan's fears lest his forces should join the insurgents whom they are sent to suppress. Hence his habitual apathy.

The only energetic action which the Sultan permits himself is a truceless persecution of the Greeks in Epirus, accentuated after the last war, though begun soon after the Treaty of Berlin, by the provisions of which great part of that province was allotted to Greece. Ever since that time every effort is made to stamp out the Greek sympathies of the Tchams. The most prominent among them are forced to leave their fatherland. Thousands of them seek refuge in Greece, others emigrate to Egypt, Russia, and other foreign countries in search of a livelihood. But wherever may be their temporary abode, they always look back with longing to their native mountains, and many of them spend the wealth, which their wonderful aptitude for commerce has enabled them to accumulate abroad, in alleviating the needs

of their friends at home. The ways and means employed by the Porte in this process of extermination are painted in very black, though not exaggerated, colours by some of the victims themselves in the memoir addressed by the Epirotic Society at Athens to the Joint Commission sent by the British, Austrian, and German Embassies at Constantinople less than two years ago to study the situation on the spot:—

'Voici comment s'opère le travail de destruction. Des bandes de brigands, racolées dans la lie de la population des deux contrées voisines, soutenues par les différents chefs des colonnes volantes, forcent les habitants à s'expatrier. Ceux qui restent parmi les chrétiens sont littéralement dépouillés. Il y a pis encore. L'administration turque en Epire, exploitant la situation, applique sinon dans la forme, mais assurément dans l'essence, la loi martiale; elle saisit toute occasion pour poursuivre par ses colonnes volantes comme recéleurs les chrétiens, qu'elle jette dans ses prisons pour anéantir à jamais. Les uns sont exilés comme ennemis de la sûreté publique, les autres meurent dans les tourments pour la découverte de la vérité. Ceux qui parviennent à sortir de prison sont complètement ruinés par les cadeaux qu'ils ont dû prodiguer pour racheter leur liberté.'

The persecution carried on is as systematic as it is assiduous. The Greek tongue, which, from the time of Ali Pasha until the other day, was recognised as the official language of Epirus, and which is the language of all educated Epirots, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or Hebrew, is suppressed. The memoir already quoted sets forth the method by which this end is pursued:—

'Mais l'administration turque en Epire ne s'est pas borné à interdire l'usage du grec comme langue officielle. Élle s'efforce, par des mesures coercitives d'en restreindre l'emploi. On ferme les écoles grecques, on attise les haines religieuses, on soulève des passions de race entre les chrétiens et les musulmans qui vivaient, hier encore, dans une paix fraternelle. D'après le programme officiel, le grec doit être considéré comme une langue inutile; alors point n'est besoin d'y recevoir aucune instruction! Avec la langue le prestige grec s'en ira également. Et puis la propagande roumaine, en échange de certaines concessions, met à la disposition de la Porte ses enseignements et ses services. C'est à ne pas y croire, et pourtant cela est vrai.'

The extract given above mentions the Roumanian propaganda in Albania, and describes the way in which it lends its assistance to the drastic measures adopted by the Turkish Government. This is a mission to the stationary Wallachian population of Berat, Metzovo, and the adjacent districts, about ten villages in all, as well as to some three hundred nomad families who spend the winter in the plains of Preveza, Parga, Delvino, and other South Albanian dis-

tricts, while in summer they cross over to Thessaly and Macedonia. This shepherd tribe is equally familiar with Wallachian, Albanian, and Greek, but, in common with the rest of the inhabitants of Epirus, uses nothing but Greek in writing. Another proof of their attachment to Hellenism is their invariable custom of having their children christened by a pure Greek priest and a Greek sponsor, an old tradition religiously observed, and tending to tighten even more closely the bonds which unite all the Wallachs with the Greeks. Excepting a few Wallachian villages in the neighbourhood of Grevena, which embraced Islam and speak exclusively Wallachian, all the rest of the race have remained faithful to Christianity and to the Greek Church. These converts, like the Greek-speaking Mohammedans of the same district, are known by the nickname of *Vallahs*, or By-Gods, that being the only Turkish expression which they succeeded in adopting along with the new creed.

The Wallachs of Epirus, like their brethren of Macedonia, have for centuries past formed an integral part of the Hellenic nation. They have shared all its vicissitudes, and their great ambition is to share in its final restoration to the rank which it once held among the nations of the Near East. Some of the greatest patriots of the Greek war of independence, such as Coletti and Zalokostas, were Wallachs from Epirus; some of the greatest poets of modern Greece, such as George Zalocostas and Crystallis, were likewise Wallachian Epirots; two of the greatest among recent benefactors of Greece, Tositza and Averoff, were natives of Metzovo and of Wallachian birth. Yet the Roumanians are unremitting in their efforts to convince the Wallachs that they are not Greeks, and to persuade them to adopt a Roumanian instead of their Greek education. Availing themselves of the suppression of the Greek schools, they founded a Roumanian school at Jannina, and invited the Wallachs of Epirus to send their children; but the latter declined the invitation with thanks, and the school remained the happy home of masters in enjoyment of a perennial holiday. The policy of the Roumanians in Albania is as mysterious as that which they pursue in Macedonia. Austria and Italy are possibly actuated by the ambition of conquest. Their proximity to Albania and their interests explain, if they do not excuse, their designs; but Roumania is too far away to entertain any dreams of annexation. Here, no doubt, as in Macedonia, the probable object of the Roumanian Government is to prepare the ground for profitable barter

on the ever-expected and ever-postponed day of the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire.

The year 1878, which inaugurated the persecution of the Greeks in Epirus, also witnessed the birth of the Albanian League, an association both of northern and of southern chiefs, formed under the auspices of the Sultan's Government as a means of resisting the encroachments of the neighbouring States on Albanian territory. Opposition to the cession of Epirus to Greece in the south and of Dulcigno to Montenegro in the north was the immediate object of the League, and in so far as it confined itself to the pursuit of this object the Sultan had every reason to be pleased with his handiwork. Unfortunately for his Majesty's peace of mind, however, the League, whatever its real aims may have been at first, soon developed into a national association, with a national programme directed as much against Turkish rule as against any foreign encroachment. This evolution was the natural outcome of the events which preceded and followed the Russo-Turkish war. It was a stirring epoch, fruitful of much that was not calculated to please the Porte. The emancipation of Bulgaria, the aggrandisement of Greece, Servia, and Montenegro by the addition of territory adjacent to Albania, and by the Albanians regarded as their own property, and the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, all tended to arouse the ambition of the Albanians, while the consequent enfeeblement of Turkey helped to encourage it. Ali Pasha of Gusinie, who killed the Turkish commander, Mehmet Ali Pasha, sent to carry out the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro, and Abdul Bey Fraseri, who openly raised the standard of revolt, were among the founders of the League and two of the principal exponents of the new-born Albanian idea—an idea which immediately found enthusiastic, though interested, supporters in the two great neighbours to the north and west of Albania. That year gave a fresh impetus to Austrian and Italian activity. Secret agents of both Governments began to overrun the country districts, while official representatives were established in many of the most important centres.

'Albania for the Albanians' was a weapon which cut both ways, as the Sultan soon found to his cost. Abdul Hamid had called into being a spirit far easier to raise than to lay. Alarmed at this turn of affairs, he, like Cronus of old, endeavoured to devour his own offspring. The League was hastily broken up. Some of its members were bought over; for, it must be confessed, the Albanian patriarchs are as

little capable of resisting the temptation of bribery as are the Turkish pashas; and the Sultan, by showering honours, decorations, and lucrative posts upon them, succeeded in detaching many of the principal chieftains, such as Turkhan Pasha, who was made ambassador in Rome and represented Turkey at the Hague Conference. Others were banished to distant parts of the empire under the guise of promotion; while not a few were put to death. The leader of the League, Abdul Bey Fraseri, the rebel, was captured and taken to Constantinople, where he soon after died, it is supposed, by means of the mysterious cup of coffee, which reminds one of the classical cup of hemlock, and is a vast improvement on the inartistic forms of execution still in vogue in the barbarous countries of the West. But in point of fact the League, though officially defunct—killed by promotion and poison—is very much alive. Its 'spirit walks 'abroad,' and its influence may be felt, if not seen, in every fresh outbreak, of which there are in Albania as many as, to use a local phrase, 'there are days in the new year.' These disturbances are quelled sometimes by main force, but more frequently by promises of amnesty and of remission of taxes to the rank and file, and by the offer of tempting posts to the ringleaders.

The creation of that League seems to have supplied a want deeply, though dimly, felt by the Albanian people. Their history had hitherto been a series of petty squabbles among themselves or of robber expeditions against their neighbours. They had never acted as one race, with a common national end in view. At the first appearance of the Turk many of them had hastened with unseemly alacrity to come to terms with the invader, and, by patching up an early peace with him and embracing his religion, to secure for themselves a privileged position at the expense of their brethren, who preferred to remain faithful to the creed of their fathers. Since the Ottoman conquest their annals have been signalised by no effort worthy of the name of a national movement. The last struggle against Islam ended in the fall of Kroïa in the fifteenth century. Beneath the ruins of that town all concerted activity towards national independence may be said to have found a tomb, in which patriotism slept for centuries. Yet all along the feeling of nationality existed in a subconscious state, waiting for an opportunity of awakening into full consciousness. This opportunity was presented to it, partly by circumstances and partly by the Sultan himself, and it seized it with an enthu-

siasm which might well have alarmed and astonished the man who broke its long slumbers. Nor is it likely to resume its dormant attitude. We live in an age singularly favourable to the growth and dissemination of ideas. Though the Albanians are as yet very far from that unity and tenacity of purpose which is indispensable for the recovery and maintenance of political independence, they are daily progressing towards the fulfilment of that condition. The ranks of Albanian patriots are swelled by fresh recruits year after year; books and pamphlets and journals are published, meetings are held, and, in a word, a well-organised up-to-date agitation, provided with all modern appliances, is in full swing. It is true that the books and pamphlets and journals are printed abroad, and that comparatively few copies find their way to the mountain fastnesses of Albania. It is equally true that the meetings are held in Bucharest, Rome, Brussels, and indeed everywhere except in Albania itself. Yet an echo, however faint, cannot but reach the rocky strongholds of the Albanian chiefs, and in Albania, with its feudal régime still flourishing, the chiefs not only represent but actually lead and form public opinion. How strong is the loyalty of the Albanians to their hereditary chiefs is shown by the fact that even the name of Ali Pasha, in spite of lapse of time and the man's incredible cruelty, is to this day on the lips of the descendants of those whom he oppressed in his life. His crimes are forgotten, but his fame lives in many a popular ballad. One of these begins with the following words:—

> 'O renowned Albanians,
> And ye haughty Tchams,
> Where is Ali Pasha,
> O ye wretched ones?
> Where is the pride of Albania,
> The head of all Roumeli?'

The poem may be taken as the plaint of a race mourning the last of its great men and longing for a leader.

Endeavours to satisfy this longing are not wanting. We have lately heard of several candidates for the Albanian throne, which as yet exists only in the dreams of ambition. All these sanguine gentlemen appear to count entirely on the well-known attachment of the Albanians to the memory of George Castriot, and therefore strive to establish a more or less direct descent from the great national hero. Two of the pretenders in question are natives of Naples. In Neapolitan society they are known as Marquis Auletta and Baron Fossacena respectively. But beneath these Italian

titles of nobility we really have, genealogically speaking, two Albanian chieftains whose names are John and Philip Castriot. They both base their claims to the glorious patronymic on documentary evidence. A third claimant, a middle-aged Spanish diplomatist, rejoices in the sonorous appellation of Don Juan Aladro. He also calls himself a Castriot, though his rivals say he has no right to the name, and, consequently, none to the phantom throne, as his descent is in the female line. Nothing daunted, however, the enterprising grandee is at present ransacking the library of Montecassino in laborious search of documents which will place his title beyond doubt and confound his rivals utterly. The final decision will rest with the Albanian congress, which is to be held at Naples in the near future, and lovers of the comic are eagerly looking forward to an interesting and possibly exciting scene.

Italy is expected to back the Neapolitan Marquis, while Spain does not seem disposed to bestir herself in favour of the Castilian Don, or, if she does, her exertions are not likely to be of great avail. Don Juan is, therefore, obliged to do his own canvassing. He has already issued a proclamation to the Albanian people of South Italy, exhorting them to rally round his standard, and to follow him in a crusade against the infidel. The Albanians do not appear to have been very deeply impressed by this manifesto. On the contrary, a great many of them are said to have appealed to General Ricciotti Garibaldi to head an army of liberation, and the General is reported to have expressed his willingness to fight for the cause, if they will only supply him with the necessary means. Nevertheless, Don Juan has assumed the title of Prince, and is presumably rehearsing the part of royalty in prospect. All this to the disinterested spectator forcibly suggests the premature outlay of energy which the inhabitants of the Near East describe as 'putting the 'frying-pan over the fire while the fish are still in the sea,' and which we in more homely language express as 'counting 'one's chickens before they are hatched.' But the parties interested in the contest evidently take a more serious view of the matter. At all events, this barefaced bidding for the throne of a province which, in appearance at least, forms an integral part of the Ottoman Empire, and the alleged preparations for an invasion, augur nothing good for the solidarity of that empire. They clearly indicate that the Albanians have arrived at the conclusion that they have

served an alien master too long, and that it is time for them to set up on their own account.

If anything, it is surprising that this movement has been so long in coming; that the Albanians did not sooner follow the example of the Greeks, the Roumanians, the Servians, the Bulgarians, and, above all, that of their next-door neighbours, the sturdy inhabitants of the Black Mountain, who so well deserve our poet's eulogy:—

> 'O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
> Of Freedom!'

The Albanian mentally is as well endowed as most races of the East, and not inferior to some of the best races of the West. Like the Scot, he seldom fails to make his way in the world. Once out of sight of his barren highlands, he displays a marvellous susceptibility to civilisation; he easily adopts the ideals and adapts himself to the modes of more highly cultured peoples. The Turkish Civil Service, both in the past and in the present, owes as much to Albanian intelligence as the military owes to Albanian valour. Many of its most distinguished members both in the administrative and in the diplomatic branches are sons of the great families (*odjaks*) of North and South Albania. At this moment Abdul Hamid is surrounded at Yildiz Kiosk by Albanian secretaries and Albanian bodyguards. Nor should it be forgotten that Mehmet Ali, the progressive pasha of Egypt and founder of the princely house still reigning there, undoubtedly one of the greatest geniuses that the Ottoman Empire has produced, was a native of Albania. By his fellow-countrymen he is regarded as only second to Scanderbeg in ability, while far superior to Ali Pasha in personal bravery. Lack of opportunity at home has hitherto checked the developement for which the Albanian is so eminently fitted by nature, and he seems determined to create that opportunity. The task is not an easy one. Apart from the dangers which threaten Albania from outside, at the hands of those who look upon the country as the first-comer's prey, the Albanians will have to surmount enormous obstacles before they can become an independent and self-sufficing political unit. The poverty of the country is one of these obstacles. It has been computed that more than fifty thousand Albanians, heads of Albanian households, are at the present moment employed in the Turkish Imperial service, both at home and throughout the Sultan's dominions. All these men are in the pay of the Imperial Government. Once Albania has gained its autonomy, this vast revenue

will be lost to it. The country will be thrown upon its own resources, and, besides finding employment for all these men and food for all these mouths, it will also have to provide for the defence of its frontiers and to defray the cost of internal administration. By comparing the expenditure of Greece, which is little larger than Albania in population, and even less in territory, and of Crete, which is scarcely one-fifth of it, experts have come to the conclusion that a free Albania will find itself under the necessity of improvising an annual budget of some two millions sterling, a sum which can hardly be realised out of maize and tortoises alone. According to a sanguine calculation, the independent principality of Albania that is to be will enjoy a deficit of one million a year, increasing with accelerated velocity as years roll on.* It is not a cheering outlook. Pessimistic critics even go further, and maintain that there is no future for Albania apart from the Ottoman Empire. They are convinced that the Albanians, by their ready, though superficial, conversion to Islam, have identified themselves irreclaimably with the fortunes of Turkey, and will have to stand or fall with it; they are chained to the conqueror's chariot, and whithersoever that is driven, though it be to the brink of the bottomless pit—by no means an unlikely contingency—thither they must needs follow. It is reassuring to turn from these gloomy forebodings to the late Signor Crispi's prognostication. 'Albania,' said the eminent Italian statesman in a letter published not long before his death, 'possesses all the elements requisite for 'autonomy in a far greater measure than either Servia or 'Bulgaria possessed them, and if Europe would grant it 'a similar administrative autonomy, she would do an ex-'ceedingly politic thing.' These are, however, the words of an optimist, and, besides, of one whose personal feelings for the land of his forefathers may have biassed his judgement. And yet we cannot but share his hope that the efforts and the sacrifices of Albanian patriotism will not be in vain, and that when the day comes for unholy Ilios to be laid low it may find Albania waking and prepared.

---

* The economic side of the Albanian question is discussed with great ability and knowledge by M. Christovasilis, a distinguished Athenian publicist, in the 'Acropolis' of October 14 (O.S.), 1901. The same writer has dealt with other aspects of the problem in a series of interesting and instructive articles contributed to the monthly review 'Hellenismos,' between August, 1899, and September, 1901.

Art. IV.—1. *The Return of Ulysses.* A Drama in Five Acts. By Robert Bridges. Poetical Works. Vol. IV. London: 1902.

2. *Ulysses.* A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts. By Stephen Phillips. London: 1902.

3. *La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri.* Commentata da G. A. Scartazzini. Seconda Edizione. Milano: 1896.

4. *The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson.* With Notes and an Introduction by J. Churton Collins, M.A. London: 1899.

> 'A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome.'

The son of Laertes took a stronger and a more lasting grip of the popular imagination than any other of the Homeric heroes. His fantastic adventures, indomitable fortitude, insatiable curiosity, the inexhaustible resources of his craft, his calculated audacities, marked him out as the protagonist in a long series of folk-tales, going back to the very beginning of Mycenæan culture. Universal humanity loves sharp practice. The vulpine element in a leonine character appeals directly to the 'rascal rabble,' who rejoice in smart strategy, even if it be carried to the verge of the high stage of villainy reached by the 'Heathen Chinee.' Their chosen hero must be wily as well as intrepid; he must have skill to foil, no less than strength to slay, his foes; he must have equal patience to lurk in ambush, and courage to fight in the open; moreover, his ends must be sure, although his ways be not altogether straight. Such a one was Ulysses, and there is no laying his ghost. His wisdom, ubiquitous as the folly of fools, 'does walk about the orb.' It was by no idle vaunt that he declared himself to Alcinous as of 'sky-reaching fame.' He had earned it by incredible toils, and he has kept it through the decree of the Muses.

Round the story of the siege of Troy as a nucleus, grew endless accretions of legend concerning him. It was prefaced with the narratives of his feigned madness, and of his mission to Achilles in Scyros; it was amplified with details of his trip to fetch Philoctetes from Lemnos, of his theft of the Palladium, of his nocturnal raid upon the camp and milk-white steeds of Rhesus, of his masterful conduct in the Wooden Horse; it was continued and completed by the tales of his

competition with 'blockish Ajax' for the arms of Achilles; of his protracted wanderings and detentions; of his campaign in Thesprotia; finally, of his evasion towards the shadowy West. His doings vexed the Sun and the Sea; and the Sun and the Sea, because of him, threw discord into the councils of Olympus; but the resulting turmoil served only to postpone, not to prevent, his victorious return, and to weave fresh colours into the variegated tissue of his existence.

Its vicissitudes were the fertile seeds of song. From Demodocus and Phemius onward, poets in all ages have made him their theme—poets primitive, classic, and decadent—epic, cyclic, tragic, and comic; mediæval romancers; modern craftsmen in metre. His versatile capabilities lent themselves to the requirements of the drama; and Ulysses, having trod the Attic stage by turns in sock and buskin, reappeared at the 'Globe' in Southwark, and has scored a twentieth-century success at Her Majesty's. The conditions of that success were, in one respect, peculiar. Never before, we believe, until Mr. Bridges and Mr. Phillips essayed the task, has the main substance of an epic been dramatised. The inverse process was not, indeed, wholly untried. The five acts of Vondel's 'Lucifer' are dimly reflected in the twelve books of the 'Paradise Lost.' Euripides, however, Sophocles, Shakespeare, to say nothing of Metastasio, were content, in dealing with the great personality of the Ithacan king, to use by-products of Homeric or post-Homeric invention; while it is the Odyssey in its substantial entirety which was nightly presented to the audiences in the Haymarket. We cannot say that the upshot of the experiment should encourage its repetition; yet it has been tried twice, within the last few years, by writers of considerable, though unlike, endowments.

Mr. Bridges's play is the earlier in date. Composed in 1890, it has lately been re-issued in the fourth volume of his collected works, but has, so far, not been acted. Its merits, indeed, are of a kind that tell with more effect in the closet than upon the stage. The movement is slow; the crisis is long delayed; the *dramatis personæ* are not sharply characterised, and their oratory is far too copious. They are, on the other hand, dignified in bearing and speech; they show touches of fine feeling; they breathe a purer and higher than the common air. Above all, they make no appeal to the 'groundlings.' There is, from beginning to end of this praiseworthy production, a welcome absence of *ad captandum* vulgarities.

Mr. Phillips's play contrasts with it, in several respects, very strongly. It is a clever acting piece. Scenic effect was primarily aimed at in its construction, and has, within certain limitations, been attained. The events represented in it succeed each other rapidly, and with stimulating variety. Gods, men, women, and ghosts, throng the boards, and comport themselves with animation, if not always with due decorum. All the resources of stage-machinery and stage-illumination have been laid under contribution. Opportunities for spectacular display are numerously offered, and have been ingeniously availed of. Yet this, after all, is a base purpose to be served by the consecrated pages of that antique bard,

'Che sovra gli altri com' aquila vola.'

And in truth, the jarring note struck in a Prologue which parodies in its grotesque buffoonery the colossal irreverence of that to Goethe's 'Faust,' never ceases to vibrate until the last Suitor perishes in a medley of groans and flashes of lightning.

Then at last, in the ensuing silence, we ponder the consequences of the slaughter, and put to ourselves the question which has, during some millenniums, been in sundry modes asked and answered: Was this indeed the end of Ulysses? Had Fate nothing further in store for him than to die of old age, gnarled and grey as his own olive-trees? Could he rest and be thankful in conjugal felicity, ruling forty square miles of barren territory, and paying facile homage to indifferent local Nymphs, while ignored as superannuated by rabid Poseidon and radiant Athene? Surely so conventional an existence—such trite prosperity—could not permanently satisfy the yearnings of one who had moored his ship in the Ocean-stream, and returned alive from the Shades? There could be no hesitation about the reply. Ulysses bulked too large for Ithaca; and the popular imagination, intolerant of his sequestration, transferred him to a wider and dimmer scene, where further great deeds might still be done, or, at any rate, intimated as possible. The story concocted by Eugamon of Cyrene, and reproduced in the lost Sophoclean tragedy of Ulysses 'struck by a fish-'bone,' was obviously and ludicrously inadequate; something nobler and more suggestive was needed to give completeness to the Homeric conception. The author of the Odyssey had indicated the kind of death his hero was to die; but under the elusive form of a prophecy. Teiresias, the Theban soothsayer, who enjoyed the unique privilege of keeping his

senses in the nether-world, told his ship-borne client that his end, after many opulent years, should come gently from the sea. Presumably, when he still governed Ithaca: but this point being left in oracular obscurity, there remained a loophole of escape from that 'narrow plot of ground' to the open sea of song and fable.

In those days it was easily reached. The survey of our planet had not been carried far. Geographers, such of them as made maps at all, should have very freely filled the blanks in them 'with elephants for want of towns.' The everyday habitable world was closely fenced round with the fearsome abodes of superhuman or semi-human beings, of formidable powers and proclivities. Elf-land might loom up above the waters after a couple of days' sail in any direction. Every enterprising mariner was traditionally prepared to touch at a magic isle, and find himself sublimated into a myth. A hero in retreat might then quite naturally and honourably disappear when his functions were fulfilled. There was little chance of his being pursued and brought back. Now-a-days, after the lapse of three thousand years, things are considerably different. The Cimmerians themselves are within easy reach of communication by wire or ether. The Unknown has no longer a foothold, except at its frozen poles, on our explored and improved globe. Its roundness has been surely ascertained, and a circular voyage has ceased to be a startling novelty. The Warings of our time, accordingly, do not usually vanish into trackless space. They are apt to re-emerge at the antipodes, where, their advent having been proclaimed, instead of by 'hordes 'grown European-hearted,' by a concourse of voters at the polling-booths, they enter legislative assemblies, perhaps rise to be prime ministers, and obtain their apotheosis in the Order of Saints Michael and George.

'Oh, never star
Was lost here, but it rose afar!'

Speaking poetically, that is to say, not 'by the card.' *Never* is a long time. Ulysses, for instance, crossed the Bar in earnest. The persuasion that Ithaca did not possess his grave seems gradually and inevitably to have laid hold of the popular consciousness. Thus Strabo knew, through some obscure channel of information, of an Iberian city named after him, in which was a temple to Athene containing Odyssean relics. Their authenticity was not questioned, although their nature was not described. Possibly

they included the gifts of Alcinous, or the brooch which Penelope carefully packed with her lord's state-mantle as part of his outfit for the siege of Troy. Later geographers — notably Solinus and Martianus Capella — confounded 'Odusseia' in the Sierra Nevada* with the Lusitanian 'Olysippo,'† and so started the tradition, perpetuated by Camoens, of Lisbon's eponymous connexion with the wanderer. In actual fact, the Atlantic city of the Seven Hills was a Phœnician settlement, entitled *Alis ubbo* ('delicious 'bay'), easily contracted into 'Lisboa.'‡ But this signified little to mediæval etymologists, capable of the *tour de force* of transmuting Guelfs and Ghibellines into *elves* and *goblins*. The blundering derivation of 'Lisbon' from 'Ulysses' flattered local vanity, and licensed a provincial metropolis to claim a share in the boasted rise of Rome through the destruction of Ilium.

It prescribed, too, the ultimate form taken by the legend of Ulysses. In his new character of a Lusitanian colonist, he broke forth from the inland sea, and confronted the illimitable western waste of heaving billows. The upshot of the adventure Dante undertook to determine. On climbing the summit of one of the overhanging iron-grey rock-cornices in the Malebolge, he saw, in the trench beneath, flames that wandered and glimmered like fire-flies at night in a ripening cornfield. Each, Virgil explained, concealed and tormented a fraudulent counsellor; but the Florentine's eager eyes were promptly attracted by one showing the peculiarity of being divided at the summit, for it reminded him of the pyre of Eteocles and Polynices as described by Statius. Not the Theban brothers, however, but sacrilegious Greek confederates, were thus penally swathed. United in past crime, Ulysses and Diomed were for ever united in punishment. They suffered together for the widowing of Deidamia, whose goddess-born spouse they inveigled away from Scyros; for the theft of the Palladium; for the ambush in the Wooden Horse. This, we must remember, was on the showing of a Trojan partisan. Mediæval sympathies in the prehistoric Hellespontine struggle were irresistibly swayed by the Æneid. The pious son of Anchises was the 'native god' of Latium, the man of destiny, from the seed

---

* Situated near the modern seaport town Adra, anciently Abdera.

† Roscher, 'Lexikon der griechischen Mythologie,' 40ste Lieferung, art. 'Odysseus.'

‡ Longman's Gazetteer.

of whose tribulations sprang the fateful power of Rome. Ulysses represented the adverse principle, an inventor of heinous devices for destruction, which the intrepidity of 'impious Tydides' aided him to execute. From one point of view he might be regarded as the quintessence of guile, the 'dog-fox' of the Shakespearian Thersites; and even to Dante, who discerned, as few could, the far horizons of his character, he was still 'dirus Ulysses,' the subverter of Ilium, the author of the 'nefandus dolor' of Æneas, of Priam's ghastly end, and of his dynasty's extinction. No wonder, then, that the grim singer of the Malebolge was consumed with keen longing to learn the actual mode of exit from life's stage of so strange and memorable an actor upon it. He addressed, accordingly, these words of passionate entreaty to the Mantuan Shade at his side :—

> 'O master! Think my prayer a thousandfold
> In repetition urged, that thou vouchsafe
> To pause till here the horned flame arrive.
> See how toward it with desire I bend.'*

Whereupon, Virgil, fitting his phrases to soothe remembered susceptibilities, adjured the 'ancient flame' to pause in its progress, and communicate its long-kept secret. And his speech took effect. The more aspiring of the twin-summits began to waver, and lick and murmur, as if agitated by a gusty wind; then at last it became articulate as follows :—

> 'Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
> Of my old father, nor return of love,
> That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,
> Could overcome in me the zeal I had
> To explore the world, and search the ways of life,
> Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd
> Into the deep illimitable main,
> With but one bark, and the small faithful band,
> That yet cleaved to me. As Iberia far,
> Far as Marocco, either shore I saw,
> And the Sardinian and each isle beside,
> Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age
> Were I and my companions, when we came
> To the strait pass, where Hercules ordain'd
> The boundaries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.
> The walls of Seville to my right I left,
> On the other hand already Ceuta past.

---

* Inferno, xxvi. 65–69. Cary's translation.

" O brothers," I began, " who to the west
Through perils without number now have reach'd;
To this the short remaining watch, that yet
Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof
Of the unpeopled world, following the track
Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye sprang;
Ye were not formed to live the life of brutes,
But virtue to pursue and knowledge high."
With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage
The mind of my associates, that I then
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn
Our poop we turned, and for the witless flight
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.
Each star of the other pole night now beheld.
And ours so low, that from the ocean-floor
It rose not. Five times re-illumed, as oft
Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon,
Since the deep way we enter'd, when from far
Appear'd a mountain dim, loftiest methought
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seized us straight;
But soon to mourning changed. From the new land
A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her round
With all the waves; the fourth time lifted up
The poop, and sank the prow; so fate decreed;
And over us the booming billow closed.'

The ocean voyage thus abruptly terminated extended over about one-quarter of the earth's circumference.* It took a south-westerly direction, for Dante located the Purgatorial Mount at the antipodes of Jerusalem: and it was hence that the typhoon proceeded which swept from the sea mortals bold enough to approach a shore decreed to be accessible only to the dead. The lines describing the shipwreck are imitated from Virgil's account of the submergence off Lilybæum of the Lycian galley in the flotilla of Æneas.

' Ast illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat æquore vortex.'

Such loans were meant for compliments; they were by no means regarded as thefts.

Fundamentally, however, the story of Ulysses, as told by Dante, appears to have been an original invention. There is no trace of it in Homer: nor, even if there were, would it have been of any avail to an Italian ignorant of Greek. For as yet no Latin translation of the Epics had been executed.

* Toynbee, 'Dante Dictionary,' art. 'Ulisse.'

Homeric echoes, it is true, haunt the ear in the *terza rima* of the Divine Comedy; but they are caught at second hand from the hexameters of Virgil or Statius. Numerous examples might be cited; two must suffice. One of the most mellifluous episodes in the 'Purgatorio' recounts the meeting of Dante with the musician Casella, just set ashore from an angel-piloted skiff. Disembodied, he could still sing in a manner to ravish all within ear-shot; but a thrice-renewed attempt to embrace him left the living poet's arms empty, and his countenance crestfallen :—

'Perchè l'ombra sorrise e si ritrasse.'

The similar experience of Ulysses, when he meets his mother Anticleia in Hades, inevitably comes to mind. Having drunk of the sacrificial blood, she regains consciousness and recognises him. They have a colloquy; he strives to clasp her to his breast, with futile result :—

'Thrice I essayed with eager hands outspread,
Thrice like a shadow or a dream she fled,
And my palms closed on unsubstantial air.'*

The imitation is palpable; yet it is not immediate. The Æneid served as an intermediary. Virgil copied Homer, and was copied by Dante. The son of Anchises, too, ascertained the ghostly consistence of his deceased parent by just the same triplicate experiment tried by Ulysses with Anticleia, and by the Florentine with Casella. The Florentine, moreover, was entirely unconscious that he was repeating what had originally been said in Greek.

Again, the Virgilian

'Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem,'

was an Odyssean reminiscence, since Ulysses expressed to Alcinous the precise sentiment long afterwards uttered by Æneas in commencing his narrative to Dido. Borrowed finally by Dante, it was made to glow red-hot in the fire of his passion. We feel that the reluctance of Ulysses and Æneas to communicate their astonishing experiences was scarcely more than conventional; either would doubtless have been happy to print and circulate them on favourable terms. But it is not so with Ugolino. The tense horror of the scene is almost unbearable when he pauses in his loath-

* Odyssey, xi. 206–8 (Worsley's translation).

some, interminable meal on the skull and brains of the Archbishop, and replies to his living interrogator:

> ' Tu vuoi ch' io rinnovelli
> Disperato dolor che il cuor mi preme
> Già pur pensando pria ch' io ne favelli.'

And he speaks, in fact, only that he may obtain a further, and a finer kind of revenge. Many other poets have improved what they borrowed; but we can recall no instance of such complete appropriation as this. Certainly, no phrases can be imagined capable of expressing with more tremendous energy the rage of him who perished in the Torre della Fame than those first let drop at the Phæacian banquet, to reverberate, after two thousand years, in the black pit of Antenora.

The current mediæval authorities for the Tale of Troy were Dictys of Crete, who followed Idomeneus to the siege, and Dares, the Phrygian priest of Hephæstus, father of the youthful Phegeus, slain by Diomed. The works attributed to these fictitious personages were of uncertain or fraudulent origin, and survived only in Latin translations executed, no one could say when, or by whom. They availed, indeed, to acclimatise the Ilionic legend in the new world of chivalric romance; yet neither Dictys nor Dares transmitted any report as to the last voyage of Ulysses. The avowal made in the Malebolge was, in fact, a completely novel disclosure; it had the fascination of *post-mortem* autobiography; it claimed the authenticity of a communication by a ghost from the grave. Hints for its construction may, however, have been derived from the narratives of Genoese mariners, and in particular from the fate of an expedition which sailed into the Atlantic, never to return, in 1291.* Further, some variant of the story of Sindbad, brought from the East by crusaders, possibly, it has been conjectured, set its stamp upon the mysterious submergence of the ship of Ulysses. But such thin and broken threads of tradition could have provided, at the most, only a fragment of the canvas upon which a master hand painted his marvellous picture—a picture so vivid as to create an illusion of absolute historical accuracy. Not a mere fanciful presentment, but the truth of fact seems to be there. We can with difficulty shake off the impression that a genuine revelation has been afforded to us. We, in a manner, overhear the *orazion picciola* which

* Moore, ' Studies in Dante,' i. 264.

animated the crew of 'lank and brown' mariners, 'storm-'seasoned against Fate,'* to the mad enterprise of sailing to where the pole-star set. And we realise, as the words fall, the desperate daring of the transgression they were urged to—the transgression of bounds set to navigation by a demi-god, when he planted his Pillars at the mouth of the Inland Sea.

A truth higher than that of fact is, indeed, conveyed by the episode. It convinces the imagination because it corresponds with the essential nature of things. It supplies a felt need; the Dantesque is the indispensable complement to the Homeric Ulysses. The theme of the Odyssey is the character of a man:

Ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα, πολύτροπον.

Its treatment absorbed the interest of fourscore generations; yet it left something to be desired. The 'lame and impotent 'conclusion' indicated for a life strenuous beyond example was a patent incongruity. Ulysses could not be left finally to eat his heart out cooped on a rock, with no enemies to circumvent, no dangers to meet or evade, no new experience to assimilate. Not even Penelope might hold him to the end. Such a man was bound to take his life in both hands, and determine, instead of awaiting, the stroke of destiny. It was thus with a kind of radiant fitness that Dante led him away to perish in pursuit of the Unknown. The world was still young, and had not lost its glamour; life preserved its strange witchery when he deliberately turned from it to face the dim possibilities of death.

Tennyson, with all the learning of all the Homeric commentators, from Zenodotus to Payne Knight, at command, chose to follow the Dantesque tradition. Written soon after Arthur Hallam's death (September 15, 1833), his incomparable 'Ulysses' was designed as a sort of rallying-cry to his own life, defeated and stupefied by the shock.

> 'The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
> Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.'

He exhorted himself when, as a dramatic precursor of Columbus, he addressed

> 'Souls, that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me,'

welded to himself in

> 'One equal temper of heroic hearts.'

* Sir E. Arnold's 'Voyage of Ithobal,' p. 15.

This tribute, indeed, to the men who, in times past, had mutinied under the leadership of Eurylochus, takes us somewhat aback. But the modern poet had resolved to ignore the ugly business in Thrinacria, which his mediæval predecessor had evidently never heard of. For both, then equally, the solar herds remained intact; they were left to graze and chew the cud in peace, instead of bellowing portentously upon spits; no crime was committed; no penalty had to be exacted; and Ulysses effected his return, not, as Homer related, in the guise of a solitary castaway, but in command of his own 'vermilion-prowed' ship, worked by a faithful crew.

Tennyson usually took his classical subjects from uncanonical sources. Like the Attic dramatists and vase-painters, he preferred the cyclical and post-Homeric outgrowths to the authorised legends. Œnone caught his fancy in the pages of Quintus Smyrnæus, familiarly known as 'Quintus Calaber;' and 'Quintus Calaber' was only rescued from oblivion by Cardinal Bessarion's discovery of the fourteen Books of his Trojan epic among the manuscript treasures of a convent at Otranto. He wrote it in journeyman fashion in Asia Minor, probably soon after the death of Constantine. And, through the magic of Tennysonian verse, a creation of loveliness took shape from the

> 'Grecian tale re-told,
> Which, cast in later Grecian mould,
>
> Quintus Calaber
> Somewhat lazily handled of old.'

Quintus, too, intimated the possibility of a meeting with 'the great Achilles' in the Happy Isles far away to the West. The Homeric Ulysses was fully aware of the place and lot of Achilles after death. He saw and conversed with him in Hades, and reported his sombre dissatisfaction at finding himself a helpless subject of Persephone. Through the reverence, however, of later legend-mongers, he was transferred from her realm to the honourable status of a Pontic hero. The island of Leukê, near the mouth of the Borysthenes, was assigned as his abode, with Medea his wife; and he made its approach perilous, being a wrathful ghost, difficult of propitiation, and even capable of dark atrocities. Then, as the centuries rolled on, and the Euxine became frequented, his residence there began to appear incongruous, and his quarters were shifted further afield. Quintus Calaber established him in the Fortunate Islands,

well beyond the range of ordinary cruises. Tennyson accepted the arrangement, and it is likely to be permanent.

The whole texture of the poem of 'Ulysses' shines with gems of reminiscence. Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, each contributes to adorn a piece none the less original for its modulation into unexpected keys, of remembered harmonies. Music from afar thrills us in lines, the exquisite charm of which renews the youth of old beauties. Vital meanings develope in them; implications are divined and rendered obvious. Homer merely says that Ulysses 'suffered greatly;' he was distinguished as 'much-enduring;' the name 'Odysseus' is rooted in the significance of pain. Tennyson adjusts the balance by adding that he had 'enjoyed greatly,' and was minded to 'drink life to the lees;' thus setting before us no passive victim of destiny, but one who resolutely chose the rapture of a strenuous existence with its inevitable alternations of poignant anguish. *Altiora peto.* No 'twilight 'of the gods' for him, but the sunshine and shadow of human vicissitudes.

Compare, again, Tennyson's 'rainy Hyades' with the 'pluviasque Hyadas' of the Æneid. Virgil uses the epithet conventionally; Tennyson conjures up the scene and season when

> 'Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
> Vext the dim sea.'

Those particular stars, it is true, had as little to do with wet weather as the Pleiades with the sailing season. The imputed connexion depended, in each case, upon an etymological misunderstanding. But this, from the poetical viewpoint, was of small consequence.

The Shakespearian Ulysses avers that

> 'to have done is to hang
> Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
> In monumental mockery.'

The Tennysonian Ulysses exclaims:—

> 'How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
> To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use,
> As tho' to breathe were life!'

The superiority of the copy to its model is visible at a glance. Unmistakeably the simile of the disused armour has, in the latter passage, spread 'saffron wings.' It has assumed the perfect form destined for it. Such metamorphoses are not uncommon. Plagiarisms are often justified by their felicity. Who can blame the raising of an

immortal flower from an unpromising and neglected seed? Who would prohibit the fitting of the 'golden phrase' to some derelict 'coin of fancy'? Thus a pedestrian sentence of Boethius was glorified by Dante into the nightingale-cadence of Francesca da Rimini's melancholy utterance:—

'Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.'

And similar examples might be multiplied.

That the Odyssey should have found completion in the Divine Comedy is certainly one of the strangest facts in the history of literature. Dante, who never had the opportunity of surveying the Homeric edifice, laid most unexpectedly its coping-stones in their place. In so doing he unconsciously put the finishing touch to the Epic of Troy. No genuine addition was subsequently made to it. Ages had been required for its elaboration. Generation after generation of Hellenic and Hellenistic poets and poetasters had contributed to develope or decorate it. The great Roman singer gave it currency in the West; its vitality was prolonged by the fabrication of narratives adapted to the changing spirit of the Byzantine epoch. Finally, the trouveurs manipulated, with the license of mediæval fancy, the varied themes it presented, one of which took, from Dante's transforming imagination, its consummate shape. The curtain drops upon the vision of Ulysses lifted to the empyrean region where man dies for an idea, yet tormented by his relentless Ghibelline master as having sinned against the nascent world-empire. The stage is cleared; the traditional characters of the ancient company give place to the *dramatis personæ* of knightly romance. Then came the turn of the national and religious epos—of the 'Lusiads,' the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' of 'Paradise Lost and Regained.' It looked forward as well as backward. It did not rest in the past which it celebrated. For the modern European nations were just waking to self-consciousness, and the stress of life was strong upon them. When it relaxed, and the glare and dust of struggle began to be dissipated, the morning of the world was perceived to have lost none of its dewy freshness, and the charm of the antique stories re-asserted itself. To the revival we owe the grace and melodious subtlety of Tennyson's 'Œnone' and 'Ulysses.'

ART. V.—*The Scenery of England and the Causes to which it is due.* By the Right Hon. Lord AVEBURY, F.R.S., D.C.L. (Oxon.), LL.D. (Cantab. Dublin et Edin.), &c. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1902.

HERE are mingled the pleasures of memory and the pleasures of hope. For every one in South Britain with the least pretension to culture and patriotism the volume is replete with pictured scenes that will either recall the past or determine the future of delightful excursions. With a guide of refined taste, ample knowledge, and a long trained habit of scientific reflexion, travellers who know all the ground will see with new eyes each well-remembered landscape. Over an earlier sky for some of these spectators the heyday of youth and dear companionship may have spread a roseate glow, which finds no counterpart in diagrams and sections, or even in the best-executed photogravures. For this and similar losses many will unconsciously find compensation. They will easily glide into the conviction that the thoughts and lessons here set before them were present to their own minds when they themselves visited the mountains and plains, the sand dunes and estuaries, the rocks and rivers, the caverns and gorges, with which nature has sculptured and diversified this little island patch, this wave-bitten England. They may persuade themselves that it was principally for thinking those thoughts and reading those lessons that they devoted rare and scanty holidays to expensive and fatiguing journeys. Authors ought not to feel any sort of disgust with us when we their clients make these innocent assumptions of being self-taught. It is the secret of their popularity. They seem to do for us what Socrates thought could really be done if he supposed, as Plato would have us believe, that all knowledge is merely memory which needs to be awakened. Certainly the most popular scientific writers are those who so unravel the tangled skein of natural philosophy that the thread passes through our fingers as though it had never been knotted.

Not so very long ago geology was regarded as a rather dangerous, unsettling study for a young man to take up. Now it would be thought rather clownish for a man either young or old not to have some general acquaintance with its principles and conclusions. Among the latter there is none more convincingly proved than that the history of the globe and of our own island shows many an interchange of land

and sea surfaces. The very things that have been taken as patterns and standards of the steadfast and unalterable have been shown to have no stability. It is the same throughout nature. The fixed stars owe their apparent fixity only to inconceivable distance, which makes our eyes incapable of appreciating their equally inconceivable rapidity of movement. By degrees all the educated world is becoming penetrated with the commonplaces of science. But while this is happening, the scholars, the students of the old learning, the bookworms, continue their researches not into nature, but into literature, with a result that is sometimes rather a shock to modern pride, though it may support the Socratic dictum that knowledge is recollection, and may help a scientific writer to persuade us in regard to any modern discovery that we knew it all the time. Lord Avebury begins his book by quoting from Ovid the geological doctrine of a continual interchange between sea and land, attested by the discovery of sea-shells far from the ocean. The quotation stops short of the less easily verified assertion that old-fashioned anchors have been found on mountain tops. It might, however, well have been continued for the sake of the two following lines, which forcibly illustrate a passage occurring later on in the present volume. According to this, Mackintosh, in his 'Scenery of England and Wales,' 1869, 'assumes throughout that the modelling of the surface 'of our island has been effected by the sea; and it is because 'it has, I think,' says Lord Avebury, 'been clearly proved 'that it is mainly due to rain and rivers that I differ 'from him so much as to the interpretation of the facts: 'the valleys are not mainly due to the sea, and the plains are 'not generally marine, but river plains.' Ovid, in the first century of the Christian era, it will be seen, agrees with this judgement of the twentieth century, since his verses evidently declare that smooth plains have been carved into valleys by the downflow of rivers, and that mountains have been brought to a low level by the downpour of rain.* But hundreds of years before Ovid, Herodotus bore his testimony to geological exchanges. He saw that islands were being gradually joined to continents. He appealed to 'shells 'upon the mountains' as an evidence that what in his day

* 'Et vetus inventa est in montibus ancora summis;
Quodque fuit campus, vallem decursus aquarum
Fecit, et eluvie mons est deductus in æquor.'
Metam. xv. 265–267.

was solid ground had once been under water. He made drafts upon time such as amazed his orthodox commentators down to a period not far distant from our own. What Herodotus perceived, or was taught to perceive, Egyptian priests had doubtless known long before Herodotus paid them his memorable visit.* To come down to more recent dates, Lord Avebury tells us that in 1605 Verstegan argued from the presence of the wolf in Britain that England must once have been united to the continent. He does not mention Niels Steensen, or Steno, whose memory has of late been revived with merited honour. To many both his name and his titles to renown may still be unknown. In 1669 this young and brilliant Danish anatomist published a 'Prodromus' or preliminary pamphlet, in which, as Huxley and others have explained, he not only anticipated Cuvier in the logic of reconstructive anatomy, but discussed the value of fossil remains, as a testimony to repeated interchange of sea and land, in a manner worthy of a modern geologist.† In the middle of the eighteenth century our own poet Collins, in his 'Ode to Liberty,' gives expression to the idea that at least in Europe neither sea nor land had enjoyed any great fixity of tenure:—

> 'Beyond the measure vast of thought,
> The works the wizard Time has wrought,
> The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
> Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand,
> No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
> He passed with unwet feet through all our land.
> To the blown Baltic then, they say,
> The wild waves found another way.'

A long array of seers argued for a stone age of human culture, for a remotely dated co-existence of man with animals now extinct, before the hierarchy of science would accept their conclusions.

On the other hand, not every random word of poet or essayist should be pressed into the service of scientific prophecy. For example, the fourth chapter of this volume is headed by a quotation from 'Childe Harold,' a passage contrasting the mutability of human affairs with the steadfastness of the ocean, which the poet apostrophises as

> 'Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play;
> Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.
> Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.'

---

* Book ii. chapters 10–12.

† See 'Danmarks Stilling og Tilstand,' by H. J. Hansen, Ph.D., F.M Linn. Soc., p 107, 1901.

This might be taken to imply a forecast by Byron of the extremely modern doctrine that the great ocean basins have been permanent from their first formation to the present time. It is, however, tolerably certain that Byron was only giving expression to the commonplace superficial opinion of his own and preceding ages, according to which great natural features, such as seas, mountains, and rivers, were all practically everlasting. Lord Avebury inclines to accept 'the conclusion that while parts of the world have been sea 'and then land, land and then sea, many times over, others 'have remained permanently either ocean or continent.' This statement at the end of the volume rather conflicts with one at the beginning, that 'the continents are formed 'mainly of materials which once formed the bottoms of seas 'and lakes, intermixed with igneous matter forced up from 'the fiery heart of the earth.' Considering that 'a large 'part of the continents have a height' above the sea-level equal only to a twentieth part of the average depth of the ocean, the permanence of continents is a very different question from that of the permanence of oceans.

The American who sarcastically observed that our English climate did not supply anything that could properly be called weather, but only samples, might in like manner have contrasted the geology of England with that of regions in which the crust of the earth exhibits its components on a far more ample scale. The important results of alternating heat and cold, of wind and rain, and snow and ice, in moulding our scenery are fully discussed by Lord Avebury, but he lays comparatively little stress on the visual and mental effect produced by the quick changes of our protean atmosphere. He says truly in one place that 'the aspect of a 'sea-coast in fine weather gives no adequate conception, or, 'rather, gives a most misleading idea, of the power of the 'sea; during storms the waves afford, indeed, a majestic 'spectacle as they dash themselves against the shore: 'several times a minute they charge the coast, and break 'into foam and spray.' But this single contrast is far from exhausting the subject. Not only in turbulent weather is the sea-scape round our islands full of changefulness. No day is so calm but that light airs will at times ripple the surface, passing clouds change the colour. Sometimes it will be blue, or green, or grey. Waves at a distance show as little lines of white. A far off rain-storm changes the horizon to indigo. A memory of yesterday's tempest embrowns a great band of water with the troubled sand from

below. Evening comes on, and while the sun is retiring to rest in tranquil majesty, with the courtier sky in raiment of green and purple and crimson and gold, for a few enchanted minutes every beholder is a poet. Late in the starlit darkness the wavelets will sometimes break on the shore bright with the phosphorescent light of innumerable minute organisms. Nor should the flight of sea-birds be forgotten, or their floating on the water, or their perching on the rocks, or their pitter-pattering on the shore, for all these are delightful incidents of our marine scenery. Still more might one not unduly claim, as incidents continually lending a touch of emotion to that scenery, the tanned sails of our fishing-boats, the bright canvas of our yachts, the smoke of outward-bound and home-returning steamers, and all the varied build and rigging of our mercantile and naval shipping, with which the prosperity and safety, the history and the future of our land are so intimately bound up.

There are those who find fault with the sea as cutting off the dwellers on its borders from half the circle available for walks and drives. It makes them many compensations. So, too, with respect to inland scenery our climate offers something in exchange for the points in its character which may be open to exception. Such epithets as fickle and treacherous are freely applied to it. The makers of almanacs have won an unenviable repute for being almost always wrong in their predictions about it. Scientific authorities have followed suit by pledging the faith of a Government office and of omniscient newspapers to prophecies frequently no better than those of the almanac-makers. If they could only manage to be always wrong, it would be nearly as good as being always right. But they offer forecasts covering large areas, while it is notorious that in England there may be a fair day in one part and a foul day in another part of even a small area. The fickleness of our weather cannot be denied. For, as we have good reason to be aware—

> 'The Spring, she is a young maid
> That does not know her mind,
> The Summer is a tyrant
> Of most unrighteous kind;'

and as Wordsworth in more stately verse declares,

> 'Not seldom clad in radiant vest
> Deceitfully goes forth the morn,
> Not seldom evening in the west
> Sinks smilingly forsworn.'

This audacious accusation of Nature by one of her most devoted scribes can only be compared with the spirit of the Greek and Roman poets, who seemed to think that their gods and goddesses might perform the most disgraceful actions without being in any way disgraced. But if our English weather cannot wholly be excused from the charge of inconstancy, it is, at least, *splendide mendax*. Its glorious uncertainty braces our minds and bodies for meeting vicissitudes, and redeems our scenery everywhere from tameness and monotony. An English sky is in the highest degree dramatic. It has all the diversities of human temper. It can be gay, alluring, infantine in sweetness, sullen and gloomy, expansive, generous, heroic. It is able to fill our breasts with the tragic feelings of pity and terror, to rouse our resentment, and to call us out of despondency to gratitude and soothing calm. How the picturesque beauties of rocks and valleys, hill-summits, broad lakes, and sloping woodlands are diversified by mist and sunshine, passing shower and threatening thundercloud, by the rainbow and the lightning flash, by twilight and by moonlight, only those who have been blind from birth or infancy are precluded from knowing or imagining. We have, it is true, no monopoly of these theatrical properties. But we have them, so to speak, always on hand, always serviceable, and, as a rule, they are displayed to us with a reasonable moderation. We neither have rain that keeps on pelting for weeks together nor skies that remain cloudless for months. Fog in London may at times be over-persistent for want of a gale to disperse it, but, to make up for this defect, winds in this country seldom take the liberty of uprooting our houses and shifting them to a distance. It may be thought fantastic to count the wind among the elements of scenery. Nevertheless, in many respects it is of prime importance, by its influence on the clouds and on the surface of all great sheets of water. Occasionally the permanent slope of trees is determined by its prevalent direction, and in the case of foliage which is green on the upper side and silvery-grey on the lower, a striking effect is produced when a breeze, acting on a great mass of leaves, turns the underside of every one of them to the light. The waves that pass in sunshine softly over a broad expanse of ripening corn are good to make a weary spirit cheerful.

Many parts of our country are not picturesque. There

are districts where the landscape is flat without being nobly extended, where the horizon is contracted without any salient features to atone for a limited outlook. The lovers of scenery do not willingly allow their lot to be cast in these regions. But when they cannot help themselves they have for consolation the raiment of fields and gardens and hedgerows and coppices richly varying with the seasons. Deciduous trees put off their leafage in the winter and artistically display their intricate branching, which in the spring is again coated with delicate tints of softest browns and greens, to be deepened as the summer progresses, and to pass in autumn into vivid tones of yellow and orange and deep reds and browns. Glorious masses of blossom enliven the springtide and early summer. Evergreen trees also pay their tribute of varied hues to the changeful year. The carpeting of the ground is not to be despised, whether pasture or arable, whether composed of golden grain set about with scarlet poppies, of brilliant sainfoin, or of humble cabbages glistening with drops of rain or dew, each 'like a 'lady in her diamonds.' Over all is the fickle sky, constant only in inconstancy, but therewith relieving dulness by variety and animation. Suppose that in such a locality there come days of remorseless rain, which most people dread and detest, though the housewife may find them useful for making up her accounts and the scholar for keeping closer to his books. Before long assuredly the housewife and scholar and all the restless, impatient crowd will be roused to a common joy, when abruptly the spell is broken, and there comes a clear shining after rain. Then, in their song time, 'melodious birds sing madrigals,' or, if they can do no more than twitter gratefully among the branches, they help the most unmusical to 'hear a smile' through all the realm of nature.

That Lord Avebury is not insensible to the beauties which our land derives from its living vesture is well known, and in this volume it is well attested, not only by his quotation of a delightful passage from one of Charles Kingsley's 'Prose Idylls,' but by his own descriptions of 'shore life,' of the Kent and Sussex downs, of Fenland in the past, and of moors and common lands in the present. He fully recognises, too, the charm which our kaleidoscopic climate adds to the Lake district. Many, no doubt, seeing with his eyes, will henceforth regard not a few accustomed scenes with pleasure unexpected or much enhanced respect.

In such a passage as the following, for example, he makes in a sense the wilderness and the solitary place to rejoice and blossom as the rose :—

'A Surrey or Kentish common is, however, no mere bit of bare, worthless land, sparsely covered with bents and other coarse grasses and weeds, but is set with birches and junipers, broom and gorse, wild roses and hollies, yews and guelder roses, clematis and honeysuckle, growing over white, pink, and blue milkwort, blue veronicas, pink heather, and yellow rock-rose; sweet with the fragrance of the furze and roses and the aromatic scent of the pinewoods.

'In the hollows are many pools, fringed by reeds and rushes, irises and water-grasses, with green carpets of sphagnum studded with red sundew, and dotted over with the pure white flossy flags of cotton-grass; while on the water repose the beautiful leaves and still more lovely flowers of the lilies, over which hover many butterflies, while brilliant metallic dragon-flies flash and dart about.'

That the volume gives a comparatively small space to this branch of the subject may be accounted for by more than one reason. The author may have thought that in dealing with it only too easily 'one gets into the neighbour-'hood of platitudes,' and that his pupils might be left to make for themselves an extended application of lessons conveyed in a few striking examples. Perhaps also he wished to avoid the risk of repeating reflexions which may have been sufficiently suggested to the numerous readers of his earlier writings. But a chief cause doubtless lay in the plan of the present work. It is entitled, in brief, 'The 'Scenery of England,' rather unkindly omitting all mention of Wales, perhaps out of deference to the earlier work by Mackintosh, which takes its title from both Welsh and English scenery. Among the many beautiful and instructive illustrations it is only natural that the choice of scenes should be a little biased in favour of grandiose effects, such as those exhibited by Snowdon and Cader Idris, by Striding Edge, Helvellyn, by the Lovers' Leap near Buxton, and the Falls of Aysgarth in Wensleydale. In these and such as these the absence of any standard of comparison on the pictured page enables us to compete with whatever is most magnificent of the same kind in any part of the world. It would have been pleasant and much to the purpose had there been more illustrations like the artistic little 'View in 'the district of the Broads, Norfolk,' where, shown in a fashion highly characteristic of the region, the sailing boats are seen gliding through the land, though the water on which they are afloat is invisible. This effect is charmingly

explained in a passage separated by a hundred pages from the sketch in question :—

'A considerable part of Norfolk is a low plain intersected by a network of rivers—the Bure, the Yare, the Ant, the Waveney, &c.—which do not rush on with the haste of some rivers, or the stately flow of others which are steadily set to reach the sea, but rather seem like rivers wandering about the meadows on a holiday. They have often no natural banks, but are bounded by dense growths of tall grasses, bulrushes, reeds, and sedges, interspersed with the spires of the purple loosestrife, willow-herb, hemp-agrimony, and other flowers, while the fields are very low and protected by banks, so that the red cattle appear to be grazing below the level of the water; and as the rivers take most unexpected turns, the sailing-boats often seem (fig. 187, p. 415) as if they were in the middle of the fields' (p. 314).

The scenery of England is not, for the majority of its inhabitants, made up of pictures wild and majestic. Nor, indeed, do views of that character form a great proportion of the illustrations here given. On the contrary, a goodly number of them are diagrammatic. Some are sections through the solid earth, such as the ordinary observer can only see with the eye of faith. A first glance at these exponents of our scenery may cause perplexity. One can fancy that, gazing on 'a generalised section across the London basin,' or 'the diagram of a delta,' or on 'lenticular sheets of lava 'and tuff,' some gentle readers will 'look at each other with 'a mild surprise, silent,' but not exactly approving. They may think that their trusted and favourite author has been playing a practical joke upon them. It is almost as though some renowned sculptor, promising a statue of Venus or Musidora, should greet the visitors to his studio with a skeleton and other anatomical details which undoubtedly underlie the fascinations of living loveliness. The full title, however, of Lord Avebury's volume is explanatory of its method. The subject is not simple, but twofold; not purely a description of our scenery, but 'The Scenery of England, 'and the Causes to which it is due.' A warning, therefore, is given of the treatment to be expected. The only objection that can fairly be raised is that the main purpose of the work is declared in the subordinate title. Any who overlook that circumstance and enter on its pages for mere amusement may find themselves pleasantly and skilfully cheated into becoming geologists.

There is probably no equally small fraction of the earth's surface that can compare with England as in itself a geological textbook, a very cabinet of fossils, a compact museum

of illustrative strata, a picture magazine of Nature's operations through untold ages. It is, perhaps, less to be wondered at that during the last hundred and twenty years Great Britain has produced so many masters in the science of the earth's crust than that so little progress in that knowledge should have been made in our island during earlier times. Happily in the later period a succession of writers like Playfair, the exponent of Hutton, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Archibald Geikie, and Lord Avebury have had the gift of presenting abstruse details in an attractive guise. The secret of such a gift is not to be explained by any artful rules of composition. But now and then one may perceive the sort of touches by which the dry light of scientific teaching can be made to sparkle. Those who might be scared at the discussion of Archæan rocks and Bunter sands, coral rag and red crag, Lias and Trias, 'erratics' and 'faults' and 'periods,' are conciliated by pieces of information that give them at once a proprietary interest in the whole subject. The origin and structure and age of granite lose much of their aloofness for the Londoner when he learns that 'the Cheesewring granite from near Liskeard was 'used in the construction of Waterloo and Westminster 'Bridges, the Thames Embankment, and the London 'Docks.' Every one this year will like to be reminded that 'the Lia Fail, or Coronation Stone, on which our sovereigns 'are crowned, is a block of Old Red Sandstone.' Westminster Abbey, we are told, was mainly built of the oolitic limestone from the Isle of Portland, but Henry VII.'s Chapel from the sandstone quarries at Reigate, which 'were 'formerly considered of such consequence that they were 'kept in the possession of the Crown, and a patent of 'Edward III. exists authorising them to be worked for 'Windsor Castle.' The Trias has a still more domestic interest, for 'our kitchen-salt is largely obtained from the 'rock-salt deposits of this age in Cheshire and Worcester-'shire; they have been worked for more than one thousand 'years, as the salt of Droitwich was one of the sources of 'revenue granted to Worcester Cathedral by Renulph, king 'of the Mercians, in A.D. 816.' To the Lias also household economy is indebted, for not only do the 'layers,' of which its name is not a cockney but a quarryman's version, supply lime, and bricks, and tiles, and fuller's earth and excellent stones for buildings and pavements, but from this formation 'the rich pasture-lands on the clays give the celebrated '"Double Gloucester," Stilton, and Cheddar cheeses;'

while, further, 'the Middle Lias is largely devoted to fruit-'growing, and is said to be particularly suitable for apples.' Few, perhaps, are aware that a section of a Devonian coral —that is, of a fossil coral belonging to the incalculably distant Primary period—'long formed one of the most 'popular patterns for calico dresses.'

The reader with a taste for etymology will be gratified at learning or at being reminded that the county of Rutland is the red land, probably so named from its red beds of Liassic age; that Bristol takes its name from a bridge, and that Bridgwater does not; that not only in England, but 'throughout Western Europe, a large proportion of the 'river names fall into three groups' dependent on three Celtic words, two of which mean simply water and the third signifies running. The continental Oise, Adour, and Rhine correspond to our own Ouse, Adur, and Rye. Though Ouse and Avon, Exe and Axe, and Esk and Usk are practically the same word which takes on numerous other forms, by their multiplicity we have not been saved from an embarrassing frequency in the employment of some of them. He would be a bold innovator who would force one county or another to relinquish the name of its own especial Derwent, Ouse, or Avon. Roads and streets in busy towns may be rechristened in obedience to the exigencies of the Post Office. It is in another direction that rivers have yielded to the influence of the modern spirit. No longer do we find in vogue that pious simplicity which of yore admired the graciousness of Providence in so often placing great cities on the banks of considerable streams. A modern author allows some share in the arrangement to the free will of mankind. Accordingly the present volume gives many interesting particulars as to the circumstances which have determined the choice of human settlements. From a mere computation of names it is inferred that 'our an-'cestors did not avail themselves of bridges until a com-'paratively recent period in our history.' There are many more 'fords' than 'bridges' in the designation of well-known towns. No doubt we may suppose that in times prior to civilisation the freedom of bare limbs was as much prized by the whole population as it is still delighted in by children. Covered carriages and other appliances for warding off a deluge of rain were not in use, so that neither for themselves nor for their costume would people be afraid of water. The inconvenience of conveying heavy properties through the bed of even a shallow stream must have

seemed much lighter to the early folk than to us, because, if we may argue from records coming down to not very distant times, so-called roads were often little better than quagmires. It must often have been more cheerful to wade in a stream than to plough the way through swampy ruts. Apart from difficulty in the art and the high cost of bridge-building, a bridge itself is of little use except as a link between the stretches of a practicable road at either extremity. Though such an obstacle as a river naturally excites in the human mind a desire to get to the other side, there are conditions of society when the facility of a bridge may have seemed by no means a thing to covet. The beloved neighbour on the opposite bank will perhaps use it to pay a visit uninvited to the bridge-builder. How such a feeling operates may easily be understood from quite modern discussions as to a submarine tunnel, an under-water bridge between

> 'Two mighty monarchies,
> Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
> The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.'

It is true that at a ford Nature itself supplies an easy transit. But at such points neighbours would grow up in that intimacy, that knowledge of one another, which not always but most often leads to the abatement of suspicion, the softening of asperity, the recognition of possible good qualities even in a foe. Where no friendliness resulted, such as to make the ford a desirable place of forgathering, the necessities of self-defence would lead to fortification of the passage, and in this way establish the nucleus of a town or future city.

The military treatment of a river footway is incidentally mentioned by Lord Avebury as throwing a side-light upon a wider subject than the comparative antiquity of British towns. To make possible the laying down and piling up of the successive sedimentary strata from the Primary period to the Quaternary, the changes of elevation relatively to the sea-level which our island has undergone must obviously have been numerous. Of these, to some investigators the latest will seem by no means the least interesting. At many points round our coasts there are submerged forests, the timber of which belongs to well-known existing species. Visitors to the shore are familiar with the débris which from time to time the waves tear up and scatter about. These beds have yielded remains of animals, such as the

elephant, which are no longer wild in our woodlands. It is evident, then, both that tolerably ancient conditions are represented, and that the land on which the trees grew and over which the animals roamed must have sunk, and sunk very considerably. But a later and opposite movement leading to elevation instead of depression is attested by the presence of raised sea-beaches at various parts of the coast. Whether we regard these changes as representing an undulation in which solid rocks are concerned instead of water, or think of the earth's crust as acting like a see-saw, so that one tract is rising while another is sinking, the process, according to all modern experience, in our land is excessively slow. To this slowness a ford and a fortification are very ingeniously made to bear witness. East, but not west, of Bowness the Solway Firth is fordable at low water. It is at Bowness that the Roman Wall ends. At the time of its construction, what would have happened had the land been at a lower level than it is now? As a barrier to fording ten or twelve feet in depth of water are almost as adequate as ten or twelve hundred. A small depression, therefore, would have saved the Romans several miles of building, by enabling them to end their wall efficaciously more to the east, opposite Rockcliff. Conversely, elevation would have extended the fordable area westward of Bowness, and necessitated the extension of the wall or other defensive works in that direction. But of any such extension, it is said, there is no trace, the conclusion of the matter being that, to all appearance, 'here, at any rate, there has been no appre-'ciable change of level for 2,000 years.'

Among the things which every schoolboy knows or ought to know there is one matter which can certainly not be included. Neither schoolboy nor philosopher should be expected to say off-hand how long it has taken to mould the existing scenery of England. Those who have not particularly studied the question are disposed to think that a man of science who gives it an evasive, indefinite answer, is either an ignorant pretender or has some selfish motive for keeping his neighbour in the dark. The antagonisms of geology and theology that such problems once enkindled have died out. All the world is now only anxious to know the right solution. It is nearly forgotten that until half a century ago and later all ordinary education was based on the opinion that the sculpturing not of England alone but of the whole globe, with the evolution or genesis of every organism from the monad to the man, had been comprised within six

or seven thousand years. Men of high scientific genius had their eyes fast holden by the requirements of this conception. Yet the old Semitic writers were probably not unstirred by some instinct of the truth, when, pondering over the phenomena of Nature, they declared that the Maker of the universe is great, passing our knowledge, 'neither can the 'number of His years be searched out.' In His sight they admit that a thousand years are but as yesterday. For them the foundations of the earth are not so firmly laid but that He who laid them may change them as a vesture, and they shall be changed. Among the oscillations which our own land must have indisputably undergone, an instance has just been considered in which quietude appears to have prevailed for about two thousand years. Such a period, important as it may be in the history of culture, in geological time is quite insignificant. But unfortunately from such an instance we do not even obtain a trustworthy unit of measurement. The time required for large upward or downward movements cannot be calculated from places where the movement has been little or none. To return to the illustration of the see-saw, at the fulcrum the rocking-board is stationary, while its ends are experiencing a considerable rise and fall. If the lapse of time be estimated from the thickness of a stratum, it has to be borne in mind that the thin edges no doubt took as long to deposit as the thick central part. When dated inscriptions in a limestone cavern become covered with stalagmite, the sum in proportion which they temptingly offer must be warily treated. For when it has taken two hundred years for the deposition of a tenth of an inch, one might like to infer that a foot of stalagmite could not be deposited in less than twenty-four thousand years. But it is now understood that the drip which in one place produces one-tenth of an inch may in another part of the same cavern be producing the thickness of a whole foot. Of those aquatic organisms whose skeletons contribute materially to the formation of calcareous rocks, it is now well known that some grow with great rapidity. The denudation which slowly strips the land of one stratum is slowly laying down another in the sea, but it is evident that the two processes are contemporaneous, not successive. The doctrine of evolution requires us to unite such creatures as trilobites, flying reptiles, birds that have teeth, in a common phylogeny with the tens and hundreds of thousands of species still living. The latest researches of science draw closer and closer the bonds which connect the vegetable with

the animal kingdom. It is obvious that the lowest estimate of time required for a line of descent so intricate must be enormous. But even here it is coming to be recognised that specific changes perhaps have not been and need not be quite so indefinitely slow as was once supposed.

These are matters for the biologist and the geologist, but then the astronomer and the physicist intervene. The man in the street may be tempted to think the question rather beyond him when he notes some of the investigations with which it is complicated. It may seem a mere trifle to ascertain how much salt there is in the ocean, and to calculate from the contributions of existing rivers how long it took to get there. There are other important considerations, such as the date when the sun began to warm the surface of our globe (a good while before it was ours), and the date when the moon parted from the earth to begin its business of influencing the tides. Those tides themselves are not to be trifled with, for in addition to tides of air and tides of water we have to take into account 'Problems 'connected with the Tides of a Viscous Spheroid,' darkly hinting thereby at the intestines of the earth, about whose tremblings and distemperature Hotspur and Glendower so fiercely disputed, and about which we are disputing still.

With all these elements of perplexity it is scarcely astonishing that wisdom itself does not inspire us with an entirely restful confidence. Lord Avebury says: 'It is, 'indeed, as yet impossible to arrive at any close or even 'approximate estimate, and various opinions have been 'expressed; but looking at the evidence as a whole, we can 'hardly, I think, estimate at less than 100,000,000 years 'the time which must have elapsed since the commence-'ment of life on our planet.' He might have added that the opinions of experts have variously estimated the interval from 1,000,000,000 down to a minimum of 20,000,000 years, the upper limit being no doubt merely a mode of expression to signify indefinite length of time. These round numbers, so vast and varied, are in fact a plain confession of ignorance, showing that cosmogony is still waiting for a true and trustworthy arithmetic.

Whether it may have taken 100,000,000 years or only a quarter as long to develope our existing scenery, the title of 'Old England' will in either case be well justified. 'Dr. Callaway,' we are told, 'claims for the rocks forming 'the heart of the Wrekin the honour of being the oldest in 'England.' It is not so much, however, upon these

primeval rocks that modern interest and controversy are concentrated, as upon a comparatively quite recent formation. The glacial epoch, of which every one has heard, in geological chronology claims to be modern. It 'may have 'commenced some 200,000 years ago, coming down perhaps 'to within 50,000 years of the present time. Indeed, 'glaciers may have lingered among the mountains, and 'occupied some of the valleys down to a much more recent 'period.' But the date and duration are of less importance to the scenery of England than the abiding effects attributed to this epoch. Of these Lord Avebury observes that 'the 'most extensive deposits due to ancient glaciers are the 'enormous sheets of "Drift" which, as far south as 'the Thames valley, cover a great part of the country, with 'the exception of the highest mountain-tops.' The evidences of the former glaciation of this island are discussed at considerable length, and the details will be read with great interest. Nevertheless, it is not likely that this part of the volume will pass entirely unchallenged. After adducing various facts of importance, the author says:—

'These converging lines of evidence prove that in the period of greatest cold Northern Europe, over an area of from 700,000 to 800,000 square miles, was buried under a vast sheet or mantle of ice, which was thickest in the north and west. Over parts of Scandinavia it was probably not less than 6,000 feet in thickness, in North-West Scotland over 3,000; the tops of the Cheviots and the hill-tops of the West Riding 2,300 feet high are distinctly glaciated, as is also Westdale Crag, near Shap, 1,600 feet, when the ice gradually thinned away to the south and east.'

In face of these remarkable figures it is impossible to forget that not so long ago a book was published by Sir Henry Howorth, F.R.S., entitled 'The Glacial Nightmare and the 'Flood.' Neither Sir Henry nor his book receives the slightest notice in the present volume. It seems a pity that a man so well known, so burningly in earnest, so ready to exchange buffets with all comers, should have his opinions and arguments only met indirectly. It is not unknown that he has the saving grace of a genial humour, and that he can treat with candour his own errors as well as those of his opponents. Science, in the mouths of its most nobly endowed masters, has not been in the past so free from gross and obstinate mistakes that it can afford to meet with a conspiracy of silence any disciplined disputant. In dealing with the Glacial Period, Lord Avebury appears to give a general assent to the celebrated theory of Dr. Croll, although

he remarks, 'I ought to add that these views, though sup-
'ported by Sir R. Ball and other high authorities, are not
'universally adopted.' This will certainly seem a wonderfully mild way of stating the case to any one who has read 'A
'Criticism of the Astronomical Theory of the Ice Age,' by E. P. Culverwell, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in the January and February numbers of the 'Geological
'Magazine' for 1895. Mr. Culverwell claims to show that Croll's argument is absolutely unsound, and that its position is made worse instead of better by the amendment of it that has been attempted. He even says, 'It is not unlikely that
'there never was an Ice Age, but that there have been at
'times various local glaciations such as we now see in
'Greenland.' To the troubled doubt in which the whole subject is still involved Lord Avebury does indeed point the finger by an amusing quotation from the geological expert, Mr. Horace B. Woodward, F.R.S., who says:—

'After spending about a year in Norfolk, I began to believe I knew all about the drifts, but during the following seven years of my sojourn in that county, as I moved from place to place, I somehow seemed to know less and less, and I cannot say what would have been the result, but fortunately the geological survey of the county came to an end.'

Away from the arena of controversy the general reader, as distinguished from the specialist, will find the present volume rich in things worth knowing, in explanations worth having, and in matters of observation that will put the observing faculty on the alert. There are not a few who may like to learn why it is that Britannia rules the waves, apart from those personal qualities of her sons which our well known and universally eulogised national modesty prevents us from specifying. This marine dominion, then, is in part attributable to the excellence of our harbours. This excellence in turn is due to the character of our coast. For our principal harbours are in the mouths of rivers, just the very places to be blocked and made useless by bars of shifting sand, were it not that round our coasts to a great extent these inconvenient materials are removed by tidal currents. Thereby the sea itself stands our friend, and though its tempestuous billows often bombard our shores, crumble away our cliffs, and in other ways make encroachments on our territory, it is here effectively shown that rain and rivers far exceed the ocean waves as forces of denudation. The courses which our rivers pursue are explained as in many cases due to an involved history. Branches of the

Thames, for instance, cut through hills which they could never have been tempted to attack in the present configuration of the country. Since we know from our school studies that a single drop continually repeated hollows a stone, it is easy to acknowledge that the perpetual flow of a river may deepen its bed, but the consideration is less obvious that streams are capable of eating their way backwards. Yet, just as the Falls of Niagara are slowly but surely receding by wearing away the hard rocks over which their waters descend, so will the little runnels in which a river begins gradually recede. They cannot be content with the tiny groove which they first carve. As it deepens the power of the current increases, and rain will wash into it materials not only from the sides, but from the rear. Even if a stream starts from the highest part of a watershed, by degrees that summit succumbs to atmospheric agencies, and the stream obtains a continually widening platform for its recession. From this results a singular corollary. By their capacity for moving stealthily backwards rivers are enabled to poach on their neighbours' preserves. Proofs, indeed, are given of the most flagrant acts of piracy. Look on this picture and on that. In the first, two innocent-seeming rivers are seen flowing to the coast equal and parallel. They stretch out affluents each towards the other as if for fraternal hand-shaking. In the companion picture the sequel is seen. There has not been a friendly embrace, but a wrestling for supremacy. The affluents of one river have succeeded in tapping the head waters of the other and diverting its streams, so that the vanquished competitor has dwindled to a brook, and may die of inanition. Actual examples are cited from our south coast, in that 'the Lavant, which like 'the Adur may be called a beheaded river, has been reduced 'to quite a small stream, in dry weather even to a succession 'of pools; the Chichester estuary also, which was evidently 'once the mouth of a large river, is now a comparatively wide 'valley without any river at all.' It will be a shock to Oxford men to learn that 'the Ouse is gradually stealing 'towards the Cherwell, and if allowed to work its way back 'for little more than a mile it will carry off the upper half 'of the Cherwell area, detach it from the Thames, and 'annex it to the basin of the Ouse.' The scandalous treatment to which the Thames has been exposed in another direction is almost too painful to write about. For ages to all appearance the Severn has been marauding upon it so outrageously that not the maiden gentleness of Sabrina,

but 'her enragèd stepdame Gwendolen' should have been chosen to preside over those brigand waters.

Englishmen are so familiar with the coast cliffs, in cutting which the sea has obviously played a great part, that they readily extend marine action to the formation of inland cliffs. With science enough to tell him that our land has been repeatedly under water, a man has only to use his eyes to be assured that such and such an escarpment represents the margin of an ancient sea. It is disappointing when the teachings of science and the evidence of our senses mischievously combine to put us in the wrong. Only when we drink a little deeper of the Pierian spring, the scales fall from our eyes, and our vision changes its mind because mind has changed our vision. Lord Avebury is at great pains to show convincingly the difference between the chalk cliffs of our coast and our chalk escarpments. He points out, to begin with, what certainly would not occur to every one, that it is not enough for a chalk escarpment to resemble any kind of coast, irrespective of what that kind may be. To establish its claim to be an original sea cliff, it must resemble a coast of one particular kind, namely, a chalk coast. In that case, its frontage should be fairly straight; its base must follow the sea level; the upper edge of its cliffs will be likely to have an undulatory outline; the land is not unlikely to be found rising behind it. But in fact a chalk escarpment is much indented by coombes and valleys; it is the base line that is given to undulating, while the upper edge remains for long stretches fairly level, and instead of being dominated by any superior elevation, it is nearly always the highest ground in the neighbourhood. To these contrasts is added the general fact that, 'while sea cliffs 'pass from one rock to another, escarpments always keep to 'one geological formation.' They owe their structure not to the winds and waves of a tidal sea, but to the subterranean forces of upheaval. In the wrinkling of the earth's crust the strata at the convex folds will be stretched and strained, while in the concave folds they will be compressed. At the weakest points they will sooner or later give way, and in so doing offer facilities for the work of denudation. A paradoxical result often follows. The original mountain, being formed of loosened materials and by its very eminence exposed to destructive agencies, is by degrees worn down. But the original valley, more solid and more sheltered, bides its time, and is at length converted into a mountain, not so much uplifted as left. Some hills retain in cup-shaped

summits a reminiscence of this kind of origin. Thus is explained the local name of the Saddle Back mountain near Keswick, and 'the saucer-shaped or synclinal arrangement 'of the strata' on Snowdon, of which Lord Avebury observes, 'It is indeed a remarkable and interesting fact that 'the rocks forming the highest spot in South Britain should 'once have been the bottom of a valley.' After pointing out that the so-called 'Peak' of Derbyshire is really a table-land, he continues, 'It is indeed a "cup" rather than a '"peak," for it forms a flattened basin, the beds on all sides 'dipping into the hill: the pressure and consequent hardness 'thus produced has probably led to the preservation of this 'portion of the grit, which was no doubt originally continuous 'with the corresponding beds to the east and west.' A due sense of the slowness with which many results in Nature are produced might tempt a man to think that the loftiest mountains must be the oldest. He will then be surprised to hear that in comparison with the Highlands of Scotland, the Lake district, and the Welsh hills, 'the Alps and 'Himalayas are but of yesterday.' It takes longer to lift a mountain to the skies, and then to wear it down again to the sea from whence it rose, than to do the lifting only. When one comes to think of it, that is self-evident. The provoking thing is for most of us that we only come to think of the self-evident when some one else has forced it upon our notice.

That all the statements and arguments should be novel in a book like this, the subject essentially forbids. Acknowledgements to a host of well-reputed authors help us to a general confidence in the conclusions, which in so various a discussion no effort of a single mind could produce. The wide and almost limitless range of topics which the title of the volume might be made to embrace will no doubt inspirit ambitious and critical readers to think of some points overlooked, neglected, or withheld. Of anything really germane to the matter thus omitted they will not easily find examples, or after seeming to find them, on a second and more careful reading of the book, they will perceive by a line here, a paragraph there, or sometimes by a single word, that this or that point has not been forgotten. Of incidental information there is no dearth. It is given, so to say, into the bargain, with a lavish hand out of an overflowing treasury. The reader is told, for example, the difference between the grains of shore sand and desert sand, and how the difference is caused. The golfer learns the origin of his

'balks' and 'links.' The Londoner discovers why one of his streets is named Long Acre. The cricketer who reads that the acre 'was fixed by the ordinance of Edward I. as a 'furlong in length and four poles in breadth' will notice that this acre-breadth exactly corresponds with the interval between the wickets of his favourite game. He may infer, then, that this distance was determined by the length of the long goad or pole with which the ploughman in old times guided his team of oxen.

A reviewer, it will be seen, has good reason for reserve and diffidence in attempting to point out any flaws in a work so generally deserving of eulogy. It is not a very grievous offence, but a singular one to be committed by the particular author, that in measurements metres and kilometres are allowed to jostle miles, fathoms, feet, and inches, confusing the reader by an admixture of two different arithmetical systems. We could be happy with either. Both are too much of a good thing. It is also rather contrary to what might have been expected that the author scarcely at all enlarges on the subjective side of his theme, on the attitude of mind which men bring with them to the scenery as distinct from that which the scenery imposes upon them. In old but by no means distant times people evidently gazed with a sort of dread, mistrust, or even dislike upon scenes which we of the present day view with pleasure and describe as inspiriting, beautiful, or magnificent, while not allowing any intense emotion to disturb our tranquillity. In an age when every one travels and every one writes, the novelty and singularity of earlier experiences are lost; a process of denudation wears down the imposing features and majestic attributes of all natural wonders to a prosaic level. Quite recently one result of photography has been to teach us that mountains are not always quite so strikingly lofty as they have been painted. By other means it has been ascertained that overhanging precipices and perpendicular walls of rock are rather rare. Nature in general prefers a slope.

In tracing the causes to which our scenery is due Lord Avebury does not give great prominence to the effects produced by the animal kingdom. He does not forget the plodding industry of earthworms made memorable by Darwin's treatise, but the work of beavers in the past, and of moles, voles, rabbits, crayfish, in the present, might also have been considered. For scenic effect many of the animals which he actually mentions in the zoology of the shore are inferior to some of the tubicolous marine annelids, whether

we regard in one species the myriads of their isolated tubes, comparable to a field of standing corn, or in another the congregated tenements covering great areas of rock with a thick firm coating of artfully wrought and strongly cemented sand. If the dwellings of these lowly creatures impose upon the eye and are part of our scenery, much more should we take into account effects produced by the actions and artfulness of higher animals up to the highest. Beautiful as the parks of England unquestionably are, their trees are for the most part stripped of one of their natural glories. The branches do not feather to the ground, for the well-known reason that up to a certain average height above it cattle keep them closely pruned. But whether for good or harm it is the contrivances of man that enter more largely and directly, as it seems to us, into the scenery of the country than they receive credit for in this volume. No doubt the effects of law and custom are most interestingly worked out; reasons are stated for the existence of hedge-rows and winding lanes in England in contrast with open tracts and straight roads in France; the explanation is given why our cities and suburbs have been builded now rather than then, why our towns and villages have been planted here rather than there, as when we are told, for instance, that the districts 'where London clay came to the 'surface were left almost unoccupied until the New River 'and other water companies did away with the necessity for 'wells.' Still, those who live in Kent will miss a reference to its oast-houses, not much less characteristic of the local view than in their several places the conical fortresses of South African *Termites*, the domed huts of the Eskimos, or the pyramids of Egypt. Some notice might have been taken of the aerial pathways flung by man across the Bristol Avon and the Menai Straits. From Cornwall to Berwick, and beyond, our country is sprinkled with other pathways bridging sometimes at giddy heights its valleys and streams. Wild flowers often find a last refuge from their persecutors on railway embankments. Many a silent landscape is enlivened by the fleecy trail of steam that moves mysteriously across the distant woodlands. In some districts the tall chimneys of factories are conspicuous by day, and rows of blazing furnaces by night. We still have windmills and watermills. The towers and spires of famous cathedrals are gazed on with almost equal affection by the agnostic and the devotee. The same may be said of the picture which many a hamlet presents, with here a thin wreath of blue smoke

ascending over a moss-grown thatch, there a trim garden with ancestral lawns and well-loved rookery, and not far off God's acre and the church that tops the neighbouring hill. As Dyer says,

> 'The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
> The naked rock, the shady bower,
> The town and village, dome and farm,
> Each give each a double charm.'

But more than all conspicuous in the scenery of England are those astonishing hives of men, the great commercial cities, which seem to have no limit of growth. No Englishman will lightly esteem that view of the Thames in its sylvan surroundings which Scott with generous enthusiasm has described as 'an unrivalled landscape.' Easy to spoil, not easy to surpass in its historic loveliness, it yet remains. But, hard by, the river threads another scene, not so endearing, less winning soft, less amiably mild, still of far greater mark. One standing, not on Richmond Hill, but on 'bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor,' and gazing southward, may through the misty air descry below him signs of an encampment more vast than the world has ever before or elsewhere seen. It is not so much a capital of one of the nations as a congress of them all. Into it are poured with more than oriental profusion corn and wine and milk and honey, meat and fruit, spices and gold and jewels, ivory and apes and peacocks, and in short whatsoever is rare or singular or costly or needed; thither, to admire and be admired, come the haughty rulers of mankind, and as occasion offers all the men, the women, that are most representative of mental dominion, statesmen, authors, artists, masters of finance, men of science, missionaries and preachers; into the same great vortex are drawn for their various reasons those who have noble purposes to accomplish, and those who are bent on sneaking vice or reckless mischief; thither come the richest, to the great mart of spending, and thither the poorest for the chance of falling crumbs; the children of hope are there along with the forlorn and the desperate. Containing and covering this astonishing assemblage of things and thinkers are the miles of streets and squares and the boundless acreage of roofing which we call London. This more than all else in the scenery of England gives food for thought; this, for awe and wonder, not for boasting, is unique.

ART. VI.—1. *Luke Delmege.* By the Rev. P. A. SHEEHAN. London: Longmans, 1902.

2. *Noblesse Américaine.* Par PIERRE DE COULEVAIN. 5me édition. Paris: Ollendorff, 1902.

3. *Eve Triumphant.* By PIERRE DE COULEVAIN. Translated by ALYS HALLARD. London: Hutchinson, 1902.

THERE is nothing in the world so magnificent as the Anglo-Saxon race. There never has been anything so magnificent. It has shown an unparalleled power of multiplying and extending itself, its dominion is the greatest recorded in history, and it has the entire future in reversion. Its justice is proverbial; it combines spotless integrity with perfect adaptation to the requirements of trade; it uses an unprecedented quantity of soap and water. Its religion is moderate belief, not extravagant superstition; its civilisation is the only civilisation worth speaking of; it represents the triumph of practice over theory, of activity over leisure, of manufacture over art, of efficiency over culture. It has made more machines and more money than ever were made before. And if the whole world becomes Anglo-Saxon, so much the better for the world.

All the propositions here stated have become for us axiomatic by the effect of steady iteration. It is, however, no matter for surprise that certain voices of dissent should be heard among the less privileged nationalities, and, though it is unnecessary to discuss the more explicit utterances of this dissentience, one may find a certain profit in observing how the Anglo-Saxon ideal, as presented in fictitious cases, strikes those to whom it is congenitally alien. And here it is necessary to say that the fullest embodiment of that ideal is to be found in the United States. America has more population, more money, more enterprise, less tradition, more efficiency, less culture than the older branch of the race. Such, at least, would be the unhesitating verdict of all Americans, and a very considerable section of English people would endorse their views. We shall begin, therefore, by considering two novels by M. Pierre de Coulevain, who contrasts with great ability the manner of life and thought habitual to Americans with the life and thought of the admittedly decadent Latin races. It is to be understood, of course, that this decadence, however universally recognised by us Anglo-Saxons, is less perfectly clear, for example, to Frenchmen, and M. de Coulevain cannot be taken as quite

convinced of it. The contrast, as he sets it forth, does not appear to him wholly to the advantage of America.

He finds the juxtaposition which is necessary for his ends in studies of international marriages. Each of his two stories is extremely slight in plot, or perhaps one should say consists rather in the developement of psychological processes than of external happenings. 'Noblesse Américaine,' the earlier and better of the two novels, introduces us to a family of Americans—Mrs. Villars, Miss Annie Villars, and Miss Clara May, cousin of Miss Villars—who come to Paris, where a relation is married to the Marquis de Kéradieu. Miss Villars has just attained her majority, and is the heiress of some two millions—a sum which, stated in francs, sounds overwhelming, and is considerable in any currency. Moreover, she is well born, well bred, pretty, intelligent; she represents in position and personal endowment the very best that America can produce. She is free, but it has always been tolerably well understood that she is going to marry a Mr. Frank Barnett, who does his best to dissuade her from going, and pictures Europe as full of coronets, each of which presents itself to him as a kind of gilded game-trap ready to close on a great heiress. Miss Villars, however, is very sure of herself; she will go, and she will come back as she went. And since, like all American women, she has 'le culte de la volonté,' the will which she worships and confides in makes argument futile.

On the other hand, in Paris there is the Marquis d'Anguilhon, representative of one of the greatest French houses, and physically as well as morally a real representative of it. His own expenses, following on those of his progenitors, have left him reduced to a pittance of some two hundred a year. A wealthy marriage is easily open to him, but he has decided on a very different line of conduct, and is in treaty for a post on an expedition to the left bank of the Niger. His man of affairs, whom he consults about finding the money needful for a complete settlement with creditors before departure, suggests an alternative to African exploration. This alternative is, of course, Miss Villars. The intermediary proposed is the Duchesse de Blanzac, whom Jacques d'Anguilhon had adored in his boyhood. After some debate, d'Anguilhon consents to see the Duchesse on the matter. This lady, for the present purpose, may be held to represent the ideal Frenchwoman. Married young to a grand seigneur, whom she loved in spite of the difference in their age, she has been left a widow young, and has

become one of the admitted leaders in the most privileged circles of the Faubourg St. Germain. As a friend of the Marquise de Kéradieu, she has secured for the Villars household an entry to the most jealously guarded doors; but her influence has only been given unreservedly as a tribute to the personal qualities of Annie Villars herself. She has taken a fancy to the frank young American, and in liking her has studied her, and in studying her has liked her. Yet her first movement when Jacques d'Anguilhon makes his demand is one of repugnance—'Oh, pas cela! And when he presses for her reason, she answers that between him and Miss Villars there lacks the affinity needed for happiness in marriage, 'Vous en delà, elle en deçà.' And, in explanation of her meaning, she draws a distinction which is, at least for M. de Coulevain, fundamental between the races. Dreams overstep the limit of life, heroism the limit of courage, fanaticism the limit of religion, unnatural desire the limit of wickedness. Now, the American woman, broadly speaking, never oversteps the limit of things.

'They fall short of our natural range, which borders on the ideal; we already overshoot it. If they could hear me they would protest vehemently that they were more cultivated than we. So they may be—so they are. And yet an ignorant slip of a girl, brought up behind the walls of a convent, will have flights and aspirations beyond the power of their lady-graduates: her soul will attain to heights, plunge to depths, that all their science will never help them to. There is Mme. de Kéradieu, for example, living for years now in France, who knows more, and is more intelligent, than half my acquaintances; and yet there is a mass of subjects on which I could not talk to her. Directly one touches the abstract, she cannot follow. And that has a singular effect in limiting the field of intercourse.'

That is, in a rough way, M. de Coulevain's hypothesis, the underlying principle which he seeks to establish. Let a Frenchman of the best type marry an American of the best type, and he will be liable to ask for more than she can give him. She will not be able to follow him into fields of thought and emotion where he moves as a denizen. Nevertheless, Mme. de Blanzac, having laid down her views, consents to act against them. She does not like to disoblige a friend; more seriously, she is influenced by the alternation of Africa. Jacques is the last of the D'Anguilhons, and he is the only son of his mother. And so when the marriage is made, as ultimately it is made, the Duchess has made it. But by that time not only has Annie fallen in love with Jacques, but Jacques has fallen in love with Annie.

What, then, are the reasons which prevail over the determination not to succumb, originally adopted by Miss Villars —good Protestant as well as good American? First, no doubt, the attraction of a great name and position, and of Jacques himself, with his golden-brown eyes and strange resemblance to the handsome D'Anguilhon ancestor, whose portrait by Vandyck had fascinated Annie before she met the descendant. But, further, there are other reasons, which depend upon a relation between the sexes strange to her American ideas. An introductory chapter, which is neither more nor less than an essay on the American woman, is cast mainly in the form of a dialogue between Annie and Mr. Frank Barnett, her undeclared suitor. In America, says M. de Coulevain, the work of man is more remarkable than man himself. And a notable production of the American man (though M. de Coulevain does not put it quite like this) is the American woman. She is the creation of a chivalrous race, which has devoted its entire energies to money-making; she is the spending partner. The typical American woman is not Annie Villars, in whom long intimacy with her nurse, a Catholic Irish peasant, has sown a seed of mysticism, but Clara May, her cousin, a young person with dazzling complexion, robust physical equipment, and no sexual predispositions (*pas de tempérament*); a clear head, no sentiment, plenty of fixed ideas, and among them the especial convictions that America is the finest country in the world, that one is put on earth to enjoy oneself, and that man was created to provide woman with food, dress, and attendance. She is avid of experience, wants to see and know everything; but the experiences which she desires must be external or visual. She has not the desire of her European sisters to experience passion; it is a bondage unworthy of a free woman in a free country. As for the formulæ in the marriage service, with their mention of obedience and the rest, she either treats them as quaint survivals or else insists that they shall be omitted from the ceremony. Such is the type which M. de Coulevain takes to be most representative of American womanhood—perhaps wrongly, perhaps basing his observation only on the American in Paris. However, there is at least an element of truth in the picture, and Annie Villars, at all events, is presumed to have been brought up in a society where woman is not only man's equal, but a good deal more. All of this is fully realised by M. d'Anguilhon, and still more by his confederate and monitress, the Duchesse de Blanzac. And consequently

M. d'Anguilhon behaves in a manner as unlike as possible to that of the men with whom Miss Villars has been acquainted. He does not run after her, does not fetch and carry for her; rather, he expresses himself plainly to the effect that if any one must fetch and carry it should not be the man. To his mind a gentleman who will hold a lady's plate at a ball supper makes himself ridiculous, and no Frenchwoman would like to see her adorer so diminish his prestige. As the acquaintance progresses he interferes actively. Annie and her mother, like most American women (and a good many English), being of perfect respectability themselves, have a great desire to see what is not respectable; they take a box at the Variétés and raise the *grillage*, with the result, as Jacques d'Anguilhon puts it, when he comes to rescue them from an unpleasant situation, that they expose themselves to be taken for what they are not.

Briefly, what succeeds with the girl is not merely his personal charm, but his tone of authority, which in a compatriot Annie would have resented. And he, on his part, is caught and charmed, for a while, by her very unlikeness to the women of his own country. They go off radiant on their honeymoon, and the wedding tour is a great success. Nevertheless, from the first Jacques experiences certain incompatibilities. Their minds are never in perfect contact: in Mr. Barnett's phrase, however well they get on together, they never understand one another. Annie wants to 'do' the galleries in Rome thoroughly, exhaustively, and having done them to pass on; and soon they do their sight-seeing separately. 'He sees nothing,' Annie writes home, because her husband will only look at perhaps half a dozen statues or pictures in the day, and often prefers to go back to what he has seen already. In her heart she probably feels that it is only an American who can take in things and judge them with proper celerity. Here is a concrete instance of the lack of understanding:—

'One evening they were coming out of St. Peter's. Twilight had filled the church, and the great bell of the basilica sounded the Angelus. The sound of this bell, which on earth has no fellow, stopped him abruptly on the colonnade. He glanced round him. The square was empty, but the vibrating notes of the bronze filled it with prayer.

'Strongly moved, he murmured "Beautiful!"

'"Splendid! Immense!" said Annie. "I forget how many feet long the colonnade is. I must look it up."

And accordingly, in the fading twilight, she produced her 'Baedeker.'

The result of all this was that Jacques felt impelled to continue by correspondence the intimacy which had grown up between him and Mme. de Blanzac. He was, however, still enchanted with Annie. When little differences arose he kept a firm hand, as, for example, when she accepted an invitation for them both without consulting him, merely conforming, she explained, to the habit of her countrywomen, against which no American husband ever thought of protesting. Yet, contrary to all the traditions of her race, she submitted to discipline, as, on M. de Coulevain's view, she would never have submitted to correction from a husband in her own country. The young couple were joined in Rome by Mme. d'Anguilhon, the mother of Jacques, a Frenchwoman of the old and severe school—royalist and devout. Between her and her daughter-in-law there arose not quarrels, but discussions over religion and morals, which illustrated again the racial incompatibility. Once Annie picked up the Marquise's 'Livre d'Heures,' and was astonished by the pictures—St Francis of Assisi with pierced hands, St. Theresa with her heavenly rapture. 'How 'funny! how funny!' Jesus, with his breast laid open to disclose the bleeding heart, horrified her. The Marquise, embarrassed, explained that it was a symbol. 'Rather a 'coarse symbolism,' said Annie. Matters were no way mended when she began to read and comment.

'"How curious! I thought I knew French quite well, but I don't understand half of what is here. I can't think how Antoinette de Kéradieu was brave enough to join such a complicated religion."

'"Still they say that Catholicism is making rapid progress in your country."

'"Ah, that is because we like to try everything. Why, some people have a craze for Buddhism. Besides, you may be sure that Americans will pick and choose in Catholicism."

'She went on turning over the "Heures."

'"All these stories would spoil this world for me—and the next," she said.

'Then she began to read aloud one of the meditations before Communion.

'*J'ai enfin le bonheur de vous posséder, Dieu d'Amour! Que ne suis-je tout cœur pour vous aimer? Embrasez-moi, mon Dieu! brûlez, consumez mon cœur de votre amour!* . . .

'Annie stopped short.

'"Why, that is madness. How dare any one speak to God like that! Phrases like these cannot be sincere. Who in the world wants to have their heart burnt and consumed with love?"'

Even more typical perhaps is another passage where

Annie, taken to visit Assisi, regrets, to the stupefaction of the Marquise, that St. Francis and St. Claire never married. When the old Catholic lady endeavours to explain for this little positive spirit how much energy has been generated by these uncompleted lives—how St. Francis and St. Claire have 'radiated through the whole world, built thousands of 'monasteries, and spread through the whole Middle Ages 'a waft of charity and poetic life'—Annie is only confused. She can see vaguely that these people have actually done more for Assisi than if they had struck oil there or founded a pig-killing factory; that after five centuries their fame and their name still draw pilgrims by the thousand to the place. But she cannot comprehend. 'It is queer, certainly,' she answers.

'"Ah! there will never be any saints in America," she added quaintly.

'"Who knows?" said the Marquise.

'"No, no! I don't see an American divesting himself of his goods, preaching poverty, and talking to doves. Instead of St. Francis we shall maybe have men who will lessen poverty and make the world a more comfortable place."'

Is not that a fair expression of the contemporary Anglo-Saxon ideal? Economic progress—first in the sense of wealth accumulated; secondly, and as an ultimate ideal, in the sense of wealth distributed—is the summing up. On another matter a new discrepancy discloses itself. Annie, in a very discontented temper, reveals to her husband that after all she cannot go to America for her cousin Clara's marriage. 'Why?' he asks. 'There is going to be a 'baby,' she answers piteously. 'True!' he cries, with a face of rapture. 'Only too true!' He is amazed at her attitude. She sees it, and explains that she would be delighted to have children—but in two or three years. He is frankly shocked at her lack of what seems to him the natural emotions, and asks how she could keep such a secret from him. 'Because I did not want to spoil the rest of 'the journey.' 'Spoil! How spoil?' 'Because it is so 'horrible.' 'So horrible!' Annie explains that in America such a condition as hers is considered rather indecent, and, as for the notion of a man jubilant at the prospect of paternity, it had never crossed her mind. One would say she was relieved to find that he did not 'blame it on her,' as the Irish say.

There is no need to elaborate the contrast. But in the end Europe triumphs. Jacques becomes the lover of Mme.

de Blanzac, and after two years the fact is brutally thrown in Annie's face by the Duchesse herself, seized with a fury of jealousy for the wife's privileges. And Annie departs from all the principles that she had over and over laid down—she feels herself bound by her child, by her position, by a hundred ties, to remain; and she remains—like any mere Frenchwoman. In the end, for she is a kind little person, she forgives her dying rival; but she can understand neither the passion which led the Duchesse to transgress nor the consolation which her religion offers to her. Her own immunity, according to M. de Coulevain, consists in her limitations—she is capable neither of the splendid virtues nor the answering vices.

In his other book, 'Ève Victorieuse,' the author developes more fully the thesis of an American woman's insensibility, and questions the completeness of immunity which her training secures. (On the whole, we may observe, this novel seems less brilliant than the other, but that may be due to the astonishing badness of the translation in which we had the misfortune to read it.) It must be allowed that the two American women presented in the first chapter are not shown in an advantageous moment. Helen Ronald has a husband in every way satisfactory—rich, handsome, distinguished, and devoted. But her nerves demand a journey to Europe, and his scientific pursuits forbid him to come too, which appears to her almost a dereliction of duty. Her cousin, Dora Carroll, also charming and beautiful, is even less reasonable; she insists at the eleventh hour on accompanying Helen, though this involves putting off her marriage with a man who is eager to marry her. So the pair arrive in Paris, determined to have a good time. Almost from the first Helen Ronald, who is of striking appearance and affects striking toilettes, finds herself followed in the street by a young man. According to M. de Coulevain, a Frenchwoman in such a case would be annoyed and reproach herself; the American, on the other hand, is rather gratified than otherwise, and Mrs. Ronald is no exception. Confident in her bringing up, which has led her to view all positive transgression as a mark of vulgarity, and therefore as a thing impossible to the superior type of woman, she does what a Frenchwoman would consider frankly wrong. Just as she goes to questionable, or more than questionable, theatres, so she flirts regardlessly, convinced that she is (in her own metaphor) fire-proof. The elderly and experienced Frenchman to whom she uses this phrase warns her to beware

of the resurrection of Eve; but she despises the advice, and when she meets the unknown youth who has followed her—he proves to be an Italian (the Count Sant' Anna)—she flirts with him to the last limit of discretion. None the less, she is horrified beyond measure when he appears in her room at night. And just as she is disgusted at his interpretation of her conduct, so he is disgusted at her lack of response to his passion—it seems to him unnatural. So they part in anger. Nevertheless, Eve triumphs, for Mrs. Ronald is visited with regrets. (It is fair to say that M. de Coulevain supposes her to bear in her veins the taint of Latin blood.) The sight of the passion which she has evoked tempts her, and when later on she encounters Sant' Anna again, he has his full revenge by winning the affections of Dora Carroll, whom he marries. The impact of this American young girl on Roman society (in the 'black' aristocracy) is amusingly described, but we are concerned here only to draw a moral from the case of Mrs. Ronald, who suffers all the torments of jealousy before she finds peace in the Catholic Church, aided by a miracle of faith-healing. Practically, the point of contrast is this: The American woman thinks herself authorised to play with fire because she knows and believes (rightly in many cases) that it will not burn her. The European (or let us say the Frenchwoman) admits that to play with fire is wrong, but if she provokes passion, admits that it has a claim upon her, and would be slow indeed to pique herself upon insensibility. Or it may be put in this way: Catholicism recognises the existence of sex passion, and holds it to be a sin to which all are prone, and against which all should be mindful to take precautions. Protestantism, at least as construed by the extreme type of the Anglo-Saxon (and it is in the essence of Protestantism to lend itself to individual interpretation), refuses to recognise that passion has any hold on a well-balanced nature, and therefore sanctions a course of behaviour which presumes passion to be non-existent. The ideal Frenchwoman is very unlike the ideal American lady. The American ideal looks for strength inside, and counts upon finding it; the Latin ideal recognises a human frailty, and believes that help will be given on condition of obedience. Unquestionably the American ideal is the more self-respecting, and it is not the meek, but the efficient, who are going to inherit the earth.

M. de Coulevain, it must be understood, in spite of his sentimental weakness for the artistic and emotional qualities of a Latin people, shares to the full the cult of efficiency.

Although he stops short of the orthodox belief that the more efficient race will wholly monopolise the direction of affairs—although he reserves a place for France in the scheme of things—he is of those who regard the American, at least the American man, as probably the strongest force in the future—the inheritor of the world, for the world's advantage. Catholicism, for example, is to be taken in hand by America, revised, expurgated, and, in a word, brought up to date. Very different from this is naturally the attitude of the other novelist with whom this review has to deal. Father Sheehan's book, 'Luke Delmege,' is undisguisedly a study of an Irish nature brought for a moment under the influence of English ideals—of a Catholic temporarily affected by standards which Catholicism or at least Irish Catholicism passionately condemns. Luke Delmege is a young priest who at the opening of the book returns to his peasant home in the South of Ireland, laden with all the honours that Maynooth has to bestow, full of generous ardour, and full also of ignorant conceit. We are here examining the novel from a special standpoint, but it may be said that Father Sheehan's work ranks with Carleton's, and that is no small praise. It has something of Carleton's inequality, many of his lapses and technical incompetence, but it has a peculiar tenderness and beauty, and a richness of wit which may well stand comparison with Carleton's excellence. And whoever wishes to understand Ireland ought to read it, and will find it full of charm and of interest, from other aspects than that in which we propose to consider it. Indeed, even a mind thoroughly penetrated with the fundamental doctrines of imperialism, efficiency, and the rest, may find it an agreeable relaxation after the strenuous and tonic literature so lavishly provided to-day.

Luke then comes home, and the first man to greet him after the family's welcome is Father Pat, curate of the parish of Lisnalee—no scholar, no saint, a sportsman, a contemner of tea and coffee, but acquainted with every trouble and success for three parishes round, and adored as 'the 'best poor priest within the four says of Ireland.' That word 'poor,' as Father Sheehan observes, is in Ireland the distinctive term of popular canonisation.

'"'Poor Father Tim!' 'Poor St. Joseph!' 'The poor Pope.' Is it not significant that an impoverished race, to whom poverty, often accentuated with famine, has been the portion of their inheritance and their cup for nigh on seven hundred years, should take that word as

the expression of their affection? Happy is the priest to whom it is applied; he has a deep root in the people's hearts."'

To the priest of Lisnalee that term was never applied. Canon Murray, a man of good family and connexions, on which he greatly prided himself, commanded reverence rather than affection, and commanded it with good right, for he had been a bulwark against eviction, had promoted cottage industries of dairying, poultry farming, and bee-keeping, till he could boast that such a thing as absolute want was unknown under his rule. But when Luke, with his ambitions and aspirations full blown, came, as in duty bound, to pay his respects, the Canon had nothing to speak of but 'a very respectable career in the Church,' leading to 'the honours and—ah! emoluments of the 'ministry.' This to a young man afire not for the common self-sacrifices of priesthood, but for his chance of martyrdom in China, or of ministration to lepers! Thus from the first two ideals are set before Luke—the one leading through years and well-established respectability to 'honours and 'emoluments,' the other through self-sacrifice and humiliation to objects perhaps wholly superannuated in a world that had spun so long 'down the ringing grooves of 'change.' 'Are we going back to coaches when we have 'steam? Back to monasteries when we have hotels? Back 'to mortification, dishonour, forgetfulness, the *innominati* 'of the cell and the tomb?' Are we, in a word, going to turn our backs upon America, where, as Annie Villars observes, there will never be any saints, only to fall in with the unprogressive ways of the *insula Sanctorum*? These ways, as Father Sheehan's business is to show, are dear to the inhabitants of Ireland, for quite other reasons than mere native indolence or native propensity to dirt. Luke's father, Mike Delmege, was 'a stern old Irish Catholic of the 'Puritan type, silent, God-fearing, and just, who never 'allowed a day to pass without an hour of silent commu-'nion with God in his bedroom after the midday meal, and 'on whose lands the slightest whisper of indelicacy was 'punished by expulsion.' *Non sic itur ad astra.* That is not the way to a balance at the bank. The man was industrious and prosperous as a peasant, but peasant he would stay, unless he took the one line of success—*optimi summi nunc via processus*—through a grocery store with spirit licence attached, or else emigrated to America. And moreover, whether in Ireland or America, to achieve success in this world and the accumulation of wealth, it is essential

to attend to business, and to keep the mind resolutely fixed on practical problems and the heart where the treasure is. For the moment Luke was still in Ireland, still inclined to the ideals of the *insula Sanctorum*, and grew enthusiastic over the story of Father Tracey, who thought himself too elevated as a parish priest, and so, seeking salvation on a lower rung of the ladder, became chaplain to a city hospital, where he might be seen wandering the streets in an old coat green as a leek. Luke expressed a desire to kiss that man's feet, and his friend Father Martin told him it would be easy, for the toes were generally through his boots. This, however, was before Luke went 'on the English 'mission.'

The young priest saw England from the Channel, and could not understand the peace and calm of what he saw.

'"I thought," said Luke aloud, "that every notch in her cliffs was an embrasure, and that the mouths of her cannon were like nests in her rocks."

'"'Tis the lion 'couchant et dormant,'" said a voice.'

The voice which answered so eloquently to eloquence was that of a ship's officer, who continued to dilate upon the terror of 'the silent and sheathed strength of England.'

'"I dare say it is something to be proud of," said Luke, who was appreciative of this enthusiasm, but did not share it.

'"Perhaps not," the officer replied. "It is destiny."

'"You see the Cornish coast," he continued, pointing to a dim haze far behind them, in which the outlines of the land were faintly pencilled. "Would you believe that up to the dawn of our century, fifty years ago, that entire peninsula was Catholic? They had retained that Catholic faith from the times of the Reformation. Then there were no priests to be had. Wesley went down, and to-day they are the most bigoted Dissenters in England; and Cornwall will be the last county that will come back to the Church."

'"Horrible," said Luke sadly.

'"And yet so thin is the veneering of Protestantism that their children are still called by the name of Catholic saints, Angela, and Ursula, and Teresa; and they have as many holy wells as you have in Ireland."

'"It must be a heartbreak to the priests," said Luke, "who have to minister amid such surroundings."

'"I only speak of it as a matter of fate," said the officer dreamily. "It is the terrific power of assimilation which Protestant England possesses."

'"You must be proud of your great country," said Luke.

'"No, sir," said the officer, "I am not."

'Luke looked at him with surprise.

'"Ireland is my country," said the officer in reply. "And these

are our countrymen." He pointed down into the lower deck, where, lying prostrate in various degrees of intoxication, were four or five cattle dealers. They had sought out the warmth of the boiler during the night; and there they lay, unwashed and unkempt, in rather uninviting conditions. Their magnificent cattle, fed on Irish pastures, were going to feed the mouths of Ireland's masters, and tramped and lowed and moaned in hideous discord for food, and clashed their horns together as the vessel rolled on the waves.'

It will be seen that Father Sheehan does not blink facts. Luke's entry to London up the great sea avenue, which is also the great sewer of the nations, is described with the same mixture of hostility and admiration; and the visions of his first London days, when he sees the huge city that swelters round him hanging like a goitrous wen on the neck of Britannia, are reasonably enough set down to unaccustomed nerves and disordered digestion. Still, the working of this vast machinery where men go about solitary in multitudes depressed and distressed him.

'He only felt dimly that he was carried on, on, on in the whirl and tumult of some mighty mechanism; that the whir of revolving wheels, the vibration of belts, the thunder of engines, the hiss of steam, were everywhere. And that from all this tremendous energy were woven fair English tapestries—stately palaces and ancestral forests, trim villas and gardens like Eastern carpets—and that the huge machinery tossed aside also its refuse and slime—the hundreds and thousands that festered and perished in the squalor of the midnight cities. For over all England, even in midsummer, hangs a blue haze, and over its cities the *aer bruno*, in which the eye of the poet saw floating the spirits of the lost.

'He stepped from the silences of God, and the roar of London was in his ears.'

Gradually, however, Luke began to identify himself with the machinery. He had success as a preacher and lecturer, and his parishioners made him welcome. The home-circles seemed to him dull, yet their kindliness penetrated his nature, and it began to seem to him that there was between the two races 'only a sheet of tissue-paper, but politicians 'and journalists have daubed it over with the visions of 'demoniacs.' Under the new influences he was drawn more to the platform, less to the pulpit; talked freely of the Zeitgeist; laid it down that 'the whole trend of human 'thought is to reconcile revelation with intellect, and out 'of the harmony to evolve a new and hopeful instauration 'of human blessedness'—in which renascence Catholicism must take its rightful place, and 'speak boldly, with large

'free interpretations of natural and supernatural revela-
'tions'—in short, must modify itself in accordance with the Anglo-Saxon and individualist ideals. In the meanwhile his bishop transferred him from London slums to a cathedral town, where he saw the beauty of England, and became part of an agreeable and highly cultured society of religious eclectics—Anglicans and Romans—who encouraged him to extend his sphere of thought and of reading. From these surroundings he was recalled home to his sister's wedding.

He went south from Dublin through a land of rich pastures, ruined abbeys and castles, and deserted cabins. The side-car that met him at the station looked old and shabby, the horse unclipped. He had returned home changed. The first thing that vexed him was to hear of a new curate who despised the Canon's methods of improving the country and put his whole faith in the League. Luke was now entirely of the Canon's way of thinking; and at his sister's wedding, when the house was filled, and a deal of whisky was being drunk among the fiddling and the piping and the dancing, he was shocked by the spectacle of many beggars who had congregated to the feast. At the house of his friend Father Martin he said so, and a discussion arose over the principles of political economy. Before it was done, Luke had enunciated the generally accepted principle that the true end of human action is the elevation and perfection of the race, with the corollary that 'it is England's destiny 'to bring all humanity, even the most degraded, into the 'happy circle of civilisation.' Father Martin's reply was the astounding proposition that whereas the Spaniards and the Portuguese might claim to have 'conserved, raised up, 'and illuminated fallen races,' England's mission was only to destroy and corrupt. One does not expect much, but surely Father Martin (or Father Sheehan) might be aware of what has been done where every Babu is a monument of British civilisation: surely he might have heard of the civilising work which another branch of the Anglo-Saxon race has been called upon to accomplish in the Philippines. Luke, feeling all this, gives up his compatriot in despair. But it must be said that if Luke champions England in Ireland, he is not slow to put the other aspect of the case in England. His ministrations were by no means limited to the rich; he had a flock of Irish and Italians who ignored 'the great pagan virtues of thrift and cleanliness.' Father

Sheehan neatly sums up the racial antithesis in a couple of pregnant speeches :—

'A family of Hirish peddlers, sa, and a family of Hitalian horgan grinders. They are very untidy, sa, in their 'abits.'

'Thim English, your reverence, they're haythens. They don't go to church, mass, or meeting. They think of nothing but what they ate and drink.'

Luke's sympathies were not those of the Charity Organisation Society; and when, as gaol visitor, he came in contact with the remorseless operation of English law, with its heavy punishment of offences against property, he cried out against it, only to be told by one of his cultivated mentors that his countrymen were curiously sympathetic with crime —a lawless race. He retorted, not without some show of truth, that 'Carlyle, not Christ, is the prophet of the English 'people.' Substantially, however, he came back to Ireland from his foreign mission a convert to the Anglo-Saxon ideal, and bent upon spreading the light. It cannot be said that the result was an entire success. The very poor parish to which he was sent as curate seemed to him Siberia; his superior, the devout, unprogressive, and extremely uncultivated old peasant priest, was unendurable, and the people offended him with their slovenly ways and their servile courtesy. Finally, in his zeal for reform he roused a hornet's nest. A gross neglect of punctuality, and a breach of the rules of the diocese which forbade the offering of drink at a funeral, gave him the chance to make an example: he let the corpse go to the grave unattended. And in a month's time he was removed in promotion to a model parish—saddened, but still faithful to ideals of progress.

Here for the first time he secured a certain popularity by encouraging a revolt from the habit of servility. The Rossmore branch of the League, on Luke's motion, bound itself not to take off hats to any man in future except the priests. The result was an amusing piece of comedy, and a triumph for the diplomacy of 'the ould gineral's' daughter, ending in friendly relations between Luke and the 'ould gineral' himself, the unpopular local magnate at whom the League's resolution had been aimed. And this only paved the way to worse trouble, for the ladies of the big house, at Luke's suggestion, began to civilise the poor, and endeavour to replace the shocking daubs representing patriots and saints by pleasantly coloured and well-drawn illustrations from the

London picture-papers. And Luke found himself accused of countenancing the 'souping' proselytiser.

However, this is in a manner accidental; the real incompatibility lies deeper. He preaches to his congregation 'of justice, temperance, punctuality, foresight—the great 'natural virtues which must be the foundation of the 'supernatural superstructure.' And the people are only puzzled.

'Begor, he must be very fond of the money. He's always talkin' about it. Post-offices and savings banks, an' intherest. Why doesn't he spake to us of the Sacred Heart, or our Holy Mother, or say somethin' to rise us and help us over the week?'

What completes the puzzle is his liberality. Why he should always be ready to give, and yet furious if an old woman comes to sit in his kitchen and lifts a handful of potatoes while dinner is getting ready, passes their comprehension. And poor Luke is driven to the conclusion that 'a man cannot do his duty in Ireland and remain popular.' The only priest who has succeeded in creating progress is Canon Murray; he has really raised the standard of living. But that phrase is a red rag to the Canon's new curate, Father Cussen. 'The standard of living! That appears to 'be the one idea of your modern progress—the worship of 'the body, called otherwise the religion of humanity.' Modern progress! But what is modern progress? Mammon worship, says Father Cussen. He has the courage of his convictions, and contrasts the Neapolitan lazzarone with the British miner, not to the advantage of the latter. Here is plainly an end of argument; but we may give the statement of the opposing views. Luke makes the natural answer that the Briton is a producer, a being to respect; and even if it can be argued that the idle Neapolitan, with his pleasures, his enthusiasms, and his religion may perhaps be the happier, yet the Briton is evidently the higher type, because he is serving humanity.

'"Now look here, Delmege," said Father Cussen, "I don't want to hurt you, but that's all cant and rot, the cant and rubbish of those who are for ever dictating to the world what the Church of God alone can perform. You know as well as I that all this modern enthusiasm about humanity is simply a beggar's garb for the hideous idols of a godless world. You know there is no charity but in the Church of God. All the humanitarianism outside is simply political self-preservation, with the interest of the atom lost in the interests of the State. And if you want a proof, go to your prisons, go to your workhouses, or go down to your ports of lading, and see paupers and

helpless maniacs dumped on your Irish shores, because, after giving their best years to build up the Temple of Mammon in England and America, their wretched support, half a crown a week, would lessen the majesty of the mighty god! There is the huge fiction of Protestantism—the godless abstraction—the State, humanity, the race, &c. Never a word about the majesty of the individual soul!"

'"That's all fine rhetoric, Cussen," said Luke, "and fine rhetoric is the bane of our race. But whilst all your theories are depopulating the villages and towns of Munster, Belfast is leaping with giant strides towards prosperity and affluence."

'"One moment," said Father Cussen. "Our southern towns and villages are being depopulated. Why? Because the great god, Mammon, is sending his apostles and missionaries amongst us; because every letter from America is an appeal to the cupidity and lust for pleasure, which is displacing the Spartan simplicity and strength of our race. The gas-lit attractions of New York and Chicago are rivalling successfully the tender, chaste beauties of Irish life and Irish landscapes. It is because all the chaste simplicities of home life are despised for the meretricious splendours of city life that our people are fleeing from their motherland. But you spoke of Belfast?"

'"Yes," said Luke. "While all down here is a slough of despond and misery, there in the North you have a metropolis of splendour, and wealth, and progress."

'"Progress, again. In heaven's name, man, are you a Christian and a Catholic?"'

Exactly. From the point of view of 'a Christian and a 'Catholic' London, Birmingham, New York, Chicago even, is not worth Lisnalee—or Bethlehem. It is a preposterous saying, and we cannot see how Father Sheehan's young priest returned to the darkness of superstition. Nevertheless, he returned, and learnt to believe that the poor in goods, in heart, and in knowledge were the superiors of himself.

'He wanted to lift them up, and lo! there they were on the summits of the eternal hills far above him. He desired to show them all the sweetness and light of life; and behold! they were already walking in the gardens of eternity! He was preaching the thrift of money to the misers of grace. Where was the use of talking about economising to a people whose daily fancies swept them abroad to regions where time was never counted? And the value of money to a race who, if parsimonious and frugal, became so through a contempt of physical comfort, and who regarded the death of a rich man as the culmination of all earthly misfortune?'

Some of the causes which completed his retrograde conversion may be noted. The first and chief was the disclosure of a young girl's strange act of self-devotion for a superstitious motive. As a sacrifice on behalf of her brother's

soul she, well born and pure, entered a rescue home and put on the garb of a penitent among the women gathered in out of the streets. Along with this went the example of life offered by Father Tracey, the old priest before spoken of, who had resigned a parish and was now chaplain to this Good Shepherd convent. The other causes are different in kind. One was a return to England, where in Aylesbury he visited his former parishioners. In some of the English homes respectable shopkeepers remembered his name vaguely, and he turned to Primrose Lane, the Latin and Celtic quarter, to see if here too he was dead and forgotten.

'He became aware of loud whispering behind him from the open doors.

'"'Tis him." "'Tis n't." "I tell you 'tis him. Wouldn't I know his grand walk anywhere?" "Yerra, not at all. Sure, he's away in the ould counthry!" "But I say it is, 'uman! I'd know him if he was biled!"

And with that they fall upon him, in their demonstrative, affectionate, unprogressive way—unprogressive, because a proper attention to the important business of life passes a wet sponge over the memory of the affections—and Luke found in this sentimental trait a value which obscured his sense of its economic cost. The third cause which completed his severance from the Anglo-Saxon camp and fully reconciled him with his own people was at once economic and political. Here we must say that Father Sheehan puts a case somewhat extravagantly fictitious: for the notion of an Irish landlord raising his rents to-day has come to be unthinkable. However, here is the story. Canon Murray had stood effectually between his people and their absentee overlord, and there had never been evictions in his parish. One must suppose also that he had kept them out of the Land Court. The industries which he had organised among them had made them prosper, and he was mightily proud of the fact, which he stated one day to a stranger in the local post office, that the exports of butter, eggs, poultry, and honey from the place represented a profit of some 3,000*l.* a year. The stranger turned out to be the absentee landlord, who promptly ordered his rents to be put up by that figure; the result was resistance and wholesale evictions, in the course of which Luke saw his father's house burnt down, and a riot happened which put him in the dock and in gaol for resisting the military. After that, of course, he might do and say what he liked in Ireland—he could do or say nothing wrong in the eyes of the Irish. Father Sheehan's case, as

we have said, seems to us not only fictitious, but impossible under the existing order. But Father Sheehan is entitled to say that he represents only what would certainly happen were it not that Ireland's importunity has prevailed over the principles of efficiency and free competition to establish in Ireland a special order which defies all the doctrines of political economy and prevents land from letting as it did before the last twenty years at its true, that is, its competitive value. The Irish peasant, recalcitrant to progress, has procured exemption from the action of those laws which regulate the housing problem in London or Chicago. An arbitrary legislation has interfered with the great natural process which was forcing him either into the manufacturing districts of England or Scotland, or, better still, overseas to the United States, where he would gradually adopt a higher standard of living, gain the chance of amassing money, and probably disembarrass himself of his superstitious beliefs.

We should be sorry to argue with Father Sheehan, and indeed it is unnecessary. The Anglo-Saxon ideal is unquestionably the right one, as is admitted by the more candid even among the Latin races—for example, by M. Demolins—and Father Sheehan himself allows that the Irishman living in England is automatically converted to it. If it should be urged by him or by another that the ideal of material progress, as an indispensable preliminary to the higher spiritual civilisation, or we may say, Anglicisation of the world, is an ideal which cannot well be reconciled with all the doctrines of Christianity, we would reply that this only holds good of the literal, or, as Swift said, 'real' Christianity—to establish which 'would indeed be' (again in Swift's words) 'a wild project; it would be to dig up foundations—to 'destroy at one blow all the wit and half the learning of the 'kingdom—to break the entire frame and constitution of 'things, to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences with the 'professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, 'and shops into deserts, and would be full as absurd as the 'proposal of Horace when he advises the Romans all in a 'body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some 'remote part of the world by way of cure for the corruption 'of their manners.' And of this impossible ideal, this preposterous and unprogressive religion, it is as true to-day as in Swift's time that it has been 'for some time wholly laid 'aside by general consent' (of the Anglo-Saxon world) 'as 'utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth 'and power.'

ART. VII.—1. *The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall.* By EDGAR SHEPPARD, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1902.

2. *The Secret History of Whitehall.* By W. JONES, gent. London: 1697.

3. *Memorials of St. James's Palace.* By EDGAR SHEPPARD, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1894.

4. *The History and Survey of London.* By B. LAMBERT. London: T. Hughes, 1806.

5. *The Old Court Suburb.* By LEIGH HUNT. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1855.

6. *Kensington Palace.* By ERNEST LAW. London: George Bell & Sons. 1899.

THE royal palaces of London have a special interest this year, when the English monarchy and its historic associations are vividly recalled to men's minds by the coronation of King Edward VII. Of these palaces only one, and that the least interesting—Buckingham Palace—is the residence of the King. St. James's still remains the official court and the scene of levees and investitures. But the glories of Kensington and Whitehall are wholly of the past.

Little or nothing is left of Whitehall, if we except the magnificent banqueting hall. Yet the palace of Whitehall was for centuries the chief London residence of our monarchs, and no review of the royal palaces of London would be complete which did not take it into account. The original building of Whitehall was erected in the reign of Henry III. by Hugo de Burgh, Earl of Kent and Chief Justiciary of England. At his death it passed either by will or sale into the hands of some Preaching or Black Friars, and they sold it in 1248 to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York. From that time to the fall of Cardinal Wolsey, nearly three centuries later, it served as the London residence of the northern primates, and was called York House. As an archiepiscopal palace, York House was for long the centre of much ecclesiastical pomp and state. But it was Wolsey who raised it to its zenith; he rebuilt a great part of the palace, and added a hall and chapel. At York House this prince of the Church entertained with sumptuous magnificence; the splendours of his equipage and liveries, the costliness of his entertainments, and the

profusion and extravagance of his household were never before equalled by any English subject, peer or prelate. But Wolsey's day at York House, though brilliant, was brief. Anne Boleyn was prejudiced against him, and King Henry VIII. attributed to him the failure of the negotiations for the divorce of Catherine of Arragon; perhaps too the pomp and display affected by the Cardinal aroused the King's jealousy. Wolsey was ignominiously turned out of York House; the palace was seized by the King, and henceforth called Whitehall. Some authorities say that the unfortunate Cardinal handed the palace over to his rapacious master as a peace-offering in vain, others that the King took it without ceremony. However that may be, it is certain that Henry VIII. got Whitehall for nothing, and could therefore afford to enlarge and beautify it. This he did in many ways, notably by obtaining land from the Abbot of Westminster, and enclosing it with a wall as a park 'for his Grace's singular pleasure, comfort, and com-'modity,' as Strype has it, 'to the great credit of the 'realm.' The King also added to the palace a spacious room for entertainments, a finer chapel, galleries, a cock-pit, and a tennis-court. When all was completed Henry VIII. came to Whitehall with his Court, and the palace henceforth became the principal London residence of our English monarchs until it was destroyed by fire more than a century later.

The succeeding Tudor sovereigns did little or nothing for Whitehall. James I. on his accession found the palace sadly out of repair, and resolved to rebuild it on a regal scale. He consulted Inigo Jones, who prepared elaborate plans, far beyond his royal master's means or needs. They were only in part carried out, but the superb banqueting hall remains to this day a witness of the magnificence of the architect's designs. For the rest, it has been well said that 'the Whitehall of Inigo Jones is an unrealised dream.'

Charles I. at one time thought of carrying on the work begun by his father, and employed Rubens to paint the ceiling of the banqueting hall, and commissioned Vandyck to paint the walls, but political troubles came all too soon, and Vandyck's commission was never executed.

After the Restoration Charles II. commanded Sir Christopher Wren to draw up plans for the improvement of Whitehall, but through lack of money nothing was done, and until the end Whitehall remained much as Inigo Jones had left it. Even so it was a truly regal palace, chiefly in

the style of Tudor architecture, a large rambling building, or rather group of buildings, extending far along the river.

Whitehall is rich in memories; they crowd in so fast that it is difficult to enumerate them. Memories of Wolsey quitting it for ever, all his pride laid low, and the thought already in his mind to which he later gave utterance: 'Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served 'my king, He would not have given me over in my 'grey hairs;' of Henry VIII. entering upon possession of the palace he had robbed from the Church and hurling defiance at Rome and its thunders; of the great Queen Bess, who held here in the early days of her glorious reign many masques and revels; of James I., 'the modern 'Solomon,' listening to the disputes of learned doctors of divinity, and occasionally lecturing them himself; of his son and successor taking counsel with Laud, who came over by water from Lambeth, as they paced beneath the trees of the privy garden. But chief of all is that tragic scene on a bleak January morning two and a half centuries ago when King Charles I. showed his people that if he did not know how to reign at least he knew how to die.

In his recent interesting work, 'The Old Royal Palace of 'Whitehall,' Dr. Sheppard enters at length upon the vexed question of the exact site of the scaffold and the precise position of the window, or hole in the wall, of the banqueting hall through which Charles I. passed to his execution. The controversy is unnecessary, for the main evidence is clear. The warrant for the execution expressly prescribed that the King was to be beheaded in 'the open streete before 'Whitehall,' and Sir Thomas Herbert, who attended his royal master in his last moments, in his Memoirs says: 'The King was led along all the galleries and banqueting 'house, and there was a passage broken through the wall 'by which the King passed unto the scaffold.'

The glories of Whitehall were never greater than in the years immediately following the Restoration. Here the merry monarch held high court; the halls echoed with laughter and song, and the sound of music and the dance; gay courtiers and fair ladies flitted along the innumerable galleries and corridors, Chiffinch was busy on the back stairs, and Pepys and Evelyn came and went, and noted all they saw. The King, the Queen, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth were lodged at Whitehall, and others too, among them Lady Castlemaine, who had hardly

the same right to be there. It was here that Charles II. committed the only brutal act recorded of him, when he insulted his unfortunate Queen by forcing her to receive his mistress before all the Court. At her lodgings in Whitehall Lady Castlemaine gave birth to her son, the first Duke of Grafton. Soon after this event she wished to entertain the King at supper, but, as her lodgings were low to the water's edge and the river was high, on the day of the feast the kitchen was flooded. The cook came to tell her ladyship of the disaster, and that the sirloin ordered for the royal repast could not be cooked: 'Zounds!' exclaimed the Countess, 'you may set 'the house on fire, but the beef shall be roasted.' And so it was, but outside the palace walls.

Tragedy jostles with comedy at Whitehall. A few years later the palace by the river was the scene of the fatal error which wrecked the future of the House of Stuart. On a December night Queen Mary of Modena, Consort of James II., fled from Whitehall with the infant Prince of Wales, contrary to her wish, and in obedience to the stern command of the King. The Queen, carrying her infant son in her arms, disguised, under cover of the darkness, stole down to the backstairs to the private water entrance of the palace, where a boat was waiting to convey her across the river to Lambeth. She journeyed to Gravesend and thence to France. In consequence of that mistake her son remained all his life an exile and a fugitive from the land of his birth, and the throne of his ancestors was filled by his Hanoverian cousins.

The following year William and Mary of Orange came to Whitehall, and here they were formally offered the crown. Of the new Queen Evelyn writes: 'Mary came to Whitehall 'laughing and jolly as to a wedding.' She ran all over the palace fingering the quilts, opening the cupboards, and entering with joy into possession of the house which only a few months before had been her father's home. Even Burnet, her warm supporter, was shocked, and thought her conduct 'very strange and unbecoming.'

After the death of Mary, William III. came but rarely to Whitehall, possibly because his sister-in-law Anne, whom he hated, had lodgings there at one time. Four years before his death, in 1698, Whitehall was burned to the ground. As a royal residence it ceased to exist, and only the magnificent banqueting hall remained to bear witness of what was once the stately palace of Whitehall. After the accession of George I. this hall was converted into a Chapel

Royal, and it so remained until 1890, when it was dismantled as a place of worship. Many notable services were held in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, not the least interesting being the thanksgiving service attended by their present Majesties and all their children the day after their silver wedding (March 11, 1888), when the eloquent Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York, preached.

Shortly after this event the hall was closed as a Chapel Royal. It was 'lent' by Queen Victoria to the Royal United Service Institution, and has since been fitted up by that body for the exhibition of trophies connected with the history of the army and navy. This is a utilitarian age, but as a matter of sentiment it is a pity that this ancient relic of the palace of Whitehall should be diverted to its present uses; the old order seemed much more fitting. True, as a chapel it was never consecrated, but it was hallowed by the prayers of two centuries, and to many it was sacred as the hall through which the royal victim passed on his way to the scaffold, when, in the words of the old Puritan poet, Andrew Marvell, he

> 'bowed his comely head
> Down, as upon a bed.'

Moreover, from an æsthetic point of view, though the glorious Rubens ceiling remains unspoiled, the galleries whence it can best be seen are now closed; the noble proportions of Inigo Jones's hall are marred by huge glass cases containing models of ships and so forth, and the walls are disfigured by drab paint. London is not so rich in ancient monuments that it can afford thus to misuse this precious relic of the palace of Whitehall.

The burning of Whitehall led to the recognition of St. James's as a royal palace. For though St. James's was first acquired by Henry VIII., it was not until the reign of William III. that it became the accredited seat of royalty. The phrases 'The Court of St. James's,' 'The Palace of 'St. James's,' date from the Revolution era—before then it had been 'The Court of Whitehall.'

The Hospital of St. James's, founded for the reception of 'fourteen sisters, maidens, that were leprous, living chastely 'and honestly in divine service,' was acquired by Henry VIII. in the year 1532, by comparatively honest means, for though he turned the sisters out of doors he granted them pensions. The hospital was razed to the ground, and St. James's Manor House was erected in its place, under the direction of Crom-

well, Earl of Essex. Holbein is said to have furnished the plan, but this may be doubted. Henry VIII. entered into occupation of his 'goodly mansion of St. James's' at a time when his passion for Anne Boleyn was at its height, and carved on the chimney-piece of the presence-chamber may still be seen the Tudor badges and the initials H. A. intertwined—the cipher of the monarch lover and his swanlike bride. Anne Boleyn must have spent some of the happiest hours of her brief reign at St. James's, and have witnessed there many a stately masque. The King, perchance, associated St. James's with his wayward fancy for Anne Boleyn, for he seldom went thither after her tragic death, but repaired to his more commodious palace of Whitehall. Mary, his daughter, passed much of her time at St. James's. From its gates at her accession she rode in state to Whitehall with the Princess Elizabeth at her side. The Tudor sisters rode on white palfreys, gaily caparisoned, and followed by a brave show of ladies and knights. In St. James's, too, a few years later Mary dragged out the last days of her inglorious reign, weeping over the loss of Calais, and sighing for Philip her husband, who came not.

After Mary's death the course of events flowed away from St. James's. Elizabeth cared nothing for the palace, but she sometimes held receptions in the state apartments. James I. went thither but little, and though he affected to be pleased that it bore his name, the magnificence of Whitehall appealed much more to him. So he made over the Manor House of St. James's to his son Henry, Prince of Wales, who occupied it until his premature death. Charles I. had a liking for St. James's, and most of his children were born there. So too had Queen Henrietta Maria, who lodged a colony of priests and friars in the Friary Court, to the great indignation of the Puritans. It was not long before the Queen's French priests were turned out of the Friary Court with scant ceremony, and the Queen, who viewed their ejection (which she was powerless to prevent) from one of the palace windows, was so enraged that she broke the glass with her clenched hands.

St. James's is full of tragic memories. It was here that Charles I. passed the eve of his execution, here that he took leave of his children and slept his last sleep before he exchanged a corruptible for an incorruptible crown. In the Chapel Royal, which he had fitted up, he attended divine service on the morning of his execution before he 'walked through the park, guarded with a regiment of foot, 'to Whitehall.'

Within these same walls, to them a prison, the younger children of Charles I. played in the weeks that followed their father's death—a death which they could have understood but dimly. One day, after a game of hide and seek in the corridors, the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) was missing. For two hours his little brother and sister, the Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Elizabeth, sought but found him not. He had hurried to the garden gate leading to the Mall, where a trusty friend was awaiting him, and there, donning a disguise, he entered a coach and drove post haste to a vessel anchored at Gravesend, and so to Holland.

After the Restoration the Duke of York came back in triumph to the palace from which he had fled when a boy, for the King made most of St. James's over to his brother. Charles II. greatly improved St. James's Park, which was one of his favourite promenades. Pepys is never tired of writing of 'the Parke' and 'the great and noble 'alterations' which were being made in the demesne. In St. James's the Duke of York lost his two sons by Ann Hyde, a bereavement which Coke mentions with other gossip in a most inconsequent fashion. 'The King' (Charles II.), he says, 'told the Prince' (Rupert) 'how he had shot a duck, 'and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked till the 'King came to St. James's House; and there the King 'said to the Prince, "Let's go in and see Cambridge and '"Kendal," the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay 'a-dying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all 'in an uproar—the Countess of Castlemaine, as it was said, 'bewailing above all others that she should be the first to be 'torn to pieces.' News had come that the Dutch fleet had appeared in the river.

James II.'s son by Mary of Modena was born at St. James's, the Chevalier de St. George, known as the 'Old 'Pretender.' Despite the fact that nearly seventy persons were in or about the bedchamber, the rumour went forth that a spurious child had been smuggled up the back stairs in a warming-pan. Queen Anne wittily said anent this legend that the old palace 'was much the properest place 'to act such a cheat in.' Anne used St. James's occasionally for ceremonial purposes, Whitehall having been burned down a few years before she ascended the throne. But it was not until the accession of George I. that St. James's became actually the residence of the sovereign, a place to live in as well as the scene of levees and drawing-rooms.

What Whitehall was to the Stuarts, St. James's became to the first two Georges.

It was at St. James's in the early part of his reign that George I. held his crowded and indecorous courts—a great contrast to the dull and sparsely attended drawing-rooms of Queen Anne. To these courts almost any one of any station came who would, and there was much pushing and jostling to get within sight of royalty. Cards and music were invariable accompaniments of these assemblies. Lady Cowper writes of one of the King's drawing-rooms at St. James's: 'There was such a court I never saw in my life. 'My mistress' (Caroline Princess of Wales) 'and the Duchess 'of Montagu went halves at hazard and won six hundred 'pounds.' The company was sometimes none too sober. One George Mayo was one night turned out of the royal presence 'for being drunk and saucy. He fell out with Sir 'James Baker, and in the fray pulled him by the nose.'

In St. James's Palace George I. lodged his ugly German mistresses Schulemburg and Kielmansegge, and later, when he paid the nation the doubtful compliment of selecting an Englishwoman, Mistress Anne Brett. In the apartments of Schulemburg (Duchess of Kendal) he would spend many an evening drinking beer and playing cards—no English persons being admitted save only Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and the younger Craggs. In St. James's took place the battle royal between George I. and his son, at the christening of the infant Prince George William. This led to the King's turning his son and daughter-in-law out of the palace, a scene which was humorously described in a ballad beginning

'A woful christ'ning late there did
In James's house befal.'

When George II. came to the throne the first thing that he and Queen Caroline did was to eject the Hanoverian mistresses and minions from the palace and renovate it thoroughly for the purpose of holding their courts there. Some of these courts were very brilliant, and, though high play was still the rage, the company was far more select than in the previous reign. George II. and Queen Caroline also revived the custom of dining in public on Sundays in one of the large state rooms of St. James's; the public were admitted by ticket, and allowed to stand behind the barriers and see the royal personages dine.

To St. James's Frederick Prince of Wales came on his arrival in England, and was taken without ceremony up the

back stairs to be received by his mother. To St. James's many years after he bore his wife, already suffering the pangs of travail, in his headlong flight from Hampton Court, and here half an hour after her arrival the Princess gave birth to 'the little rat of a girl,' as Queen Caroline called her, who afterwards became Duchess of Brunswick. In this same palace a few months later the illustrious Queen Caroline breathed her last. The grim story of her deathbed is too well known to need re-telling here—the King sobbing and weeping over his dying wife; her advice to him to marry again; his 'Non, non, j'aurai des 'maîtresses!' and her pathetic rejoinder, 'Mon Dieu, cela 'n'empêche pas.'

St. James's as a place of residence did not long enjoy the royal favour after the accession of George III. But it was to St. James's that Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz came as the bride of the young King. When she first saw the palace she turned pale and trembled. The Duchess of Hamilton, who had been sent to attend her, reassured her with a smile. 'My dear Duchess,' said the young Princess tartly, 'you may laugh, for you have been 'married twice, but it is no joke to me.' When the coach stopped, and the King came forth to meet her, she trembled and would have knelt at his feet, but he gallantly prevented this and embraced her. It is said that for a moment—only for a moment—he started with dismay, her portraits had made her so much fairer than she proved to be. But it was too late to draw back, and the 'plain, awkward 'German girl' became 'good Queen Charlotte,' of penurious and shrewish memory.

The eldest son of this union, George IV., was born at St. James's, and here for a short time King George and Queen Charlotte resided when in London, and held levees and drawing-rooms. But in 1763 they moved their household to Buckingham House. From that date St. James's Palace has never been the residence of the reigning sovereign, and for a time it fell into disfavour. King Christian VII. of Denmark, the husband of the unfortunate Caroline Matilda, came to England in 1768, and was lodged in St. James's. When his favourite, Count Holck, a gay, extravagant young noble, first saw the palace, he exclaimed, 'By God! this will never do; it is not fit to 'lodge a *Christian* in!' The reproach was undeserved, for, though St. James's has a somewhat gloomy exterior, its quaint courts and time-worn walls have a charm which is all their own.

Kensington Palace will be chiefly known to future generations as the birthplace and early home of Queen Victoria. The original mansion, of which, it is probable, some portion still stands, was the residence of Lord Chancellor Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, and bore the name of Nottingham House. The estate included some park land, now known as Kensington Gardens. King William III. bought it from the second Lord Nottingham, as Northouck writes, 'for its convenience and healthy 'situation, and for the King to reside in during the sittings 'of Parliament.' Evelyn, in his 'Memoirs,' under date February 25, 1690–91, writes: 'I went to Kensington, 'which King William has bought from Lord Nottingham, 'and altered. It is yet a patched-up building, but with the 'gardens, however, a very neat villa.' The palace was considerably enlarged by William III. and Queen Mary, from designs by Sir Christopher Wren, and prim gardens with straight paths and formal flower-beds were laid out in the approved Dutch fashion. William and Mary were very fond of Kensington, and spent large sums in altering and improving their newly acquired estate. Before the work was completed, Queen Mary died at Kensington of small-pox, December 28, 1694. When the nature of her illness was communicated to her she realised that there was no hope, and locked herself in her closet, where she spent the night in sorting and burning her private papers. A few days later she died.

William III. usually held his levees at Kensington, and though his court was a gloomy one, especially after the death of his consort, thither came from time to time some of the brightest wits and courtiers of the day. To Kensington came Dorset, the friend and patron of Prior; Prior himself, then one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber; Congreve, whose plays had been admired by Queen Mary; Swift and Sir William Temple; Bishop Burnet, the Whig historian; Lord Monmouth, afterwards Earl of Peterborough, the great diplomatist and courtier; and Lord Halifax, who was spoken of as 'a minor wit, but no mean 'statesman.' Last, but not least, came Peter the Great, the genius and semi-barbarian monarch, who was then in England to study shipbuilding. Peter the Great dined at Kensington Palace with William III., and on one occasion he witnessed a ball in the king's gallery, from a closet prepared for him so that he could see and not be seen. He suffered from a natural shyness which was with difficulty

overcome. William III. died at Kensington Palace a few days after his accident when riding in Hampton Court park. Readers of Macaulay will remember the picture he draws in the last page of his history, when William, knowing that his death was approaching, sent for his friends. After his death a small bag of black silk was found next his heart. A lord-in-waiting ordered it to be opened; it contained a gold ring and a lock of Queen Mary's hair.

Anne was even more attached than her predecessors to Kensington, and though she did little to improve the palace, she devoted much time and thought to beautifying and enlarging the gardens, and spent hours pottering among her plants and flowers. The beautiful greenhouse or orangery was built by Sir Christopher Wren at her command. If there be such a thing as a 'Queen Anne' style of architecture, this building may be regarded as its highest expression. It shows Sir Christopher Wren at his best. Queen Anne used to come to the orangery sometimes to drink tea, and here she often sat squabbling with the haughty Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, or gossiping with the cunning Abigail Hill, Lady Masham. Anne died at Kensington from a stroke of apoplexy, brought on by the strife and contention of her ministers, and her sudden death defeated the ill-matured plans of the Jacobites. The Queen moaned often in her illness, 'O my brother, my 'poor brother, what will become of you?' Her last act was to give the white staff of the Lord Treasurer into the hands of Shrewsbury and to bid him, with that sweet voice which had always been her greatest charm, 'to use it for 'the good of my people.'

George I. was fond of Kensington, which reminded him, more than other English palaces, of his beloved Herrenhausen. Sir Christopher Wren having been turned out of his place by a base court intrigue, William Kent, a man immeasurably his inferior, was appointed in his stead, and to him George I. gave orders for the erection of a new and additional suite of state rooms, including the famous cube or cupola room, a gorgeous chamber of the pseudo-classical style, with painted and gilded walls, and a gaudy domed ceiling of blue and gold. Caroline Princess of Wales took to walking at Kensington, in preference to St. James's Park, which she found too crowded, and the gardens soon became a fashionable promenade. The general public were admitted only by ticket, but persons of fashion came in great numbers, and when the Prince and Princess of Wales paced

the walks in Kensington Gardens they were attended by a numerous suite, and passed between avenues of bowing and smiling courtiers. After the quarrel between George I. and his son, Kensington saw the Prince and Princess of Wales no more for a time. The old King came hither but seldom, and always in seclusion, attended only by his German mistresses.

On the accession of George II. and Queen Caroline Kensington became one of the favourite residences of the court. Queen Caroline's drawing-room, built and decorated by Kent, was the scene of many an interview between her and Walpole. Here together they concocted schemes for the management of the King, and here, too, Caroline would often give audience to malcontent nobles, like Lord Stair, and endeavour to win them over to the side of the Government. Caroline was devoted to gardening, and with the assistance of Kent, who was a better landscape gardener than an architect, she planned many alterations in Kensington Gardens. It was she who made the Round Pond, turned a string of smaller ponds into the Serpentine, and laid out the Broad Walk and many of the smaller avenues. Under Queen Caroline the Kensington promenades were revived, and became more frequented than ever. The King and the Queen were very fond of walking, and, accompanied by the princesses and attended by a numerous body of courtiers, they would give many informal audiences in Kensington Gardens in the course of their morning walk. George II. died at Kensington Palace twenty-three years after the death of his queen. With him the glory of Kensington as a royal residence to a great extent departed.

George III. rarely, if ever, occupied the palace throughout his long reign, but some members of his family were from time to time given suites of apartments in it. The most notable of these was the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, consort of George IV., who lived here when Princess of Wales for four years, from 1810 to 1814, when she removed to Connaught Place. Here she held a sort of rival court, and kept up with spirit the quarrel with her husband. Her lack of dignity and wayward conduct scandalised the more sober-minded of her friends. 'She kept a sort of open 'house,' we are told, 'receiving visitors in a dressing-gown, 'and sitting talking about herself to strangers on the 'benches in the garden at the risk of being discovered.' By these and similar indiscretions she alienated her best friends, and those who were left merely came for what they

could get. The Princess of Wales was shrewd enough to see that their conduct was not disinterested. 'Unless I do 'show dem a knife and fork,' she said, 'no company is come 'to Kensington or Blackheath, and neither my purse nor 'my spirits can always afford to hang out de offer of "an '"ordinary."'

But the chief glory of Kensington Palace is that Queen Victoria was born here on May 24, 1819. Baron Stockmar in his Memoirs thus writes of the event: 'A pretty little 'princess, plump as a partridge, was born. The Duke of 'Kent was delighted with his child, and used to show her 'constantly to his companions and intimate friends, with 'the words, "Take care of her, for she will be Queen of '"England."' She was christened a month after her birth by the names of Alexandrina Victoria, but the Queen on her accession commanded that she should be proclaimed as Victoria only. In the gardens when a child Princess Victoria used to walk daily, or drive in a goat or donkey carriage, attended by her nurses, and a 'magnificent foot-'man in scarlet'—to quote Leigh Hunt.

A memorable scene was enacted in Kensington Palace in the early morning of June 20, 1837. King William IV. died at Windsor at twelve minutes past 2 o'clock, and immediately afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury with Lord Conyngham, the Lord Chamberlain, posted from Windsor to Kensington, where they arrived at 5 o'clock in the morning.

'They knocked, they rang, they thumped' (says 'The Diary of a Lady of Quality'), 'and it was a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate. They were again kept waiting in the courtyard; they hurried into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by every one. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform Her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay and another ringing to inquire the cause, an attendant was summoned, who stated that the *Princess* was in such sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, "We are come to the *Queen* on business of State, and even her sleep must give way to that." It did, and, proof that *she* did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.'

At 11 o'clock the same morning Queen Victoria held her first Council, of which Greville has left so admirable a description.

'She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. . . . Peel said how amazed he was at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed but not daunted, and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.'

The state rooms at Kensington Palace have been carefully restored, and by command of her late Majesty are now open to the public. Here may be seen Queen Mary's privy chamber, Queen Anne's private dining room, the magnificent king's gallery, the cupola room, Queen Victoria's nursery, and many other apartments. But the most interesting of all, the room in which Queen Victoria was born, and the room in which she held her first Council, are not shown.

Buckingham Palace has been left to the last, for it possesses few historic memories and has the reputation of being the ugliest royal palace in Europe. The reputation is not altogether deserved, as those who have witnessed the gloomy and forbidding barracks which do duty as royal palaces in some of the capital cities of Europe can testify. From the garden front, at least, Buckingham Palace has a certain stateliness which is not unworthy of the principal London residence of the King. In the far-away days when the court disported itself at Whitehall the site of Buckingham Palace was known as the Mulberry Garden. This garden was a fashionable resort during the reign of Charles I. and of Charles II., and was the scene of many gay comedies. There was a house adjoining the Mulberry Garden known as Goring House, which was later purchased by Lord Arlington, and rebuilt on a larger scale, and styled Arlington House. This was demolished in 1703, and upon its site John Sheffield, the magnificent Duke of Buckingham, built a mansion and named it Buckingham House, situated, as he says, 'in a little wilderness full of blackbirds and 'nightingales.' The Duke of Buckingham had no liking for the Hanoverian succession, and when George I. came from Hanover to take up his residence across the park at St. James's, the proud Duke remained aloof in splendid isolation at Buckingham House. He married secondly Catherine Darnley, natural daughter of James II., and the Duchess, after her lord's death, continued to live at Buckingham

House with pomp which was almost regal. This was the lady whom Queen Caroline dubbed 'Princess Buckingham,' and of whom Horace Walpole wrote: 'She is more mad 'with pride than any mercer's wife in Bedlam.' The duchess was a devoted adherent of the Stuarts; every year she made a pilgrimage to Paris to weep over the body of James II., and many were the plots in which she was engaged to bring back the king over the water. After her death Buckingham House was acquired by the Crown.

George III. and Queen Charlotte were looking about for a mansion which would serve them as a London residence in the place of St. James's Palace, which they both disliked. Buckingham House was therefore purchased by the King and settled upon Queen Charlotte as her especial property and called Queen's House. The royal pair entered in possession of their new London home, which was then a commodious red brick mansion surrounded with beautiful gardens. To make the grounds even larger a portion of the Green Park was added. Here 'Farmer George' and his queen lived the quiet domestic life they loved so well, all state functions taking place at St. James's Palace; but later, when the grand saloon at Buckingham House was fitted up as a throne-room, Queen Charlotte held her smaller drawing-rooms there. The etiquette of Queen Charlotte's dull court was rigid, but at first she was not such a martinet as she became in later years. In her early days in England she had great difficulty in conforming to the strict observance of the English Sunday. 'If I read all day,' she told Lady George Murray, 'my poor eyes get tired. I do not like to 'go to sleep, so I lock my door (that nobody may be shocked) 'and take my knitting for a little while, and then I can 'read my good books again.' At Queen's House most of George III.'s many children were born, and we can picture the homely King and Queen sitting down to their frugal dinner there, with the numerous little princes and princesses ranged in order of age on either side, and forbidding them to touch the strawberries and other delicacies which made their appearance on the royal table only to be taken away. Queen Charlotte firmly believed in corporal punishment, and often gave her children a flogging, the King standing by and approving. On one occasion a great lady, moved by the cries of the youthful delinquent, ventured to plead for him. 'Ah!' said the King, 'if all mothers in this country followed 'the example of her Majesty, there would be better manners 'in England.' Fanny Burney bears witness at the time to

the good behaviour of the royal children. 'How excellently 'well,' she exclaims, 'are all these children brought up!' But the after results of this Spartan training can hardly be said to have justified it.

The King and Queen were at Queen's House the night when the Gordon Riots were raging, and the troops which guarded the palace had no straw to lie upon. 'My lads,' said the King, 'my crown could not purchase straw for you 'to-night, but depend upon it I have given orders that a 'sufficiency shall be sent here by to-morrow noon. As a 'substitute for the straw my servants will instantly serve 'you with a good allowance of wine and spirits to make 'your situation as comfortable as possible, and I shall my-'self keep you company till to-morrow morning.' He kept his word, and sat up all night with the officers in the Queen's Riding House, sending messengers every now and again over to St. James's Palace to report on the proceedings of the rioters who were trying to force an entrance there.

When George IV. came to the throne, the 'Queen's 'House' was in a very dilapidated condition, and the King determined to rebuild it. He had not long finished his grotesque pleasure house, the Pavilion at Brighton, and as there was a little difficulty about getting the necessary supplies from Parliament to build a new palace in London, he cunningly asked for a grant for 'the enlargement and 'repair of the Queen's House and got it.' Nash, the architect, had the King's command to keep up the fiction of repair, but very soon the Queen's House was transformed into the King's Palace at Pimlico. George IV., with all his faults, had a sense of the magnificent, and he dreamed of a palace which should rival those of ancient Rome. The palace grew and grew, and a notable feature of the 'repairs' was the magnificent marble arch copied from that of Constantine at Rome, upon which an equestrian statue of the King was to stand. This statue was never placed there, and, shortly after Queen Victoria's accession, the Marble Arch was banished to the Oxford Street entrance of Hyde Park. The King's repairs and additions cost half a million of money, and by the time they were finished every trace of the original structure of Buckingham House was lost. The work was not ended when George IV. died, and his successor, William IV., swore that the palace was a monstrosity, and declared that nothing would induce him to live in it. So it remained uninhabited and deserted, surrounded by a wilderness of sandy gravel, until Queen Victoria came to the throne.

The young Queen declared that she liked neither Kensington nor St. James's, but would in the future make the King's Palace at Pimlico her London residence. The palace was soon finished and upholstered, and the Queen decided that she would call it in future Buckingham Palace. In July, 1837, she quitted Kensington and drove through cheering crowds to her new home, passing under the Marble Arch, whereon the Royal Standard floated for the first time. In the early years of Queen Victoria's reign Buckingham Palace was considerably altered and improved. The magnificent ball-room was built and the gardens were beautified under the direction of the Prince Consort. Though, after her husband's death, she resided in London but little, Buckingham Palace was always the centre of Queen Victoria's life in the metropolis during her long reign of sixty-three years. She drove from it to her coronation and her wedding, and here many of her children were born. From its windows she watched the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington passing to St. Paul's, and from the balcony she waved farewell to her Guards as they set forth to the Crimea. Through the great bronze gates of Buckingham Palace Queen Victoria passed to the thanksgiving of her Jubilee in Westminster in 1887, and ten years later they swung open again when the aged Queen went forth to celebrate with her people her Diamond Jubilee.

King Edward VII. was born at Buckingham Palace, and from its gates on June 26 last he and his gracious consort were to have driven to their coronation had not the King been prostrated by sudden and dangerous illness only a few hours before the date of the ceremonial. It was in Buckingham Palace that the operation was performed which it is the prayer of British subjects all the world over will have the effect of restoring their King to his former health and strength.

Art. VIII.—*Œuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo.* Edition définitive. Forty-seven volumes.* Paris: 1883.

The too philosophic multitude, in its striving after unity (which we know to be the goal of all philosophy), cannot be got to distinguish between a great writer and his formulated opinions, between his personality and his genius. When therefore the crowds of Paris acclaimed Victor Hugo on his return from exile in 1870; when in their thousands they followed his pauper hearse in 1885; or when once more the other day they assembled at the Panthéon to pay due honours to his tomb, they thought chiefly of the man who, brought up a Bonapartist and later turned Royalist, had in the end become an ardent champion of the popular cause, and had suffered for his creed. They forgot the inconsistencies of Victor Hugo's political career and saw its finer intentions, accepting the Hugo who is presented to us in the 'Actes et Paroles.' And, less consciously belike, they honoured him especially as a typical Frenchman, who displayed upon the larger canvas of genius most of their own characteristic good qualities and their defects.

For this last reason we on our side, regarding merely the man Victor Hugo, cannot give him unstinted admiration. His nature is alien from ours; of all lands he disliked most our country. And it is certain that we have been, we English upon the whole have been, very chary of recognition either to the man or to the poet. There exist other and subsidiary reasons for this want in us which must be touched upon presently. The English have not read (for the most part) Hugo's best things: they have judged him almost exclusively by his performances in two fields of literature where he did not beyond question excel, neglecting that one in which he stands supreme. One Englishman indeed has gone far to lift this reproach from the shoulders of all his countrymen. Mr. Swinburne, by his unmeasured praise of Hugo, may be thought to have filled up the defects and defections of the others. But no writer, it may be assumed, would ask for undue neglect tempered by unmeasured praise as a substitute for just appreciation. We make no profession here to fill the void: due space is utterly wanting for the criticism of so vast a production as Victor Hugo's. Before

* These forty-seven volumes, which are not numbered continuously, include the work 'Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie.' This is generally admitted to be in effect an autobiography.

even attempting such an appreciation as is possible, it is desirable to set forth clearly the grounds upon which that must rest. Hugo has passed among the immortals; of that there can be no word of doubt; and in so passing he has left behind him on earth the mere personal failings and qualities which made him friends and enemies here. Genius really means—it should never be forgotten—a spirit separate from the man himself, a sort of guardian angel or inspirer: and there is nothing more certain about great writers than that the permanent part of their utterances is by no means the same thing as are their mere opinions. It does not follow that themselves know which among their words are really 'winged,' nor in which direction they tend. When Horace sings,

> 'Jam Fides et Pax et Honos Pudorque
> Priscus et neglecta redire Virtus
> Audet, apparetque beata pleno
> Copia cornu:'

and when Leopardi,

> 'Valor vero e virtù, modestia e fede
> E di giustizia amor, sempre in qualcunque
> Publico stato, alieni in tutto e lungi
> Da' comuni negozi, ovvero in tutti
> Sfortunati saranno, afflitti e vinti;'

the opinions uttered by the two poets are in exact contradiction, but the sentiments and the carrying power of the lines are almost the same. The effect of both is to hold up the virtues to reverence—valour, modesty, and faith. It is not then an essential question whether Victor Hugo professed a boundless faith in human perfectibility, in Providence, or in the French people and the future of France. The essential is—What among his creations have the persuasive power of such opinions, to leave the belief in these things in our minds?

It is a common practice with critics, after they have filled a certain number of pages in praise of their subject, to turn the glass and end by fault-finding. Surely it is a more gracious way to begin with this negative side of criticism and get rid of blame as soon as may be. There is one among our countrymen, it has been said, who hardly finds any fault in Hugo; and in a fine passage (it is at the beginning of his 'Essays and Studies') Mr. Swinburne expresses the effect which the master produces on his mind, by comparing Hugo to the vision of a storm which he once

had in mid-channel. Overhead, he tells us, hung an immense thunder-cloud; and on the horizon along the floor of the sea ran a race of lightnings 'like bacchanals;' but, on the other side, the sky was clear, 'too pure to be called blue,' while in it sat Dian (and now we quote verbally), 'watching 'with a serene splendour of scorn the battle of Titans and 'the revel of nymphs, from her stainless and Olympian 'summit of sublime indifferent light.' Both votaries and critics of Victor Hugo might accept this passage. For the latter would say that in the scene—if the poet has described it aright—Nature her very self showed too prodigal: as Swinburne's prose is most surely something overloaded. And the uncompromising admirers of Hugo would find no such defects: for they would be used to them more frequent in their master.

Here then at once we put our fingers upon Hugo's great defect—certainly to our English sense, to almost all Teuton sense, we doubt—that his art is excessive, lacking restraint, and by this very excess fails of utter truthfulness. Of a piece with this criticism is Heine's famous phrase—'fire without 'and ice within:' too harsh a judgement, but with its measure of truth. This is as much as to say that Hugo is touched at least by the greatest fault which genius can have, insincerity of sentiment. Insincerity of speech is a more venial matter, and over common among imaginative men to be visited very roughly. The difference lies between the insincerity in moments of inspiration and the same in other moments. Can we wholly acquit Victor Hugo of either? Through this great failing and certain others allied thereto, it is hardly possible to read the French poet for long without moments of exasperation supervening. It is one thing to commit faults. When Byron writes 'there let him lay,' or Shakespeare such a line as

> 'What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?'

we pass such over, as a kind of empty space in the artist's workmanship. But Hugo goes out of his way to be foolish. 'Why,' the reader asks in a sort of dull rage, 'does he write 'all these prefaces, with their pomp and their profession of 'learning and research (in one of them he makes Tibullus 'the lover of Lesbia, Catullus of Delia), when what follows 'is to show how utterly he has drawn on his imagination 'for his facts; yes, and a tolerably childish imagination to 'boot sometimes?' Why all that talk about the pronunciation of Southwark in 'L'Homme qui rit' as a preface to Lord

Tom-Jim-Jack and to Gwynplaine—he who becomes 'Lord 'Clancharlie' as the reader remembers—to Govicum, the pot-boy, and the memorable Wapentake? And Waterloo in 'Les Misérables,' why drag in that pseudo-history, vigorous in places, but so absolutely false? And why that long discourse on the unsavoury 'mot de Cambronne'? Hugo has discovered the remarkable fact that 'Burgrave' (Burg-graf) does not, as most of us had supposed, mean the count of a town, just as 'Margrave' (Mark-graf) means the count of a march or county, but that the former word comes merely from 'burg,' a castle. The inspiration of Hugo's 'Burgraves' rests thereupon. And the inspiration, the ground idea, is very fine. We think it is in 'L'Homme qui rit' that our author explains that 'boulevard' is really *boule verte*, and another name for a bowling-green; one fancied it connected with bulwark, the Danish bolværk, a 'fossa'—mound and ditch. Indeed the list of these *gaffes* (as the French call such things) would be unending. And all put forward with such a parade of knowledge!

What touches more the reality of Hugo's inspiration is not these pompous discourses and these blunders, but a strain of vulgarity in the work itself. Above all stands conspicuous his love of antithesis, which is with him an affectation and an excess, and therefore a vulgarity. Of such is that long fanfare in his 'Eve' of the 'Légende des 'Siècles,' as a preparation for the line—

'Et, pâle, Ève sentit que son flanc remuait.'

Victor Hugo has, indeed, been called the incarnation of antithesis; and though at times that use is harmless, at others again, more rare, effective, it is enormously outside of its due place with him. In his stories it is the antithesis of character. This, indeed, is characteristically French. He is naturally a socialist, for, like Zola or the typical student of the 'quartier,' he hates the middle class. And yet St. Francis and Goethe were both typically of this bourgeois class, as were our Shakespeare and Victor Hugo himself. If Hugo wants a perfect character, such must be, like Jean Valjean, an ex-convict: the next most perfect in 'Les Misérables' is Gavroche, the little thief. Myriel is, perhaps, an exception to this general rule, but the only one that can be found. When we are allowed, in the person of Marius, a *jeune premier* of passable merit, he shall be on the other side—of noble birth.

Esmeralda of 'Notre-Dame,' the incarnation of simple

devotion, springs from the gutter. The Duchess Josiane in 'L'Homme qui rit,' suddenly enamoured of the defaced Gwynplaine: all those are of a piece. On the same principle is Hugo's choice elsewhere of heroes and heroines, Hernani the bandit, Marion the courtesan. In situations it is the same. Who does not think at once of the feasters and the prisoners in 'Les Burgraves,' the drinking chorus of the one mingling with the clanking chains of the others?—

'Là le bruit de l'orgie, ici le bruit des fers.'

Nay, this antithesis accompanies Hugo to his tomb. For what else is that clause in his will desiring that a pauper hearse should carry him to his grave, at the same time that he omits to provide for a private funeral? To count the antithetic lines in Victor Hugo's verse would be like counting the sands of the sea—

'Un roi chantait en bas, en haut mourait un dieu.' *
'Le jeune homme est beau, mais le vieillard est grand.' †

The couplet which follows soon after is one of the examples of success in this use—

'Et l'on voit de la flamme aux yeux des jeunes gens,
Mais dans l'œil du vieillard on voit de la lumière.'

In the dramas, as one might expect, this play of antithesis or of epigram is continual—

'*Don Carlos.* Quand j'aurai le monde.
Hernani. Alors j'aurai la tombe.'

Or from 'Marion Delorme'—

'*Savigny* (to the gaoler). Vous m'ôtez mon sommeil.
Didier. Il n'est qu'interrompu.'

How terribly feeble is this—

'*Didier.* On veut notre tête; eh! pour n'être pas en faute
Au bourreau qui l'attend, il faut la porter haute.'

For of course this love of antithesis at once runs into the love of epigram:—

'Général, pour hochets il prit les pyramides:' ‡

the 'he' who performed this infantine feat is of course Napoleon. And what a detestable passage to follow:—

'Empereur, il voulut dans ses vœux moins timides
Quelque chose de mieux.'

The bathoses into which our poet is led by this same effort

* 'Légende des Siècles,' Booz. † Ibid.
‡ 'Chants du Crépuscule,' La Colonne.

to be epigrammatic and antithetical, these, too, are beyond numeration.

'Juillet vous a donné, pour sauver vos familles,
Trois de ces beaux soleils qui brûlent les bastilles:
Vos pères n'en ont eu qu'un seul.' *

And the inflating bellows are clearly audible sometimes when the poet insists on mounting his rostrum and writing on public events whether he be inspired or no:—

'Gloire à notre France éternelle!
Gloire à ceux qui sont morts pour elle!
Aux martyrs! aux vaillants! aux forts!
A ceux qu'enflamme leur exemple,
Qui veulent place dans le temple,
Et qui mourront comme ils sont morts.'†

He is far too insensible to absurdities and the pretentious commonplace when in search of his rhymes:—

'Ces pentes de granit où saute le chamois
Et qui firent glisser Charles le Téméraire,
Le Mont Blanc qui ne dit qu'à l'Himalaya: Frère.'

What an abominable line is this last! ‡

That which makes, we have suggested, these blots the blacker is that they are not slips but examples of predetermination, of *volonté*, such predetermination and *volonté* being in themselves at war with the sincerity of genius.

Nor can we look deep into the more moving passages in Hugo's writings without finding a *somewhat* of fictitious in his sentiments also, a *certain* confirmation, at least, of Heine's biting phrase. Take, for instance, 'L'Art d'être 'Grand-père,' which, without doubt, is largely simple and genuine, which more than anything else has won for Hugo the suffrages of that very middle class which every French artist affects to despise. Take even such charming passages as this wherein the grandfather confesses his over-indulgences:—

'C'est terrible. Je règne
Mal, je ne veux pas que mon peuple me craigne;
Or, mon peuple, c'est Jeanne et George; et moi, barbon,
Aïeul sans frein, ayant cette rage, être bon,
Je leur fais enjamber toutes les lois, et j'ose
Pousser aux attentats leur république rose.
. . . . . .
Certe, on passe au vieillard, qu'attend la froide nuit,
Son amour pour la grâce et le rire et l'aurore.' §

* 'Chants du Crepuscule,' Juillet 1830.
† Ibid.
‡ 'Légende,' Régiment du Baron Madruce.
§ Les Enfants gâtés.

Then take—

> 'Un fils à ma vieillesse !
> Quel don du ciel ! J'allais à son berceau sans cesse.
> Même quand il dormait je lui parlais souvent ;
> Car, quand on est très vieux on devient très enfant.
> Le soir, sur mes genoux j'avais sa tête blonde.'

Would not one say, having regard not merely to the sentiments but to the form and movement of the verse of these two passages, that the emotions in the minds of the two old men are almost precisely the same? Would not one say, in fact, that the same old man was speaking in similar circumstances? Yet the characters, circumstances and all, are utterly distinct—one is Victor Hugo himself, the other is the iron old burgrave Job. Again, towards the end of the 'Misérables' there is a passage—Jean Valjean with the returned Cosette and Marius—where Valjean talks in just the same strain in which this same Job talks to Regina and Otbert in the scene of 'The Burgràves' from which we have just quoted. The three old men are really identical; for Victor Hugo's imagination, so soon as the moment comes for a special kind of sentiment, is no longer dramatic; it is personal. This shows something of fictitious, something of stereotyped in our author. We might multiply instances and enlarge upon this subject. But surely enough has been said of his defects.

For now consider his achievements.

The facts of Victor Hugo's life are no longer of supreme consequence to us, nor even the order of his works. In his lifetime he was, and in the history of letters still is, a power as well as a poet; this side of him belongs more than all else to, and is involved in, the rise of Romanticism. But even Romanticism as a *movement* is now half forgotten, and the permanent interest of Victor Hugo rests elsewhere.

Victor was the son, we know, of one of Napoleon's generals, who stood high in favour with Joseph Bonaparte when the latter was King of Spain; and in Spain Victor passed a portion of his childhood. Thus, as has often been said, the poet had two countries: his own, France, and the peninsula beyond the Pyrenees. But this last was always less known than *pro magnifico* with Victor Hugo, the eternal hunting-ground for his romantic imagination. At fourteen he sketches the plot of a play. He is sent to the *école polytechnique* by his father, and has to learn mathematics, in which branch he is said to have become (like our Carlyle) no mean proficient; but that old adventurer of a General

Hugo quarrels with and separates from Madame Hugo, attaching himself to another woman, while the sons attached themselves to their mother. Hugo, now more free to follow his natural bent, turns poet professed, and falls in love; he writes royalist odes, and rewards and pensions come to him; till that long love-affair, begun almost in childhood—a very charming and romantic one, wherefrom even certain after infidelities (which cannot be altogether forgotten) did not take away all the glory and the grace—ends in marriage. Up to 1848 Hugo's conduct and his opinions were, be it said, from an official point of view, unexceptionable; he approved the revolution of July, but did not object to the constitutional monarchy. Hugo's first essays in verse appear in his volume of 'Odes and Ballads.' The ballads—some of which are genuine *ballades* of the Villon type—are later than the odes. Both show a great command of rhyme and of the beautiful commonplace, and have, on the whole, a character like Lamartine's verse. If Hugo had continued on these lines he would have been another, maybe a lesser, Lamartine. Howbeit the ballads proclaim the beginning of a change. They have an astonishing lightness and alertness in their versification. The Renaissance had got hold of Hugo, witness the real *ballades*. In one of the ballad series, by accident it may be, we have an echo of Sidney's echo-song in the 'Arcadia:'

'Si tu fais ce que je désire,
Sire,
Nous t'édifierons un tombeau
Beau,'

and so forth. For now the Romantic movement seizes him. What one forgets to-day, the Romantic movement is also partly a realistic movement likewise; Delacroix is of it; Berlioz is for it—he who, before Wagner, wrote a music of the senses and in the true meaning dramatic. What Romanticism is to do in the end for Hugo, its greatest gift to him, is to show him that rhymes must not consist of melodious adjectives or abstractions in the three parts of them, but must deal, if need be, with the common things of life; yea, with rude harsh sounds, if need be, supposing these are the more effective—as our Browning's rhymes do, only do so too much. Romanticism meant a hundred things for France in those days, and it would be impossible here to analyse it; but the most important of all its meanings to Hugo and to French literature is simply *seisachtheia*, a shaking off of burdens. To the old school the

seismos was merely volcanic and destructive; now we know what good it has produced. 1830 is the great year of the Romantic battle, of Hugo's famous drama 'Hernani.' Before that, Hugo had written his 'Cromwell,' a play of great length, and good enough to make the reputation of a common man. 'Marion Delorme,' or 'De Lorme,' 'Le Roi 's'amuse,' and with these the prose plays, 'Lucrèce Borgia,' 'Marie Tudor,' and 'Angelo de Padoue,' belong to the full flush of this romantic impulse, as does Hugo's one absolute and great romance 'Notre-Dame.' Two of his other plays, 'Ruy Blas' and 'Les Burgraves,' come a little later; and of course there are others—'Esmeralda,' the *libretto* from 'Notre-Dame,' 'Amy Robsart,' 'Les Jumelles,' 'Torquemada,' published after his death. All but the last were written before the time when Victor Hugo began to take a very keen interest in politics; even as the greater part of Hugo's best verse follows the time when he was violently excluded from the arena of practical politics and from France by Napoleon 'le Petit.'

What shall we say, then, of these creations of Hugo in his true romantic era? One thing—that their relationship to the drama of Shakespeare is but remote. It would not be true to say that Hugo has no knowledge of human nature. But he certainly lacks the instinctive and convincing sympathy with human nature which makes Shakespeare what he is, and which is not to be obtained by taking thought. There are others of the Elizabethans who see things more as Hugo does, on broader lines, as of the folk-tales, the *novelle* or the modern melodrama. Stated roughly, that is Hugo's standpoint. But he is so constantly excelling himself that he puts general classification to despair. Carr in 'Cromwell' is a good instance. Carr seems at first a commonplace type of the ranter; but there are passages of his speaking wherein Hugo, inspired by the Biblical language which he puts into the mouth of the Independent, rises to a great dignity; so that this Carr really does stand above Scott's portraits of the same kind of personage, his Bletson Harrisons, his Desboroughs, but not above his Balfour of Burley. On the other hand, Cromwell himself is far below what we had a right to expect, and what, if one half of Hugo's pretended documentation had been genuine and not parade, we should very likely have had. A stroke of Carlyle's pen gives the Protector more character and more humanity than all Hugo's brush-work. Hernani is, through almost the whole play to which he gives his name, a merely

melodramatic hero, standing continually with his arms crossed and so forth, as the bandit should do. Doña Sol is Hugo's invariable *jeune première*. But just at the end, when she asks what Hernani's oath has to do with them now, there is a touch of common human nature in her which charms. Don Carlos in the same play is not a complete man, but more nearly so than either the hero or than Ruy Gomes de Silva: and at least the passage of Charles at the tomb of Charlemagne is a fine, and, what is strange, on the stage an effective piece of declamation. As for the plot—the cherished revenge, the point of Castilian honour to kill oneself when called upon—perhaps the less said about those the better. It is good enough for the Spain of Hugo's dreams and *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. And then, remember that there is much beyond all these heavy melodramatic elements in Hugo's romantic plays and stories. The lighter dialogue of the Don Ricardos and the others in 'Hernani,' of the Jehan Frollos and Pierre Gringoires of 'Notre-Dame,' is pleasant, lively and natural, witty by times, though here Hugo has rather followed in the wake of Balzac than studied from nature. Both those remarks apply likewise, be it said in passing, to Hugo's students in 'Les 'Misérables.'

In 'Marion Delorme' he has followed in the wake of l'Abbé Prévost. Manon was a great creation; but she is now apt to re-create herself in every French story of sentiment: she is their one type. And Didier of the same play is a melodramatic hero of the same blood as Hernani. The ending is one of the most obvious of endings. In 'Le 'Roi s'amuse' again our author has professedly gone in search of violent contrasts. He thinks that good art; and he thought so to the end when he wrote 'Quatre-vingt-treize.' But for all that we are carried away by the roll of the lines and the merits of the verse, and we accept the picture as really affecting and almost real.

The romanticism of Scott and of the German romantics is as much a creation of, and has as much to do with, places as with persons. R. L. Stevenson has noted that; and, speaking like the romantic that he is, he declares that there are some places where you are ready to swear something eventful must have happened, though the report of it has never come down to us. French Romanticism, too, attaches itself to places and to other material things, sometimes to mere furniture and trappings, as much as to human beings. The true inspiration of 'Notre-Dame' is the middle-age cathedral

in the general; as the lesser followers of Hugo, his lieutenants in the romantic war, found their romanticism in pourpoints and justaucorps. The personality and the overshadowing immensity which 'Notre-Dame' lends to the cathedral church of Paris that plays in it the title rôle are something not reached elsewhere in literature. But it is the fault of all the romantics to fall below the things from which they have drawn; the Scottish border is greater than Scott. Wherefore, side by side with what the Gothic cathedral really is, in its eternal shadow and its undying echoes, 'Notre-Dame' seems but a pale reflex. It is not serious enough to rise to the height of that monumental seriousness. But it is serious enough to give us, while we are reading, moments of acute feeling. The whole story of Esmeralda and her tragic fate, the description of Paris in the early morning of Esmeralda's execution, as seen from the cathedral tower, and the agony of Claude Frollo, these give one searchings of the heart enough and to spare all the while we have the book in hand. And then the countless lesser excellences, the 'Cour des Miracles,' Pierre Gringoire *—for any book this is good measure pressed down and running over. But then, of course, the greatest among writers give us more than 'books.' The 'Antigone,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Faust' are not books.

Let us pass straight from this romance of Hugo's early maturity to the series of novels which he only began in his declining years, and was still engaged upon at his death—'Les Misérables,' 'L'Homme qui rit,' 'Les Travailleurs de 'la Mer,' and 'Quatre-vingt-treize.' We have now entered the section of Hugo's writing which is most familiar to English readers. Tennyson's bad line, 'Victor 'in drama, victor in romance,' glances at the two fields of work which we have at present dwelt on only, and of these two the field of fiction is that known to the average English reader of Hugo. We have called these later works, 'Les Misérables' and its successors, novels, in contradiction to 'Notre-Dame;' they rub shoulders, at any rate, with the novel of character, as it has existed from Richardson to Balzac, from Balzac to Thackeray and George

* Pierre Gringoire is good up to the moment when he saves Djali, the goat, and leaves Esmeralda to her fate; then he at once becomes fantastic and inhuman. Such sudden lapses from sense and artistry are, alas! almost as characteristic of our author as his unexpected excellencies.

Eliot; or, if you prefer another branch of the genealogical tree, to Stendhal, to Flaubert, and so forth. But Hugo's stories do no more than touch this field. They are far more of romances than novels in the stricter sense. Nay, in one characteristic, the improbabilities of their plots, they are further removed than 'Notre-Dame' is from any touch of realism. They have a connexion, too—'Les Misérables,' 'L'Homme qui rit' have at least—with another order of fiction, which should have a section to itself—namely, the detective novel. This forms not a very high class of literature—by nature. But Balzac had a great leaning towards it, as had Hugo; and the latter might be content to shelter himself behind so great a name as Balzac's. On the whole, the detective part of 'Les Misérables' is the best done. Undoubtedly 'Les Misérables,' with its discourses, digressions, strange scraps of learning (the thieves' slang for instance), all running on in a matter of eight or ten volumes, is a stupendous accomplishment; one can hardly call it a stupendous work. There are immensely good, effective, and affecting passages in it: Myriel, a delightful sketch; the troubles of Fantine, most heart-moving; Jean Valjean and Javert are both creations up to the romantic standard of what is human. But what are we to think of Jean Valjean—merely because he must be the perfect and guileless man—falling into that trap of the Thénardiers as he did; he who had had fourteen years' converse with gaol-birds? And for probability, take out of the same portion Marius's relations with these same Thénardiers, the command in his father's will, and all the rest. The book is provoking in a way. Could you but eliminate the little dross of theatricality, it would be as fine in execution as in sentiment. That garden of the Rue Plumet comes very near to being a pure idyll. We know also it had a true source of inspiration in the garden where Hugo first met the woman he married. Here, be it said, is one of the hundred instances in which we see Hugo inspiring after-writers. For surely in the description of the Rue Plumet garden we may detect the prototype of the 'Paradou' of 'L'Abbé Mouret'?

The 'Travailleurs de la Mer' is the best of the remaining Hugo novels. Its octopus or sea-devil is and remains monumental, and the description of the storm and shipwreck what few prose writers have been able to come near. Of course it is overloaded, as we saw Swinburne's description of his little storm is overloaded. Allowing for Hugo's love of contrasts, for his theory (see the preface to 'Lucrèce

'Borgia') that that is the right way of art, Gilliatt and Déruchette in this tale give just the contrast required. 'Quatre-vingt-treize' is a kind of essay in psychology. The essential part of the plot is a struggle between the dictates of humanity and duty. The soldiers of the Republic are condemning three children who have won their hearts, by pressing the siege of the royalists. Psychology? yes; but once again the psychology of the melodrama. As for the remaining one of the four, 'L'Homme qui rit,' with its Gwynplaines, its Tom-Jim-Jacks, its Wapentakes and other wonders, as great as any that came out of the sea—what are we to say of that, if not that it is likewise 'l'homme qui 'fait rire'?

And now, having dealt with those aspects of Victor Hugo's art in which he is most open to criticism, but which are also the aspects that are best known in England, let us pass on to speak of the field in which he reigns supreme.

If Paris—which in this regard is France—be, and it can scarcely be questioned, the Mecca of the plastic arts and the cynosure of Europe, this is only a fair compensation to Frenchmen for that in the greatest art of all, in poetry, they are more isolated than any other people. The want of accent in their language makes their metre far less intelligible, far less easy to appreciate even by the remaining Latin races, Italians or Spaniards, than is by nature the metre of English or German or Scandinavian verse. For us not only are the accents which we look for wanting, so that French blank verse cannot exist, and that form of it which is practised to-day as *vers libres* is only a form of prose, but the principles of rhyme are different from ours and at times opposed to ours.* This is the further reason why we cannot appreciate Hugo at his best. The while

* 'Quant aux mots,' writes De Banville in his 'Petit Traité de Poésie française' (p. 80), 'qui, tout-à-fait différents l'un de l'autre pour le sens, offrent *exactement* le même son pour l'oreille, ils s'accouplent excellemment.' And, of course, we know in practice that more than half the French rhymes are those *identities* of sound which are forbidden to us. This use is, however, more suitable to French vaudeville verse than to the more serious. It is one which Banville much affected himself. There is, be it said, one excellent song of Hugo's ('Légende,' vol. iii.) which quite anticipates the manner of the author of the 'Odes Funambulesques:'—

'En partant du golfe d'Otrante
Nous étions trente;
Mais en arrivant à Cadiz
Nous étions dix.'

that Victor Hugo was engaged in writing his plays, his romances, and in later years those monumental novels (if we call them novels), he was likewise issuing a continuous series of volumes of pure poetry; and the while he was in 'Notre-Dame' and in his plays fighting the formal battle of romanticism, he was by his verse everywhere, in the volumes of poetry and in the poetical plays likewise, accomplishing a much greater feat even than romantic victories, nothing less than the utter rebuilding of French versification, of French poetry.

A reaction takes place in French literature in the first half of the nineteenth century, against the influence of the classics in verse precisely similar to the reaction against the Pope influence in our country; it goes on precisely similar lines to ours, and, in the same way as ours, looks back to a still earlier tradition. Only there is the difference that, in spite of Dryden and of Pope, Shakespeare always holds his head above the waves of fashion; but *there* Corneille and Racine and even Molière were part of the evil tradition which had to be overcome. With us Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge brought the lesser Tudor dramatists into vogue; with *them* Sainte-Beuve resuscitated Ronsard and the Pleiad. 'French poetry,' says Banville, speaking with the enthusiasm of the romanticist yet hardly too strongly, 'leaps from the 'sixteenth century to the nineteenth.' In this movement André Chénier plays to Victor Hugo something the same part which Cowper played to Wordsworth. But the burden which Hugo bears on his own shoulders corresponds with that which in England was carried by the Lakists and by Byron, by Shelley and Keats in common. Hugo championed that splendid band of versifiers who, since the thirties and the forties, have not fainted, but carried on the new art in French poetry down to our doors—De Musset, Gautier, Baudelaire, Banville, Leconte de Lisle, Verlaine, Heredia, Coppée, and the Parnassians. These have demolished the 'old rock' of poesy, the strong city of Boileau, against which Chénier led the first forlorn hope, and which, except for that one predecessor, Victor Hugo may be said to have captured almost as completely and almost as singly as Aymery captured Narbonne:

> '"Tu seras, pour ce propos hautain,
> Aymery de Narbonne et comte palatin;
> Et l'on te parlera d'une façon civile.
> Va, fils!"
> Le lendemain Aymery prit la ville.' *

* 'La Légende des Siècles,' Aymerillot.

Technique is not the whole of art, but it is a great part of it. And the excellence of Hugo's technique is a matter of wonder—all the more when we remember how few good models he had immediately before him. Here, from 'Les 'Contemplations' are some fine examples of this workmanship. The motive of the second part of the 'Contemplations' is itself fine enough; the volume is a memorial of the poet's grief for the death of his child Léopoldine, who, married only six months, was drowned along with her husband, Charles Vacquerie, in a boating accident at Villequier on the Seine. But adequate motive without technical accomplishment cannot make great verse; witness Wordsworth's

'She was a phantom of delight.'

Here there is no failure; these funereal strains are in the grand manner of the singers of the sixteenth century:

'Il est temps que je me repose;
Je suis terrassé par le sort.
Ne me parlez pas d'autre chose
Que des ténèbres où l'on dort!

'Que veut-on que je recommence?
Je ne demande désormais,
A la création immense,
Qu'un peu de silence et de paix!

'Pourquoi m'appelez-vous encore?
J'ai fait ma tâche et mon devoir.
Qui travaillait avant l'aurore
Peut s'en aller avant le soir.

. . . . .

'Elle nous quitta pour la tombe;
Et vous savez bien qu'aujourd'hui
Je cherche dans la nuit qui tombe
Un autre ange qui s'est enfui.' *

And this on the son-in-law, Charles Vacquerie, is still finer perhaps. The pity is that space prevents us from quoting the whole:—

'Il ne sera pas dit que ce jeune homme, ô deuil!
Se sera de ses mains ouvert l'affreux cercueil
Où séjourne l'ombre abhorrée,
Helas! et qu'il aura lui-même dans la mort
De ses jours généreux, encor pleins jusqu'au bord,
Renversé la coupe dorée.' †

* Trois ans après.

† Vacquerie threw away his own life when he found it was impossible to save his wife, Léopoldine.

And so on through some other 'il ne sera pas dit' to the verse—

'En présence de tant d'amour et de vertu,
Il ne sera pas dit que je me serai tû,
Moi qu'attendent les maux sans nombre!
Que je n'aurai point mis sur sa bière un flambeau,
Et que je n'aurai pas devant son noir tombeau
Fait asseoir une strophe sombre!'

How beautiful and classic that last line is! This is the true funereal dirge as the best poets understand it, and as distinguished from the funeral oration as we get it in the alexandrines of Racine. Victor Hugo, of course, has given us countless examples of his own manipulation of the alexandrine. He can be declamatory—too much, too often. But then in his happy moments his command of rhyme is so absolute!

It is hardly fair, perhaps, to compare with this Andromache's speech to Pyrrhus:—

'Seigneur, vous voyez l'état où vous me réduisez;
J'ai vu mon père mort et nos murs embrasés,' &c.

though the critics have commonly spoken of that as a *chef-d'œuvre*.

And what is not less wonderful, semi-miraculous, is the skill with which he can commingle his graver and lighter metres. People have smiled at Swinburne's exuberance of enthusiasm over the Breton song in the 'Châtiments'—'the 'song of those who go to sea.'

'Adieu, patrie,
L'onde est en furie;
Adieu, patrie,
Azur!

Adieu, maison, treille au fruit mûr,
Adieu les fleurs d'or du vieux mur.

'Adieu, patrie,
Ciel, forêt, prairie.
Adieu, patrie,
Azur!
Adieu, patrie,
L'onde est en furie;
Adieu, patrie,
Azur!'

and all the rest. But you have to take the poem where you find it, in the midst of those trenchant chastisements,

to snatch it out of the midst of such bitter lines as those on the new President—

> 'Donc, vieux partis, voilà votre homme consulaire !
> Aux jours sereins, quand rien ne nous vient assiéger,
> Dogue aboyant, dragon farouche, hydre en colère,
> Taupe aux jours de danger' *—

to get the right effect; and then you will hardly think that any praise is over-praise.

Here is an example of another kind—taken from the 'Orientales'—of that gift which is specially needful in French verse, the sudden surprises which the rhyme may have in store for one :

> 'Chio, qui dans les flots reflétait ses grands bois,
> Ses coteaux, ses palais, et le soir quelquefois
> Un chœur dansant de jeunes filles.' †

And you pass on from such an example to the pure and absolute songs written for music, such as—

> 'S'il est un charmant gazon
> Que le ciel arrose. . . .' ‡

to the incomparable 'Gastibelza' and to some of the songs in the plays : Fabiani's 'Quand tu dors' in 'Marie Tudor,' the 'Nargue à Dieu' of 'The Burgraves.' Words written for music, or with the idea of musical accompaniment present to the mind, rank in the lowest order of poetry. For true as it is that (as De Banville says) 'toute poésie est chant,' poetry must bring its own air with it, not receive it from outside. Yet is it a wondrous thing to note how also in this form of verse Hugo is unexcelled.

He has again the true poet's gift of being carried away by his verse and (often) saying things better than he intended—Carr in 'Cromwell' we took as an instance of this—or of saying them differently. His verse is in this sense as creative as the versification of 'Christabel' or of 'Kubla Khan.' To find the best examples of these powers in Hugo one must go to the 'Légende des Siècles,' the earlier series: the series which follows the first by a long interval, after Hugo's return to Paris, is in quite a different vein.§ Certain among the poems of this 'Légende' are

* L'autre President.

† L'Enfant.

‡ 'Chants du Crépuscule.'

§ The two series were not kept in the order of their appearance, but confounded in later editions by Hugo himself. In the stereotyped edition, therefore, they are mixed up also.

probably known to the reader: 'Booz' for example (we call him Boaz), which has caught so strangely the atmosphere of an Eastern evening:

'Comme dormait Jacob, comme dormait Judith,
Booz, les yeux fermés, gisait sous la feuillée;
Or, la porte du ciel s'étant entrebâillée
Au-dessus de sa tête, un songe en descendit;'

and has such a splendid and peaceful close:

'Tout reposait dans Ur et dans Jérimadeth;
Les astres émaillaient le ciel profond et sombre;
Le croissant fin et clair parmi ces fleurs de l'ombre
Brillait à l'occident, et Ruth se demandait,

'Immobile, ouvrant l'œil à moitié sous ses voiles,
Quel dieu, quel moissonneur de l'éternel été
Avait, en s'en allant, négligemment jeté
Cette faucille d'or dans le champ des étoiles.'

Of course there is a shade of over-emphasis here, as so often in Victor Hugo's work. 'Ces fleurs de l'ombre' is perfect alone: but when you have again 'le champ des étoiles,' its mystery and beauty are half ravished from the phrase. Throughout even these early 'légendes' you detect Hugo's reiteration of the more grandiose ideas and words. It occurred to the present writer to count how many times in the first dozen or so of the poems in the original volume occurred the word 'ombre' alone. It was forty times: and there were 'ténèbres' and 'profondeur' and 'immensité,' and all the other abstractions to be reckoned with.

When, long years after, Hugo wrote the second part of this 'Légende' and the third part later still, and had learnt (it must be confessed) to pose before the world as a prophet with a mission and nothing less than a prophet, he imagined a tremendous purpose in the whole work. Large as it is in the sum, the whole 'Légende des Siècles' was to be only one third of a vaster trilogy. (The other parts remained unfinished, but begun, at Hugo's death.) But in the earlier series of stories there is very little of this self-consciousness visible. The tales here picked up and put together seem to have been got by accident: the story of Cain pursued by the eye of God;* the story of Boaz and Ruth; Canute's soul wandering wrapped in a shroud of snow on which drops of blood begin to fall; of Mohammed's last speech; of the Cid

* Stevenson, of course, drew on this for a well-known passage in his 'Dynamiter.'

grooming his horse; the horrible 'Jour des Rois;' the knight-errant series. There is nothing in all such of over-systematisation, over-logic, Hugo's and the Frenchman's usual failing. It is the verse in which they are told that gives to these legends their force: verse by no means equal in merit (like the verse of Milton for example), but so full of excellences that it is almost impossible to make a choice for quotation. Take this passage, for example, on the knights-errant as a class :

'Leur seigneurie était tutrice des chaumières;
Ils étaient justes, bons, lugubres, ténébreux;
Quoique gardé par eux, quoique vengé par eux,

Le peuple en leur présence avait l'inquiétude
De la foule devant la pâle solitude;
Car on a peur de ceux qui marchent en songeant.'

Would it be possible to give more finely what in cant phrase one is constrained to call the psychology of such beings and of their times? 'La foule devant la pâle solitude' is not less than magnificent; so is the final line. And take the beggar on the bridge of Crassus in the 'Jour des Rois,' him first (but all that passage is too long for quotation) and next what he sees—

'Flamme au septentrion. C'est Vich incendiée.
. . . . . .
Flamboiement au midi. C'est Girone qui brûle.
Le roi Blas a jadis eu d'Inez la matrulle
Deux bâtards, ce qui fait qu'à cette heure l'on a
Gil, roi de Luz, avec Jean, duc de Cardona.'
. . . . . .
'Rougeur à l'orient. C'est Lambier en feu;
Ariscat l'est venu piller pour se distraire;' &c.

—a passage which gives excellent example of Hugo's originality and boldness in rhyming.

For a *tour de force* take the description of the figures in armour in 'Eviradnus.' In themselves they were not, perhaps, much more miraculous—those hollow armours upon wooden horses—than what one may see any day in the Tower of London. But read Hugo's description, the things become sepulchral, monstrous. It is absolutely true, as De Banville says, that this 'Légende des Siècles' alone constitutes a revolution in French literature; the mixture in the whole of a lyrical and an epic element likewise forms a new departure altogether. The wondrous asides, the little

incidental images that slip from our poet almost unconsciously, who shall count them? Here is Balaam cursing vaguely:

> 'Sans savoir si des mains dans les ténèbres blêmes
> S'ouvraient pour recevoir ses vagues anathèmes.'

This of Iblis the fire-god:

> '. . . Le feu lui sortait des naseaux,
> Avec un bruit pareil au bruit des grandes eaux,
> Dans la saison livide où le cicogne émigre.'

The last line is splendid and Homeric.

> 'On entend dans les pins, que l'âge use et mutile,
> Lutter le rocher hydre et le torrent reptile.'

There is nothing of the obvious in such a simile, which is yet so utterly appropriate to the passage. Or again:—

> 'L'herbe en était émue et le nuage et l'ombre,
> Et même le rocher, qui songe et qui se tait.'

In quite unexpected ways, in his prose as in his verse, Hugo springs upon you a trope or simile, which, simple in itself, is on the occasion immensely striking. There is a moment when Claude Frollo, seeking relief from his passion for Esmeralda, opens the Bible at a passage in 'Job,' and receives a shock 'such as that a blind man feels who finds 'his hand pricked by the stick he has picked up.' The image is curiously apt and quaint.

> 'A chaque fois que l'heure sonne
> Tout ici-bas nous dit adieu'*

is not strikingly original in sentiment, but the 'tout ici-bas' is a surprise. Unhappily, in the succeeding passage the poet overdoes his refrain of 'demain.' In mere narration Hugo can be—though, it must be confessed, only in his more blessed moods—as simple as Tennyson, yet without the affectation of simplicity which Tennyson inherited from Wordsworth, and without Tennyson's monotony. And this is a great achievement; for the alexandrine verse lends itself either to monotony or artificial fireworks to ward off that monotony. The description of Isara's toilette in 'Ratbert' in the 'Légende' is an example in point.

And what a library of other volumes there are to choose from, each having some great and special qualities of its

---

* 'Chants du Crépuscule,' Napoléon II.

own! The sad suavity of the 'Contemplations' and the earlier 'Feuilles d'Automne' (though this is not so good, not so sincere as the 'Contemplations'), the bitterness of the 'Châtiments,' and the more declamatory roll of the later 'Legendes,' of 'L'Année terrible,' and so on. The 'Chants 'des Bois et des Rues' are the only series which seems to us decidedly inferior. The poet fears no subject and no form of verse. As Swinburne has said, who before ever applied, as Hugo has done in one place, a mythopœic gift to the mathematical sciences? At places he can be as realistic, and, yes, as much *terre à terre* as Coppée can be in his more realistic moods. The beginning of 'Noces et Festins' reads like a foretaste of those later Parnassians. And he can be, though rarely (for that was least in his nature), as severe and classical as the head and founder of the Parnassians, as Leconte de Lisle. No doubt Hugo's late verse—almost all of that written after his return to Paris in 1870—is too declamatory, too much spoken from a conscious rostrum. There is probably no need to insist on the many beauties of 'L'Année terrible,' such, for example, as the opening passage on Germany:

> 'Aucune nation n'est plus grande que toi;
> Jadis, toute la terre étant un lieu d'effroi,
> Parmi les peuples forts tu fus le peuple juste,
> Une tiare d'ombre est sur ton front auguste;
> Et pourtant, comme l'Inde, aux aspects fabuleux
> Tu brilles; ô pays des hommes aux yeux bleus.'

But on the whole the poem does not impress one as perfectly genuine. The sense of a need and a desire to pose is visibly weighing on Hugo's genius. We miss the nimble flight of the early 'Légende' or of 'Contemplations.' We do not find perfect naturalness even in 'L'Art d'être Grand-'père.' His vein now is to roll out immense and universal ideas in verse which is at times a bathos, at others greatly impressive.

So that here we come back to the primary and essential defect in Hugo's character and genius which we spoke of at the outset, and which, whether or no we are conscious of it the whole time we are reading him, must always affect our judgement and the impression we carry away. He cannot get rid of himself. In his dramas and his novels he cannot utterly lose himself in his creations. In almost all his poetry he has a subconsciousness of an expecting and admiring crowd, and he therefore never reaches the sim-

plicity or the tremendous earth-shaking sincerity and strength of the greatest work. Such lines as—

> 'Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates
> him much
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer;'

or,

> '"Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante!"
> Mentre che l' uno spirto questo disse,
> L' altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
> Io venni men, così com' io morisse'

—were and are, 'both at the first and now,' altogether beyond his compass.

ART. IX.—1. *The Theatre: its Development in France and England, and a History of its Greek and Latin Origins.* By CHARLES HASTINGS. London: Duckworth & Co. 1901.

2. *Drame ancien: Drame moderne.* Par EMILE FAGUET. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie. 1898.

3. *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant* (1898) and *Three Plays for Puritans* (1901). By BERNARD SHAW. London: Grant Richards.

WHAT do we mean precisely by 'modern' and 'ancient'? Each term implies the other, and Messrs. Taper and Tadpole are not the only phrase-mongers who have found it impossible to keep them apart. It was Mr. Taper, according to the author of 'Coningsby,' who suggested to Mr. Tadpole the electioneering cry of 'Our Young Queen and our Old 'Institutions.'

'The eyes of Tadpole sparkled as if they had met a gnomic sentence of Periander or Thales; then, turning to Taper, he said:

'"What do you think of 'ancient' instead of 'old'?"

'"You cannot have 'Our Modern Queen and our Ancient Institutions,'" said Mr. Taper.'

Ingenious writers sometimes amuse themselves by explaining how many things that pass for ancient are of all things most modern; how the Darwinian hypothesis may be discovered lurking in the speculations of some forgotten Greek philosopher, and how the 'Pickwick Papers' may be discerned, by those who have eyes to see, in the 'Odyssey.' Thus Matthew Arnold exhibited the modernity of the chattering Sicilian women in a Theocritean idyll.* M. Jules Lemaître points out how Euripides, in 'Ion,' 'méprise 'Scribe vingt-quatre siècles d'avance, ce qui est prodigieux' † —as prodigious it assuredly is—and how (he is speaking of Herondas) 'certains dialogues de la "Vie Parisienne," du '"Journal" ou de "L'Echo de Paris" vous donnent une idée 'fort exacte de ce que furent les *mimes* grecs.' ‡ And what chiefly interests Mr. Herbert Paul in the 'Poetics' of Aristotle is the fact that they are 'intensely modern.' §

---

* Essays in Criticism, first series: 'Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment.' At the Eton 'Fourth of June' this year Gorgo and Praxinoe were tricked out with parasols and bonnets.

† Impressions de Théâtre, neuvième série, p. 12.

‡ Impressions de Théâtre, huitième série, p. 2.

§ Nineteenth Century, February 1902, 'Art and Eccentricity.'

This is to darken counsel, as well as to fly in the face of Molière's common-sense observation that 'les anciens sont 'les anciens et nous sommes les gens d'aujourd'hui.'

It may be thought that, whatever the general vagueness about 'ancient' and 'modern,' there can be no difficulty in assigning them a precise meaning when applied to drama. There is the 'ancient' drama of the Greeks and Romans, the drama about which the Examiners were expected to interrogate the Heathen Passee, with his

> 'notes on the rise of the Drama,
> A question invariably set;'

and there is the 'modern' drama which came into being towards the end of the sixteenth century. That is the arbitrary division, for instance, adopted alike by M. Emile Faguet in his 'Drame ancien: drame moderne' and by Mr. Charles Hastings in 'The Theatre: its Development in 'France and England, and a History of its Greek and Latin 'origins.' No two works on the same subject could differ more completely in method and value. M. Faguet offers a rigorously logical 'catena.' Luminous theories and suggestive correlations abound on every page. Mr. Hastings's portly volume is a catalogue laboriously compiled, but only a bare catalogue—not even a 'catalogue raisonné—of which the value may be judged from a single extract:—

> 'The plays of Pinero, H. A. Jones, and Sydney Grundy are constantly reappearing on the playbills, and find admirable interpreters in George Alexander, Forbes Robertson, Beerbohm Tree, Wyndham, John Hare, and Martin Harvey, who are ably seconded by actresses like Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.'

But the point is that two works in all other respects so different both adopt the old arbitrary and, as it will be our endeavour to show, misplaced line of cleavage between ancient and modern drama.

Where then is the true line of cleavage to be found? In order to answer that question an obvious course is to examine a few typical plays, selected from successive theatrical periods, and to seek the causes which differentiate them from the drama of to-day, or rank them with it, as the case may be. By common consent, the most 'modern' of all Shakespeare's plays is the tragedy of 'Hamlet.' Its hero exhibits what the nineteenth century was fond of calling 'la maladie du 'siècle,' as something pre-eminently its own. His case is, in Shelley's phrase, 'a pure anticipated cognition' of the late lamented Henri Frédéric Amiel. Hazlitt discerned a

Hamlet in all modern men. Musset wrote a 'Lorenzaccio' so rife with Hamletism that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, after appearing as the protagonist of that play, was in the nature of things bound to undertake the Prince of Denmark. One peculiarly 'modern' novelist, Tourgenev, cannot choose but write a 'Hamlet russe,' while another, M. Paul Bourget, reproduces the whole story in 'André Cornélis.' Then there is the veteran author of 'John Gabriel Borkman' who gives us a Hamlet, as it were, reversed, a Hamlet who makes 'il gran rifiuto,' and blithely refuses to take up the burden of the old generation under which the Shakespearian Hamlet was crushed. Nevertheless, it has to be asked, does 'Hamlet' show the distinguishing marks of the drama as we understand it to-day? Does every scene contribute to the advancement of the story? Do every action and word take their due place in the composition of a character? Nothing of the kind. With the *data* of the play, its business, according to modern ideas, is to exhibit the progress of the conflict between Hamlet's temperament and his duty, between his irresolution and his revenge 'mission.' But this business is persistently neglected. Any irrelevance serves to set Hamlet off at a tangent. While he is waiting on the platform at Elsinore for the Ghost, some one drops an observation about the King keeping 'wassail,' whereupon he moralises upon the general passion for strong drink. Meanwhile the play marks time. When the players arrive, Hamlet puts aside his revenge project in order to deliver a lecture upon histrionics. If he meditates on suicide, he must bring in a reference to the law's delay and the insolence of office—matters which have nothing to do with his case. In the churchyard he must 'draw' the gravedigger. It is in complete forgetfulness of his 'mission' that he accepts the challenge to a bout of fence with Laertes. His mind, on this side of it, is like Squire Brooke's, 'a jelly that runs 'easily into any mould.' The obvious truth is that Shakespeare, having, as Walter Bagehot said, the 'experiencing 'temperament,' must needs endow Hamlet with that temperament too. He expressed himself in Hamlet in disregard of dramatic propriety. The story might get on as best it could; what he was intent upon was exhausting the possibilities of the moment—'enjoying the moment for the 'moment's sake,' as the late Mr. Pater might have said. The same disregard of dramatic propriety runs through the other characters. Polonius, a fool at one moment, is a sage at another, so that Coleridge was driven to contend that

he is not a comic character. Laertes cannot take leave of his sister without generalisations about princes' love and maidens' modesty, so that, only half in jest, a former Examiner of Plays described him as an instance of heredity.* Gertrude, rushing in with the shocking news of Ophelia's death, pauses to deliver a set piece of poetic description—

'There is a willow grows aslant a brook,'

with eighteen lines to follow—during which Laertes has to stand aside and bottle up his emotion. It comes to this, that, any topic once started, Shakespeare proceeds to expatiate upon it at large, and he is comparatively indifferent as to which character shall be his mouthpiece or to the progress of the dramatic action. Clearly 'Hamlet' bears the marks of something essentially different from a 'modern' play.

To draw attention to these points of technical method is not, of course, to call in question for a moment the virtues of 'Hamlet' as a poetic tragedy, its 'noble excess' as the *fine fleur* of Renaissance romanticism, its triumphant fulfilment of the test laid down by Goethe for all work really classic—namely, that it shall be 'energetic, fresh, and well-liking.' Such aspects of the matter are beyond discussion. But Shakespeare was no more free than any other man from the material limitations of the theatre in which his plays were produced; and it is in those material conditions that the explanation of his craftsmanship is to be found. Yet how seldom is that explanation sought in this the only proper quarter! We have seen S. T. Coleridge and Bodham Donne, two men of letters, explaining Polonius, one solemnly, the other only half jocularly, by purely literary and logical means. To this day our Shakespearian commentators, in the seclusion of their studies, pursue this false method—the bookman's method—of exegesis. If they would only come out of their studies and look at the stage—at some picture or model of the Elizabethan playhouse—they would save themselves the discovery of many mares' nests. A project has been recently mooted for the erection of an Elizabethan playhouse in *facsimile*, as a Shakespeare memorial, in one of the new London thoroughfares. We can perceive one, and only one, good reason for this other-

* Mr. Bodham Donne. See 'More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald,' p. 131: 'Had any one quoted to me Laertes' parting advice to his sister, I should have sworn it was Polonius.' Donne thinks that Shakespeare may have intended pedantry in the blood.'

wise fanciful scheme; it would provide an object-lesson for the bookmen. Meanwhile we may refer them back to their Aristotle. The author of the 'Poetics'—whom nothing could escape—saw the distinction between what we have called the bookman's point of view in regard to drama and that which we propose to take in the present inquiry. 'Whether tragedy is to be judged in itself, or in relation 'also to the stage (*πρὸς τὰ θέατρα*)'—that, he said, is *ἄλλος λόγος*, another question.* For us, however, it happens to be not another question, but *the* question. The bookmen have been used to consider drama exclusively 'in itself.' We think it is high time to consider drama *πρὸς τὰ θέατρα*, in its relation to the material conditions of the stage.

This aspect of the matter, so strangely neglected, is simplicity itself. That has happened in the theatre which has happened in every congregation gathered round the same centre of interest. Whether it be John Wesley preaching to the miners on a Cornish hillside, or a socialist haranguing the loafers in Hyde Park, or an acrobat tumbling for pence in a by-street, he chooses his 'pitch' and the crowd forms a ring. The earliest theatres, then, were naturally circular, with the stage in the centre. Naturally, too, the stage was bound to gravitate towards the circumference, in order that the performers might reach their platform and retire from it without traversing the crowd. It is superfluous to describe the minor modifications of this arrangement in the Elizabethan playhouse — everybody knows them—but it is not superfluous to point out the effects of this arrangement on the Elizabethan play. With actors on a raised platform, devoid of scenery and surrounded by the spectators on three sides, there could be no such thing as illusion, in the modern sense of the term, no attempt at a plastic reproduction of actual life. An Elizabethan actor was not, like his modern successor, a figure set in perspective in a framed picture whose conversation with his fellows is overheard by the audience. He stood forth among the crowd, hardly separated from them, and addressed them as an orator would address them. The Elizabethan drama, then, was of necessity a rhetorical drama. Each successive passage of dialogue was not so much the link between what preceded and followed it as a new 'topic,' which the speakers between them were expected to exhaust. The scene in itself, the scene of the moment,

* Poetics, ch. iv.

was everything; the logical *nexus* of the scenes nothing or next to nothing. Internal evidence of this has been adduced from 'Hamlet.' A curious piece of external evidence is forthcoming from a Frenchman who visited London shortly after the Restoration, one Samuel Sorbière, whose 'Relation' of his visit was published in 1664. This, to be sure, was after Shakespeare's time; but the point is immaterial, for the position of the platform stage in the playhouse was still what it had been in Shakespeare's time. Sorbière was struck by the indifference of the English audience to logical *nexus* of scenes in their drama, and gives the explanation furnished to him: 'Il ne leur importe que ce 'soit un pot-pourri, parce qu'ils n'en regardent, *disent-ils*, 'qu'une partie après l'autre, sans se soucier du total.'* Sorbière's English friends here put him on the right track, and our bookmen should lose no time in adding the 'Relation' to their libraries. 'Ne regarder qu'une partie 'après l'autre sans se soucier du total:' that was the inevitable frame of mind in the spectator of a platform-drama.

It is a simple fact, little suspected by the bookmen, or indeed by the common-sense students of our stage, that its history up to a time so recent as to be within the memory of people now living is the history of the platform-drama. As time went on, the dimensions of this platform gradually shrank, like the shagreen skin in Balzac's story. A notable passage in Colley Cibber throws light on this process. As a rule, the lives of the players may be said to belong to the least important branch of entomology; but an exception must be made in favour of Cibber's 'Apology,' which is always interesting and sometimes, as is the ensuing extract,† of great documentary value. Cibber is comparing Drury Lane, as altered by Rich, with the structure of the old theatre:—

'It must be observ'd, then, that the Area or Platform of the old Stage projected about four Foot forwarder, in a Semi-oval Figure, parallel to the Benches of the Pit; and that the former lower Doors of Entrance for the Actors were brought down between the two foremost (and then only) Pilasters; in the place of which Doors now the two Stage-Boxes are fixt. That where the Doors of Entrance now are, there formerly stood two additional Side-Wings, in front to a full set

* Quoted by Texte, 'Cosmopolitisme Littéraire,' p. 28.

† Quoted in 'Thomas Betterton' by Robert W. Lowe (1891), the most exhaustive and the most authoritative account of the Restoration playhouse.

of Scenes, which had then almost a double Effect in their Loftiness and Magnificence.

'By their original Form, the usual Station of the Actors, in almost every scene, was advanc'd at least ten Foot nearer to the Audience than they now can be; because, not only from the Stage's being shorten'd in front, but likewise from the additional Interposition of those Stage-Boxes, the Actors (in respect to the Spectators that fill them) are kept so much more backward from the main Audience than they us'd to be: But when the Actors were in Possession of that forwarder Space to advance upon, the Voice was then more in the Centre of the House, so that the most distant Ear had scarce the Least Doubt or Difficulty in hearing what fell from the weakest Utterance: All Objects were thus drawn nearer to the sense; every painted Scene was stronger; every grand Scene and Dance were extended; every rich and fine-coloured Habit had a more lively Lustre: Nor was the minutest Motion of a Feature (properly changing with the Passion or Humour it suited) ever lost, as they frequently must be in the Obscurity of too great a Distance.'

Here is a striking confirmation of the view already set forth that the rhetorical drama was what the mathematicians would call a 'function' of the platform-stage. The histrionic elements which Cibber singles out for mention are elements of rhetoric—the 'voice,' the 'utterance.' Cibber talks of the actors as we should now talk of orators—just as Plato had talked of them when proposing that καλλίφωνοι ὑποκριταί, 'the actors with their beautiful 'voices,' should be banished from his ideal State. The stage was still essentially a platform, projecting among the audience, though already showing a tendency to withdraw towards the curtain. Spectators still lined the sides of the stage as in Elizabethan times, no longer seated upon it, however, but placed in 'stage-boxes.' A full century passed and we find Jane Austen, in 1813 ('September 15, '½ past 8'—'documentary' evidence is not always so precise)—writing from London to her sister Cassandra: 'I 'talked to Henry at the play last night. We were in a 'private box—Mr. Spencer's—which made it much more 'pleasant. *The box is directly on the stage.* One is infinitely 'less fatigued than in the common way.'* Well into the last century, then, the boxes which Cibber had seen placed at the side of the stage were still in their old position. The stage remained even then, to all intents and purposes, a platform-stage.

* Letters of Jane Austen, ed. Lord Brabourne (1884), vol. ii. p. 147.

These facts account for the form not only of the Restoration but of the Georgian drama. The Restoration plots were beneath contempt. Who can remember Congreve's? From the modern point of view his *dénouements* are childish; some sudden 'discovery,' some hasty production of 'a certain parchment,' brings down the curtain to a general song and dance. 'What,' says Witwoud at the close of 'The Way of the World,' 'are you all got together, 'like players at the end of the last act?' The players are, in fact, always got together, and the final direction is 'Exeunt Omnes.' Congreve, to be sure, made some pretence to concern for the logical *nexus* of his plot. In his Epistle Dedicatory to 'The Double Dealer,' he asserts that 'the 'mechanical part of it is regular. I made the plot as strong 'as I could because it was single, and I made it single 'because I would avoid confusion, and was resolved to 'preserve the three unities of the drama.' But in practice Congreve's notion of orthodoxy was rather like that put into the mouth of one of his personages—'Orthodox is Greek 'for claret.' Who cares about what is going to happen next in 'The Way of the World'? Each scene of raillery between Millamant and Mirabell is self-contained. In the feigned madness of Valentine in 'Love for Love,' there is a riot of rhetoric. 'Mad scenes' were a constant feature of the platform-drama, because they gave the freest opportunity for bombastic, or discursive, or lyrical declamations. Valentine repeats some of Hamlet's very phrases. 'Sir,' said Johnson of Garrick and 'Irene,' 'the fellow wants me 'to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an oppor-'tunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels.' Tilburina went mad in white satin. The stage vogue of lunacy in those days is only to be matched by the vogue of hysteria—the hysteria of the 'Saphos' and the 'Zazas'—in our own. The contrast is worth passing notice, as showing how the change from the platform to the modern picture-stage has affected the field of histrionic representation, even in the matter of physical ailments. As to Congreve's practice, it accorded, whatever he may have said, with the theory of Vanbrugh, which was the true theory of the platform-stage. 'I cou'd say a great deal against the 'too exact observance of what's called the Rules of the 'Stage, and the crowding of a Comedy with a great deal 'of Intricate Plot. I believe I cou'd show, that the chief 'entertainment, as well as the Moral, lies much more in the 'Characters and the Dialogue, than in the Business and the

'Event.'* And why? The justification had already been anticipated by Sorbière: 'Il ne leur importe que ce soit un 'pot-pourri, parce qu'ils n'en regardent qu'une partie après 'l'autre, sans se soucier du total.'

We have seen that Congreve by no means practised what he preached. The fact is, in his theories of drama he was curiously ahead of his age. 'In any part of a play,' he says, 'if there is expressed any knowledge of an audience, it 'is insufferable.'† That would be true of our modern illusion-stage; it was not true of the platform-stage. In the rhetorical drama the actor, under the pretext of conversing with his fellows, was in reality talking *at* his audience. The original players of 'The School for Scandal,' as Elia pointed out in a famous essay, surpassed their successors precisely because they recognised this. The 'teasings' of Sir Peter (while King acted it) were evidently as much played off at you as they were meant to concern anybody on the stage. The original players gave the true spirit of the play because they treated it frankly as a piece of rhetoric. Kemble is singled out by Lamb on this very account. 'His 'exact declamatory manner' (in Charles Surface) 'as he 'managed it, only served to convey the points of his 'dialogue with more precision; it seemed to head the shafts, 'to carry them deeper. Not one of his sparkling sentences 'was lost.' This was over a hundred years ago. To-day every so-called 'revival' of 'The School for Scandal' is an absolute counter-sense. What was written as a platform-play is presented as a picture-play.

But the platform-play died hard. It even survived the platform. It was kept alive by a succession of declamatory actors steeped in the traditions of the platform-stage, from Kemble and Siddons to Macready and Phelps. An amusing side-light is thrown on those traditions by the descriptions of amateur theatricals so frequent in the women novelists of the 'palmy days'—Miss Burney, Miss Ferrier, and Jane Austen. Lionel (in 'Camilla') 'returned to ask who would 'come forth to spout with him.' 'Spouting' was the proper business of the platform-stage. An amateur actor (in 'Patronage') is condemned because 'he would regularly 'turn his back upon the audience'—an absurdity on a platform-stage, a perfectly legitimate effect on our modern

* From Vanbrugh's reply to Jeremy Collier in 'A Short Vindication,' 1698.

† Dedication to 'The Double Dealer.'

illusion-stage. M. Antoine, when he played 'La Mort du 'Duc d'Enghien' in London a few years ago, turned his back upon the audience throughout a long scene. Perhaps the best indirect evidence that a play was naturally assumed to be a piece of rhetoric, and that acting was identical with spouting, is supplied by Miss Austen. When the private theatricals at Mansfield Park were afoot, Tom Bertram asserted of his father that

'for anything of the acting, spouting, reciting kind, I think he has always a decided taste. I am sure he encouraged it in us as boys. How many a time have we mourned over the dead body of Julius Cæsar, and *to be'd*, and not *to be'd*, in this very room, for his amusement! And I am sure, *my name was Norval*, every evening of my life through our Christmas holidays.'

All that Mr. Yates, another of the amateurs, demanded from a part, we are told, was 'good ranting ground,' and his great objection to one character was that 'there was not a 'tolerable speech in the whole.' This remark, curiously enough, gets repeated almost word for word by the old-fashioned tragedian in Mr. Pinero's 'Trelawny of the Wells,' who objects to a new piece that 'there isn't a speech—not 'what you could call a real speech—in it.'

Gradually the platform-drama sank into the inanimate or semi-animate condition of a 'survival.' The sham Elizabethanisms which passed for tragedy were beginning to pall. Thomas Lovell Beddoes called the drama of his time 'a 'haunted ruin,' and advocated the policy of 'a clean slate.' 'Say what you will,' he wrote, 'I am convinced the man 'who is to awaken the drama must be a bold trampling 'fellow—no reviver even, however good. These re-anima-'tions are vampire cold. . . . With the greatest reverence 'for all the antiquities of the drama, I still think we had 'better beget than revive.' The works of Talfourd and Sheridan Knowles—nay, even 'Money' and 'The Lady of 'Lyons'—were rhetorical plays, and are now, indeed, 'vampire cold.' One of the latest efforts to keep the old art alive was 'The Patrician's Daughter' of Westland Marston (1842), which aimed at establishing 'the principle 'of characters talking poetically in plain dress'—a principle which resulted in the description of a marriage settlement by a family solicitor as

'the accustomed deed
Determining the rights and property
Of such as stand affianced.'

When some years later one of the last of the rhetorical actors quitted the stage, Tennyson addressed a sonnet to 'Macready, moral, grave, sublime,' and in the last epithet hit off the ideal of platform tragedy. Rhetorical comedy had its 'sublimities' too. In Dion Boucicault's 'London Assurance' (1841) Grace Harkaway talks as no young lady ever talked in 1841, or, we may be sure, in any other year, but as players were expected to talk in the platform period of drama:—

'I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song that flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause; these, swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o er the telling of it.'

Then there is Lady Gay Spanker's description of the hunt and its emotions:—

'Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Then I love the world, myself, and every living thing—a jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it would wish that creation had but one mouth that I might kiss it.'

These, and such as these, were the 'real speeches' to which Mr. Pinero's broken-down actor referred.

Surely here is ample evidence that down to the very middle of the last century the modern English drama, the drama as we know it to-day, had not come into being. From the reign of Queen Elizabeth right into the reign of Queen Victoria there had been a continuous tradition of a stage-technique which is not ours. It was a technique, as has been seen, conditioned by the material arrangements of the playhouse, and chiefly by the situation of the stage with respect to the audience. The history of the gradual modification of that technique is the history of the gradual withdrawal of the stage from the pit to the curtain line. Here, then, is another of the many cases in which art has been shaped less by its own inherent needs than by external causes, economic and social. For it was the pressure of population that step by step forced the stage back into its present place—changed it from a platform into the lower plane of a framed picture. While the number of London theatres was strictly limited by privilege, the number of people desiring to frequent them steadily increased. Rich, as we have seen, in Cibber's time, tried to meet the

increasing demand by contracting Drury Lane stage in order to expand the pit. But this measure was insufficient, and every time Drury Lane was burnt down it rose from its ashes more vast than before, until the younger Colman declared that a semaphore was needed to signal the actions of the players to the occupants of the topmost gallery. The result was twofold: the shrinking of the stage made it as absurd to retain the old rhetorical methods of the platform drama as the enlargement of the house itself made it impossible to abandon them. In such conditions no new drama could be born. That was not possible until the privilege of the 'patent houses' was abolished, and theatres could be built of reasonable size and in sufficient numbers to satisfy the popular demand. The necessary change was effected by the Theatres Regulation Act of 1843, which established free trade in drama. In addition to freedom, the change meant specialisation. A patent house had been justly called by Charles Mathews 'a huge theatrical 'omnibus.' When Macready took over Covent Garden in 1837, he had to provide a company for tragedy, another for comedy, a third for opera, to say nothing of a staff of pantomimists. Now every manager was free to form a repertory suited to his house and the talents of his players. The stage was in the picture-frame, rhetoric an anachronism, and the natural action and talk of actual life a possibility. From this moment the birth of the modern drama in England was only a question of time.

In what way and to what extent the drama is a 'function' of the stage on which it is played should now be clear. The transformation of the old drama of rhetoric into the modern drama of illusion is the artistic outcome of a mechanical transformation—the transformation of the platform-stage into the picture-stage. This process of evolution is, of course, not peculiar to England. Throughout Western Europe it has been the same story—the platform superseded by the picture, theatrical monopoly superseded by free trade, rhetoric superseded by illusion. The only foreign theatre, however, with which we need concern ourselves is the French, for that is the only foreign theatre which has exercised a continuous and vital influence upon our own. It is a noteworthy fact that, whatever other differences there may have been between the French and English stages, there has been next to no difference in the particulars which we have been considering. It is sufficient to say that down to 1759 spectators lined both sides of the Parisian stage,

being actually seated upon it, and that, placed in boxes, they continued to line it until the eighteenth century had come to a close. A well-known drawing by Moreau le Jeune, illustrating the crowning of Voltaire's bust at the Théâtre Français in 1778, shows these side-boxes and shows, too, how far the stage projected as a platform into the auditorium. When, then, did the picture-stage make its appearance in France? A casual entry in the 'Journal des Goncourt,' curiously enough, supplies the answer:—

'*Dimanche*, 31 *Mars*, 1861.—Déjeuner chez Flaubert avec Sari et Laugier, et conversation toute spéciale sur le théâtre. . . . Ce n'est que depuis ce siècle que les acteurs cherchent en leurs silhouettes l'effet *tableau*: ainsi Paulin Ménier montrera au public des effets de dos pris aux dessins de Gavarni; ainsi Rouvière apportera à la scène les poses tordues et les épilepsies de mains, des lithographies du *Faust* de Delacroix.'

It is piquant to find a French actor deliberately essaying those very 'effets de dos' for which, as we saw, the amateur in Miss Ferrier's 'Patronage' was ridiculed. With the 'effet *tableau*' the modern French drama has arrived.

It arrived a little in advance of our own, and it is not, we think, very difficult to see why. For one reason, theatrical 'privilege'—we have already shown the relation between that and the rhetorical drama—was established earlier on the other side of the Channel than on this. Article I of a decree of the National Assembly, dated November 19, 1791, runs as follows:—'Tout citoyen pourra élever un théâtre 'public, et y faire représenter des pièces de tous les genres.' It is true that monopoly was restored by an imperial decree of 1807, and that France had to wait for the definitive establishment of free trade in drama until 1864. But the point is that, decrees or no decrees, for full fifty years before theatres began to multiply in London they were numerous in Paris, and their number steadily increased.* A much more important reason, however, for French priority in modern drama is, we believe, to be found not in the history of French institutions, but in the mental constitution of the French race. It is a race with a peculiar turn for logic; and even when the drama of both countries was acted upon a platform-stage this peculiarity of the French gave a symmetry of structure and a progressiveness of develope-

* Eleven in 1791, eighteen in 1829, twenty-one in 1833. See, on the whole question, Pougin, 'Dictionnaire du Théâtre,' 1885, art. 'Liberté des Théâtres.'

ment to their drama which were not to be detected in ours. In ours we have seen the platform-stage producing two effects—discursive rhetoric and a certain discontinuity of action. It was this second effect which struck the attention of our French visitor Sorbière, in that an English play seemed to him a *pot-pourri*. Our playgoers, as they admitted to him, considered only each facet of the play as it came into view, without regard to the play as a whole. But the French, with their logical instinct, did care for the play as a whole, and were concerned not merely for each scene as it passed, but for its relation to the other scenes, for the *growth*, that is to say, of the action. Here was the difference between the French platform-drama and ours. Theirs was quite as rhetorical; indeed, it was far more rhetorical. From Racine to Voltaire, from Voltaire to Campistron, there was a maximum of tirades, 'confidences,' monologues, 'forensic' dialogues — all the artifices of rhetoric—to a minimum of action. Another racial characteristic, no doubt, contributed to this excess of rhetoric: we mean the French turn for didactic moralising. French tragedy might or might not be a poem; it was always a sermon. Thus Sterne, while professing to think French tragedies 'absolutely fine,' significantly added, 'and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than 'common, as they suit a preacher quite as well as a hero, I 'generally make my sermon out of 'em; and for the text, 'Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, is 'as good as any one in the Bible.' This persistent didacticism of French drama found its *reductio ad absurdum* in both the theory and the practice of Diderot. 'It is always,' said he, 'virtue and virtuous people that a man ought to 'have in view when he writes. Oh, what good would men 'gain if all the arts of imitation proposed one common 'object, and were one day to unite with the laws in making 'us love virtue and hate vice!' In Diderot's 'Père de 'Famille' a father addresses his child in this strain: 'Marriage, my daughter, is a vocation imposed by Heaven.... 'If marriage exposes us to cruel pain, it is also the source 'of the sweetest pleasures. . . . O sacred bond, if I think 'of thee, my whole soul is warmed and elevated.' Mr. John Morley's comment on this passage is much to the point. If the drama is to be a great moral teacher, 'it will not be by 'imitating the methods of that colossal type of histrionic 'failure, the church pulpit.'* It may be added that the

* Diderot, vol. i. p. 327 (1886).

moralising strain in French drama is to be found a full century after Diderot in the *raisonneurs* of the younger Dumas. But the important fact is that with all this excess of moralising rhetoric over action, the French turn for logic had its way. Such action as there was tended steadily to an ordained end, never zigzagging or marking time or deviating into mere irrelevance, as was, for the most part, the case with our English platform-drama. Logical, well ordered, as French drama was by comparison with our own, it was not logical enough for the French critics. The aim of their playwrights is all the more unmistakeable from the frequency with which they deplored failure to attain it. We have heard Diderot as a dramatist, but listen to him as a critic of drama :—

'En général il y a plus de pièces bien dialoguées, que de pièces bien conduites. Le génie qui dispose les incidents paraît plus rare que celui qui trouve les vrais discours. Combien de belles scènes dans Molière ! On compte ses dénouemens heureux. On serait tenté de croire qu'un drame devrait être l'ouvrage de deux hommes de génie, l'un qui arrangeât et l'autre qui fît parler.' *

Here is Diderot virtually passing the very criticism on Molière that we have passed on Congreve. In both the dialogue surpasses the 'conduct of the fable.' How many 'belles scènes' in both ! How few 'dénouemens heureux' ! And by this time the cause of the resemblance between the two national dramas, in so far as resemblance there was, ought to be manifest enough ; it was the common factor in each, the platform-stage, always favourable to rhetoric and unfavourable to the strict ordering of plot. But there is this great difference between the two cases, that the French spirit, its turn for logic, almost from the first reacted against the influence of the platform-stage, whereas the English did not. Nothing could be more significant on this head than a remark of Voltaire's in his commentary on Horace. 'Tout doit être action dans la tragédie,' he says ; 'chaque scène doit servir à nouer et à dénouer 'l'intrigue, chaque discours doit être préparation ou 'obstacle.' Voltaire failed to observe his own precepts ; but he has here stated in the clearest terms what is nothing else than the ideal of modern drama.

For that ideal, whatever else it may cover, includes simplicity and strict economy of plot, and in these respects the French have always been ahead of us. Go back as far

* Diderot, 'De la poésie dramatique.'

as 'that memorable day, in the first summer of the late war, 'when our navy engaged the Dutch'* (June 3, 1665), and you will find the English and the French ideals compared by Dryden. It was one of the objects of his 'Essay,' as all readers know, to contrast the two national theatres and to make the best case he could for the English. Lisideus, the advocate for France, observes that 'another thing in which 'the French differ from us is that they do not embarrass or 'cumber themselves with too much plot; they only represent 'so much of a story as will constitute one whole and great 'action sufficient for a play; we, who undertake more, do 'but multiply adventures, which, not being produced from 'one another, as effects from causes, but barely following, 'constitute many actions in the drama, and consequently 'make it many plays.' To which Dryden, in the character of Neander, answers by decrying the 'barrenness' of the French plots and praising the 'variety and copiousness' of the English. But the point is that he never attempts to dispute Lisideus's main fact: 'The French carry on one 'design, which is pushed forward by all the actors, every 'scene in the play constituting and moving towards it.'

It was because the French did this, even in the period of the platform-stage, that, so soon as that stage had given place to the picture-stage, they were the first to create what is legitimately entitled to be called modern drama. Literary historians, each docilely repeating the commonplaces of his predecessors, were for long accustomed to trace the modern French drama back to the great Romantic movement of the thirties. The best opinion of to-day is dead against that attribution. What is there in the contemporary French theatre that can be shown to owe its origin to Romanticism? People talk of a 'romantic' revival, but these are the people who cannot see any further than Cyrano's nose. M. Rostand's plays are 'romantic' in a sense—because the word 'romance' can be used in almost any sense, the sense of anti-classicism or of anti-realism or of mere troubadourism —and out of these senses one or more can be found to fit M. Rostand. But 'Cyrano de Bergerac' and 'L'Aiglon' and 'La Princesse Lointaine' are not romantic in the sense of 1830. Must we come to the conclusion that the Romantic movement was merely an episode in the history of the French stage? We can hardly recognise Victor Hugo's plays as modern drama; they belong to the old

* Essay of Dramatic Poesy: opening paragraph.

drama of rhetoric. Every one of them is based upon an antithesis—a king at odds with a bandit, a queen enamoured of a lackey, a court fool turned tragic protagonist—and antithesis is a figure of rhetoric. Rhetoric, the monologue of Charles Quint before the tomb of Charlemagne. Rhetoric, the 'scène des portraits.' Rhetoric, the address of Ruy Blas to the ministers. That grotesque document the preface to 'Cromwell,' so far as it had any intelligible meaning whatever, meant a rhetorical dramaturgy. The author of 'Hernani' was not the first of the modern dramatists; he was the last of the rhetoricians. So much was written about the excitement over the 'première' of 'Hernani,' to say nothing of Gautier's red waistcoat, that at last the public was fooled into believing that there must be something in it. The legend grew up, and 'epoch-'marking' became the cant word about it. But an ounce of fact is worth a pound of legend. And the fact is that the first of the moderns was the author of 'Antony,' a play which substituted for the Romantic formula a brand-new formula of its own. Here at last was a tale in plain (indeed, in bad) prose about the actual life of the day as Dumas saw it. Dumas, to be sure, saw life neither steadily nor whole. But what he saw, or thought he saw, he took bodily into the theatre. For he was a born dramatist. 'Antony' is all rapidity and fire, all action and passion. It is easy to laugh at the Byronic, Wertherian, Satanic hero. But Antony was a true type of his time, brother to Stendhal's Julien Sorel, and to the exorbitant adventurers of Balzac—the men of a generation burning with the Napoleonic fever driven inwards. This type of ferocious egoist had a long stage posterity down to the 'homme fort' of Feuillet and the 'strugforlifeur' of Alphonse Daudet. Countless, too, are the descendants in French drama of Adèle d'Hervey, at once heroine and adulterous woman. But Dumas did something more important than fix types of modern stage-character. He hit in 'Antony' upon the great modern dramatic theme, the conflict of passion and the social world, of the individual and opinions—the very stuff out of which his son's plays were afterwards to be made. While Dumas *père* supplied the motive power of the new drama, Scribe perfected its mechanism. It is the present fashion to speak contemptuously of Scribe, as a mere manufacturer, turning out machine-made plays by the gross. But that is because we are wise after the event. Scribe triumphantly vindicated in practice a position of Aristotle's, which has been recently

and by no means intelligently assailed—the position that while you can have drama without character you cannot have drama without plot.* No doubt Aristotle overestimated the importance of plot. We suspect that he did so deliberately, in the belief that in neglect of plot lay the special pitfall for the 'bas-relief' drama of his time. Be that as it may, it would be untrue to say to-day, as Aristotle said, that plot was the end of drama; but it is, assuredly, the beginning. Scribe made too much of it, made everything of it. Nevertheless, he fulfilled a purpose useful for the moment. A new craftsmanship was wanted for the picture-stage, the old craftsmanship of the platform-stage being as useless as a sedan-chair on a railway. Scribe supplied what was wanted, just when it was wanted. If he was only a craftsman, he could at least make instruments which others were to put to real use; and that is what Scribe actually did for Augier and the younger Dumas. He gave them the neat framework of the 'well-made piece,' and within that framework they did what he could not do, they worked out ideas of their own.

What ideas were these? Of what kind were they? What relation had they to reality, to the practical conduct of life? To answer these questions is to indicate the fundamental difference between modern French and English drama. The ideas of Augier and Dumas *fils* were ideas about society, its economic structure, its hierarchy of castes, its pressure on the individual; and they were ideas about private ethics, the relations of men and women, fathers and children, the disparity between the Civil Code and the moral law. In other words, these men made the French drama, in Matthew Arnold's phrase about poetry, a 'criti-'cism of life.' That has been the vital, the prime characteristic of the French stage for half a century and more—its rule—whereas with our modern English drama it has been the exception. Only in quite recent years have one or two English plays attempted anything like a 'criticism of 'life,' and even in the rare instances wherein these plays have been accepted by the public, they have been accepted against the grain. The English attitude in this matter is well illustrated in a brief passage of irony from the 'Critic:'—

'*Mrs. Dangle.* Well, if they had kept to that [*i.e.* 'serious' comedy from the French], I should not have been such an enemy to

* Poetics, ch. iv.

the stage; there was some edification to be got from those pieces, Mr. Sneer!

'*Sneer.* I am quite of your opinion, Mrs. Dangle: the theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality; but now, I am sorry to say it, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment!

'*Mrs. Dangle.* It would have been more to the credit of the managers to have kept it in the other line.

'*Sneer.* Undoubtedly, madam; and hereafter perhaps to have it recorded that, in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserved two houses in the capital, where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining!'

What Sheridan said wittily enough over a hundred years ago the majority of English playgoers are tiresomely repeating to-day. We go to the theatre, they say, for 'entertainment;' we want to leave the world behind us, to escape from the pressure of reality; we do not go there for a criticism of life. There is a double fallacy underlying this popular statement of the case. 'Entertainment,' in the fullest sense of the term, is, of course, the aim of all drama, from the 'Prometheus 'Bound' or 'Lear' down to 'Box and Cox' or 'Charley's 'Aunt.' Further, to treat reality as a spectacle is in the very act to relieve it of its pressure. Art, however faithfully it may follow the lineaments of life, is not life itself; it is life which has undergone a *κάθαρσις*, life purged of the will-to-live. What the popular statement merely means is that the typical English playgoer does not find entertainment where the typical French playgoer does, in a criticism of life. And in that sense the statement is undeniable. If the English playgoer stopped there, if he were content with the admission that he found moral questions in drama a bore, whatever we might think of his intelligence, we could not contest his right to choose his own pleasures. But he goes further. He considers it 'immoral' to raise moral questions on the stage. This habit he acquired, it would seem, from the moment that Dumas *fils* began to raise those moral questions. 'La Dame aux Camélias' was produced in 1852. At the Theatrical Fund dinner of 1853 a speaker, after admitting that the English owed much to the French stage (it was, indeed, living upon French adaptations), went on to say: 'But we should limit our obliga-'tions to the French, in order to keep our own drama 'pure; and, in availing ourselves of their art, we should 'be careful to avoid their immorality.' Unfortunately, his very next sentence gave the case away. 'We cannot be 'insensible to the changes that are taking place around

'us in our theatres. Covent Garden is given up to the 'seductions of a foreign opera, and the legitimacy of Old 'Drury is displayed by the antipodean feat of a gentleman 'who walks on the ceiling with his head downwards.'* Such was the result of 'availing ourselves of French art,' in so far as it was mere amusement, and of 'limiting our 'obligations' so as to keep out anything like a criticism of life. The French playgoer was being introduced to the masterpieces of Augier and Dumas *fils*, while the English playgoer was gazing at a gentleman walking upside down. Fortunately, we have done something since towards mending our ways. The contrast between the two stages has long ceased to be as tragi-comic as it was in 1853. But it is still sufficiently humiliating. It is no exaggeration to say that while in the intervening half-century every social and ethical question of importance has found its way into the French theatre, from the English theatre all, or nearly all, such questions have been rigorously excluded.

There is no need to recite the long catalogue of plays, sufficiently well known and more than sufficiently discussed, by which Augier and Dumas *fils*, in their several ways, converted the French drama into an active social force. It is impossible to dissociate these twain, because they worked to the same end, but there is a marked difference in their work. Augier was much less of a preacher than Dumas, and much more of a *bourgeois*; but, though he had the 'burgess mind,' we must be cautious about disparaging a mind which has given the world 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier.' He took that 'respectable,' comfortable, tolerant view of men and things which one finds so complacently adopted in the novels of Anthony Trollope. He disliked the 'idle 'rich,' the haughty aristocrat, the Bohemian journalist, the 'Daughters of Joy'—and everything else which the *bourgeois* disliked. His plays have aged now, as Trollope's novels have aged, but, like those, they can still be read with pleasure. Notably, he was a good-humoured man; whereas Dumas, like the medical gentleman in 'Pickwick' when he forbade his patient crumpets, was 'werry fierce.' It is the foible of earnest reformers, and Dumas believed in his mission, and the mission of the stage, if ever man did. He ascribed to himself priestly functions. In his preface to 'Le Fils Naturel' (dated 1868, though the piece was begun in 1853, the year of the topsy-turvey

* Dramatic Register for 1853.

gentleman at Drury Lane—*annus mirabilis!*) he actually put the theatre alongside the Catholic Church:—

'The Church is wrong to attack us, for we are both marching willy-nilly towards the same end, since we start from the same principle: the representation of the Idea by man. Under penalty of death or degradation we can only proceed, like her, by propagating the highest morality. Like her we address assemblies of men, and you cannot speak long and effectively to the multitude save in the name of the higher interests.'

The drama, he went on, was doomed 'unless we hasten 'to press it into the service of the great social reforms 'and the great hopes of humanity.' 'Inaugurons donc,' he cried, 'le théâtre *utile*.' To the theorists of art for art's sake, to say nothing of mere playhouse loafers, these may seem wild and whirling words; but to question the sincere conviction, the true vocation, of the writer is impossible. His conception of his priestly duties certainly brought him into queer company. Fallen—or falling—women became his especial care. There is an elderly rake in one of Mr. Pinero's plays who confesses he could never approach women 'in the missionary spirit.' Dumas *fils* could do nothing else. Every one knows how modern art has turned to account what a learned professor of the University of Finland calls 'the veiled polyandry and 'polygamy which lie at the bottom of modern society.'* Dumas *fils* may be considered to have exhausted all the variations and combinations afforded by this subject. Sometimes he had the offenders taken out and shot, at other times he brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty, but don't do it 'again.' Then he attacked the Code, pleading the right to prove affiliation, the right of divorce, and the identical responsibility of both parties in cases of seduction and adultery. He did it all 'in the missionary spirit,' and yet the missionary never got the better of the dramatist. For, with all his ideas and moral aims, he had his father's dramatic instinct and adhered to the Scribe *technique*. He took care that his plays should always fulfil the ultimate end of every play, the end of 'entertainment,' so that, while appealing to Mrs. Dangle, he would also have conciliated Mr. Sneer.

And yet there was a great difference between the earlier and the later Dumas, the Dumas of 'La Dame aux 'Camélias' and the Dumas of 'Francillon.' The one play

* The Origins of Art, by Yrjo Hirn, p. 240.

was written, as M. Sarcey * said, *à la diable*, dashed off by a young fellow in the twenties who was making theatrical 'copy' out of his own experience. The other was formed upon a deliberately conceived plan, to demonstrate in action a proposition about the *lex talionis* in conjugal relations. The fact is, between the two, his first piece and his last, Dumas had invented the thesis-play. What is a thesis? In general, of course, any kind of proposition; in drama, a proposition about life and conduct. And a thesis about life and conduct necessarily implies a moral precept. 'Honesty is the best policy' is a thesis; the implied precept is 'Be honest.' There is a general thesis at the back of every drama which makes any appeal to the intellect. Take two examples from the platform-stage. The general thesis of Shakespeare's Chronicle plays is that the king is very human, but still your king; their implied precept is 'Honour 'the king and behave like a true-born Englishman.' The general thesis of Molière's comedies is the Horatian one that nature, though you expel it with a fork, will yet recur; their implied precept is 'Follow Nature, avoid 'affectation, and don't be a "crank."' But the thesis-play proper, invented by Dumas as his contribution to the picture-stage, deals with a particular proposition, and is constructed from first to last to demonstrate that proposition. It is a play, as people say, with a purpose. This is a peculiarly French product. Even the French farce-writers, the mere amusers, cannot resist a thesis. Labiche, for instance, abounds in theses. His 'Voyage de M. 'Perrichon'—to take his most characteristic work—is framed with geometrical symmetry round the Rochefoucauldian thesis that we like the people we have benefited more than the people from whom we have received benefits. But the conscious, deliberate thesis-playwright was Dumas *fils*.

The later history of the thesis-play is rather curious. When Dumas died in 1895 it had already fallen into disfavour. The public had accepted his theses because of his dramatic verve inherited from his father, and because he could 'tell 'a story' as neatly as Scribe, or as the second and greater Scribe, Sardou. If he had made the theatre an active social force, it was because of his sæv' indignation, the 'fire in 'his belly,' not because of his ratiocination. A thesis, after all, holds good only for the particular case. Gustave

* Quarante Ans de Théâtre, p. 191.

Flaubert hits upon this objection in one of his letters to George Sand:—'Put what genius you like into a fable, 'taken as an example, some other fable can be adduced to 'the contrary, for *dénouements* are not conclusions. From 'a particular case you cannot proceed to a general induction, 'and those who try to do so are flying in the face of modern 'science, which insists upon the accumulation of innumer-'able facts before establishing a law.' The real truth is that a dramatic thesis proves nothing, for the simple reason that you cannot prove a case by manufacturing the evidence. These were, and are, the objections to the thesis judged by the 'practical reason.' But if we look for the immediate causes of its temporary eclipse, we shall find them in an artistic movement. Before the end of the eighties, a new generation of French playgoers had had time to grow up since the war, and, like all new generations, it demanded a new art. For a time it seemed as though the new art had been found in naturalism. This was, of course, originally a novelistic movement, and, as M. Gustave Larroumet, the dramatic critic of 'Le Temps,' recently reminded a London audience,* Flaubert and Zola and Daudet all failed in the theatre, where novelists generally do fail. A dramatist, however, was not long wanting for the movement. This was Henri Becque, who in 'Les Corbeaux' (1880) and 'La 'Parisienne' (1885) established a formula for naturalism in the theatre. The ingenious plot of Scribe and Dumas and Sardou was abandoned. No 'exposition,' no '*dénouement*, no 'sympathetic personage;' only what M. Jean Jullien, the theorist of the school, called 'slices of life.'† The new school found a home in the Théâtre Libre, founded in 1887 by M. André Antoine, who also instituted a new school of 'naturalistic' acting for the interpretation of the new plays. After a brief career of audacities, too often merely scandalous, naturalism fell by its own excesses, but not without impressing an indelible mark on the stage. It left the French drama more simple in construction than it found it, more accurately observant, and, it must be added, a little more insidiously erotic. Though sexual passion had been the chosen subject of Dumas, he had always painted it in the blackest colours; it is the perpetual theme of men like Donnay and Lavedan and Porto-Riche, whose moral purpose

* Conférence on 'Le Théâtre' at the Coronet Theatre, March 6, 1902.

† Le Théâtre Vivant (1892), p. 2.

in the exposure of its seamy side is by no means so apparent. It must be remembered that the French theatre has always been, like St. Augustine in his youth, 'in love with love,' from Racine to Marivaux, from Musset to Meilhac. The present men are only carrying on an historic tradition, though we think that tradition was better served by the old idealism than by the new realism.

Be that as it may, the amorists hold only a secondary position in the French drama of to-day. The primacy belongs to Paul Hervieu and Eugène Brieux. The one has been called a second Dumas, the other a second Augier; and not without reason, for they have revived the vogue of the thesis-play. But they are more austere men than their prototypes, without a tincture—they would consider it a taint—of Scribism. With them the thesis is presented in all its simplicity, naked and not ashamed. Nothing, for example, could be simpler than the thesis of M. Hervieu's 'La Course du Flambeau,' a play which has been presented to Londoners by Madame Réjane. It is the familiar figure which Lucretius took from the Greek torch-race:—

'Et quasi cursores vitaï lampada tradunt.'

Each generation has to sacrifice the last to itself and then itself to the next; thus is the torch of life carried on. You have a widowed mother renouncing her chance of second marriage because her daughter is not yet married and settled; later, becoming a forger to save her son-in-law from ruin; ultimately confronted by a choice between the death of her daughter and that of her mother, the consumptive daughter needing a high altitude in the Engadine which is fatal to the grandmother's heart-disease. 'Pour sauver ma 'fille j'ai tué ma mère,' cries the heroine, or rather the middle term of the 'rule of three' sum, as the curtain descends. Q.E.D. Everything in the play is conditioned not by the probabilities and proportions of life, but by the mathematical requirements of the thesis, and the consequence is that you cannot believe a word of it. Again, nothing could be simpler than the thesis of 'Les Trois 'Filles de M. Dupont,' by M. Brieux, which is that women, whether they elect to be dependent on men in either regular or irregular relations, or to be independent of men, are all equally badly off. To prove this, one of the daughters marries, another goes on the streets, and the third withers in single-wretchedness. Ultimately they compare notes, and each admits herself to be as dissatisfied as either of the

other two. Indeed, the play might almost be rewritten as a mediæval morality, and called 'Everywoman: or Dame 'Goodwife, Dame Lechery, and Dame Maidenhood.' Here, again, the thesis, not life, dictates the form of the play, which is not a play but a triangle; and once more you cannot believe a word of it. We leave the French, then, with their turn for logic more in evidence than ever. We have seen how it gave them a formula for modern drama, a vehicle for a true criticism of life. Now we see the formula piercing through the drama, and life subordinated to the criticism. The French stage is suffering from intellectual hypertrophy. Where is the remedy to be found? Assuredly not, as some enthusiasts deceive themselves into believing, in the rhymed fantasies of M. Rostand. Practical conduct, life as we know it, is the staple commodity of French drama. This does not exclude great poetry, for a great poet will always have a 'message' for his day. M. Rostand only offers it a copy of verses. An inspired schoolboy, like our own Landor, he can turn anything into metre—gasconnades, a duel, pâtisserie, a protuberant nose, the Old Guard, a battle-field, Napoleon's cocked hat, what you will. He has with difficulty been dissuaded from addressing the French Academy in verse. 'Il ne manquait que 'ça!' No, the French drama is not to be saved by prosody. We regard Rostandism as a passing mirage, if, indeed, it be not a mirage already dispelled. If a French Ibsen—but a French Ibsen is a contradiction in terms. And, in any case, it is no business of ours to prescribe.

Were we to offer the French that impertinence, nothing but their traditional politeness could save us from the obvious retort about the mote and the beam. The English stage of to-day is in little danger of intellectual hypertrophy; in mid-nineteenth century—the point at which we left it—it was in no danger at all. It was an absent-minded drama. It whistled as it went, for want of thought. And it went in another sense, it went into the *Ewigkeit*. Where is that drama now? The French drama of that date still lines our shelves—volume after volume of Augier and Dumas and even of Labiche. These French playwrights still permit themselves to be read and not seldom to be played. But who can read the 'Théâtre Complet' of Bulwer Lytton or the 'acting editions' of Boucicault or Tom Taylor or Charles Reade or John Oxenford? It is impossible even to think of the early Victorian theatre without a yawn, so 'unidea'd' was it, so ephemeral, so paltry and jejune. We

shrink from dwelling on this tedious theme. Our concern here is not with the imitators, the adapters, the mere purveyors, but with the elect few who have done something new—no matter whether good or bad, so long as it is new to drama—the *Fortschrittsmänner* as the Germans call them, the men who give a new lead in art. The first of these men, in the history of the modern English theatre, was T. W. Robertson. In the Robertsonian drama—which includes not merely the author of 'Caste' and 'Society' and 'School,' but minor and coarser Robertsons like H. J. Byron and James Albery—is to be found the first intelligent employment in England of the picture-stage. A plausible representation of actual life and manners and speech, with all rhetoric and rhetorical conventions abolished, with no aim but the aim of illusion, was for the first time presented to an English playhouse audience. The world of the sixties is now so remote from us—are not the humours of its remoteness the very point of Mr. Pinero's 'Trelawny of the 'Wells'?—that it is odd to think of Robertson as a realist; nevertheless, a realist he was in his day. We are not referring to the 'real door-handles' of 'Society' or the 'real 'snow' of 'Ours,' or the other novelties of accurate *mise-en-scène* of which the history is written in the annals of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre under the *régime* of the Bancrofts. These mechanical details were bound in time to be invented for the new requirements of the picture-stage, though that consideration does not detract from the credit of the actual inventors. Still less are we referring to the structure of the Robertsonian drama, the 'motivation' of its plot. It is here, of course, that realism can best justify itself—in the action and the springs of action—so that the impression produced on the spectator's mind may be the exact opposite of Judge Brack's, the impression that 'these 'are the very things people do.' Robertson was no realist in this sense. His plots are always feeble, often merely silly, and the motives of his character have little in common with those of live people. Nevertheless Robertson was a true realist in aim, and more often than not he did succeed in transferring to the stage certain types of character, the current ideals and ambient atmosphere of so much of the outside world as he had the opportunity of studying. That was a limited opportunity, no doubt; Robertson's was a cockney and a middle-class world; but then so much of England in the sixties was cockney and middle-class. This was the new, the 'forward,' element in Robertson's plays

that ranks him among our *Fortschrittsmänner*; he did, however imperfectly, bring the stage into some sort of relation to life. As with all new developements, the method was a method of exaggeration. Hawtrey and Eccles and Polly and Sam Gerridge are caricatures, but the basis of observed fact underlies them all. Hawtrey is a caricature which might have been signed 'John Leech,' as Eccles or Sam Gerridge might have been signed 'Charles Keene.' Robertson, then, accomplished something. The Robertsonian drama counts. It gave a lead, and a fairly good one, for the picture-stage. But, English in its many good qualities, it was English also in its chief defect; it was 'unidea'd.' Happily no quotation in proof of this statement is called for—happily, because Robertsonian prose is absolutely unreadable. 'School' and 'Ours' have been revived in quite recent years, and 'Caste' has been played during the season just expired, so that the present generation of playgoers has had ample opportunity of acquaintance with some typical Robertsonian plays. They show that, while Robertson observed his time and responded to its pressure, he had no critical ideas about it. By ideas we do not, of course, mean the puerile commonplaces of the copybook.

In harping upon this question of ideas, their presence or their absence, we do not forget that we are presenting only one aspect—important as that aspect may be—of a many-sided matter. The future historian of the English stage—unhappily the epithet 'future,' which has long since become stale in this connexion, is still obligatory—the future historian of the English stage will have to describe many phases of it which are here left out of account. Our less ambitious task is to contrast the modern French and English theatres, and that contrast turns upon the inequality in their stock of ideas: abundance, even to excess, on the one hand, on the other a lamentable penury. To such an inquiry the theatrical record for many years after Robertson's death is scarcely relevant. Those years witnessed the rise of Henry Irving, the return of London society, at his call, to a theatre from which it had long held aloof, the gradual perfection of the art of *mise-en-scène*, and many other important things. But none of these important things had aught to do with the theatre of ideas. That suited neither Sir Henry Irving's interesting qualities as a romantic actor nor his still more conspicuous ability as a manager, a generalissimo of stage forces. Sir Henry, to be sure, added Tennyson to our list of acted poets, but only, we fancy, with the result of bringing the world in general to the mind of

Tennyson's candid friend 'Old Fitz,' who 'wished A. T. had 'not tried the stage.'* And, of course, there were those gorgeous Shakespearian revivals which it is a duty to remember, as well as those pseudo-poetic plays of W. G. Wills which it is a pleasure to forget. Of the Shakespearian revivals there is one thing to be said germane to our present purpose. They represented an effort to pour old wine into new bottles: to accommodate the platform-drama to the picture-stage. Charles Kean had made a similar attempt in the fifties, which failed, because the new conditions were imperfectly understood and because public opinion had not yet escaped from the bondage of the old rhetorical ideal. In the eighties this ideal had vanished, and though a few veterans grumbled, the Lyceum experiment did achieve a certain success. It was Walter Bagehot, if memory serves, who said that, though Eton boys might not learn much Latin or Greek, they left school with the firm impression that there *were* such languages. So the Lyceum public, all agape at the 'solid sets' and the rich costumes, carried away a conviction that there had indeed been a Shakespeare. As to the difference between the old and the new styles we cannot do better than give the unconscious evidence of FitzGerald and his cronies, who had seen both. They found the scenery of the Lyceum 'Much Ado' 'too 'good,' while 'Irving was without any humour, Miss Terry 'with simply animal spirits.'† On the other hand, of Macready's Macbeth FitzGerald remembered the actor's 'Amen stu-u-u-u-ck in his throat.'‡ In other words, over-elaboration of scenery was the besetting sin of the picture-stage, as that of the platform-stage had been over-emphasis of delivery or 'ranting.' The truth is, Sir Henry Irving stands apart. By sheer force of individuality he has impressed himself on the time; he has rendered signal service to the playhouse by making it once more a social institution, and to the actor's calling by making it, perhaps for the first time, an entirely respectable profession; but in the developement of modern drama, as we are considering it, he has taken no share.

This complete, if 'splendid,' isolation of the Lyceum in the later eighties reminds us of those enthusiastic Parisian anglers who, so the story runs, continued to fish for gudgeon under the Pont-Neuf while the Revolution was raging

* More Letters of Edward FitzGerald, p. 273.

† Letters of Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble, p. 255.

‡ Ibid. p. 45.

overhead. The Seine might run with blood, a stray body might be hurled over the parapet, incendiary fires might 'incarnadine' the sky, but still they placidly fished on. Not otherwise was the 'ancien régime' of the theatrical world solemnly keeping up its consecrated ritual inside the Lyceum walls, while the world outside resounded with the din of two new factions, the Ibsenites and the Anti-Ibsenites. Translated by Mr. William Archer, explained and pierced to his 'substantificque moëlle' by Mr. Bernard Shaw,* played by a little band of enthusiasts and even by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the Norwegian dramatist for a brief moment frighted the isle from its propriety. Conservative playgoers mistook for a new Reign of Terror what proved to be little more than a storm in a teacup. 'Ibsenism' soon passed away without establishing itself in this country as a vital force. Nevertheless it left its mark upon our drama. Without the Ibsen episode we could hardly have had the serious plays of Mr. Pinero, of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, or of Mr. Sydney Grundy. Without the Ibsen episode the world would certainly have been the poorer by the brilliant dramatic vagaries of Mr. Bernard Shaw. In the eighties Mr. Pinero, who had learnt the technical tricks of the stage as an apprentice to the actor's calling, was known as the author of a series of farces brimful of 'modernity' and bubbling over with wit. Then came the Ibsen movement, which gave Mr. Pinero 'furiously to think.' The result of his furious thinking was 'The Profligate' (1889), followed by a group of plays beginning with 'The Second 'Mrs. Tanqueray' in 1890, and ending with 'Iris' only a year ago, which represent the high-water mark of our modern English drama. They are our closest approximation to the theatre of ideas, to a criticism of life through the medium of drama. We are constrained to say approximation, for the impression left on our mind by the whole group of plays is that Mr. Pinero, in the expressive Americanism, never quite 'gets there.' Perhaps exception should be made in favour of 'Iris,' which does not shirk the logical conclusion from its premisses; but 'Iris' is a character-study rather than a play, a picture of woman's weakness and self-indulgence coarsening to vice and ending in degradation worse than death. The other plays of the group, also studies in feminine perversity, but studies which show the collision of wills, and are therefore strict drama, do not offer a valid criticism of life because they shirk a real *dénouement*. The

* The Quintessence of Ibsenism, 1891.

suicide of Paula Tanqueray is an arbitrary termination, not a conclusion; the 'whitewashing' of Agnes Ebbsmith and of the frail woman in 'The Benefit of the Doubt' is logically an absurdity as well as a concession to English cant. The truth, as it appears to us, is that Mr. Pinero has lacked the courage to defy his audience, as Dumas *fils* defied it and as Ibsen defied it. He has tried to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; to be the 'disinterested' artist and yet to please the 'compact majority.' This means a lack of single-minded purpose; we do not get ideas, but half-ideas, or adumbrations of ideas. The spectator is always asking himself: what does Mr. Pinero really think? That is not only a natural but an inevitable question about all serious drama, which, however 'objective' it may be in comparison with other arts, should still be a projection, a revelation of the dramatist. In all art the really interesting thing is the 'état d'âme,' the temperament, the outlook upon life of the artist behind it. What is Mr. Pinero's 'état 'd'âme'? What, in the colloquial phrase, is he driving at? Probably he would reply that he is driving at simple realism; that he gives us studies from life, as accurate as he can make them. That, however, is not to give us the drama of ideas, a criticism of life.

We are in much the same state of dubiety about Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. His language, especially in his prefaces, papers, and manifestoes, is that of an earnest man, almost a Hot-gospeller; but what is he earnest about? At first while vowing he would ne'er consent he consented to become an Ibsenite. He talked of Ibsen's 'drains' or 'cesspools' or whatever the elegant figure was; but he nevertheless wrote 'confession' dramas under the inspiration of 'The Pillars of Society.' At another moment he was inventing Ouidaesque dukes or Corellian barmaids. Then he turned to France and produced 'The Case of 'Rebellious Susan,' which is a vulgarised 'Francillon.' Two later plays, 'The Liars' and 'Mrs. Dane's Defence,' are tolerable achievements from the mere 'story-telling' point of view; but what is their moral? In the one case, that an elopement is a mistake because you will be cut by your friends and 'the world,' whereas it is better to be taken out to supper by a brute of a husband; in the other, that an unprotected female, trying to conceal a doubtful 'past,' must expect to be bullied and hounded out of Society by a shrewd lawyer, and serve her right! The Ibsenite *malgré lui* has now become fugleman of the compact majority! Upon errors like 'The Lackey's Carnival' and 'The Princess's

'Nose,' with their coarseness of feeling and their provinciality of thought, it is better not to dwell. But what a chaotic output! How is Mr. Jones's criticism of life to be disengaged from this tangle of themes and modes, schools and styles, violent affirmations and flat contradictions? He flouts Mrs. Grundy in 'Lady Susan' * and brings her in as 'dea 'ex machinâ' for 'The Liars.' He was an idealist in 'The 'Crusaders,' and a sentimentalist in 'The Dancing Girl' and a cynic in 'The Tempter,' and Mr. Worldly Wiseman in 'Mrs. Dane' and goodness knows what in 'The Princess's 'Nose.' Is it permissible to suppose that a hodge-podge like this was ever inspired by any constant ideal, directed towards any definite end? Your serious French dramatist knows his own mind and takes care that we shall know it too. The purpose of Dumas *fils* we have seen emphatically declared in the preface to 'Le Fils Naturel,' and Dumas kept his word. M. Hervieu says his purpose is to plead the cause of the oppressed; M. Brieux regards himself as the 'commis voyageur de l'intellectualité.' We all know, then, what these men are driving at. But what Mr. Jones or Mr. Pinero is driving at remains an inscrutable mystery.

Of course we are not contemplating these gentlemen as theatrical craftsmen, as artificers of 'fables' in three dimensions. In that respect their primacy is beyond dispute—unless it is to be shared by Mr. Grundy. But Mr. Grundy is outside our present scope. Although he occasionally took a pot shot, and by no means a bad one, at the drama of ideas (in 'Sowing the Wind,' for example, and in 'The 'Greatest of These'), although, as we have said, he for a time bowed the knee to Ibsen, he seems to have returned to his early love, Scribism, adaptation from French anecdote-plays. We pass over Mr. Grundy, then, to glance for a moment at a man with real ideas and a definite purpose which he is at no pains to conceal—Mr. Bernard Shaw. No one need ask what Mr. Shaw's 'message' is; he is always ramming it down our throats. For his general philosophy you have this: 'The tragedy and comedy of life lie in the con-'sequences, sometimes terrible, sometimes ludicrous, of our 'persistent attempts to found our institutions on the ideals 'suggested to our imagination, by our half-satisfied passions, 'instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history.' †

---

* Of malice prepense it would seem; see the preface to the printed play.

† Preface to 'Unpleasant Plays' (1898).

There it is, as circumstantial, and almost as long-winded, as a power of attorney. Mr. Shaw's plays are so many attacks upon what he considers our false ideals, and so many attempts to illustrate what he calls a scientific natural history. The only drawback is that 'with such a being as 'man, in such a world as the present,' Mr. Shaw's plays do not count as plays at all. They offer such a criticism of life as the average man cannot even begin to understand. Mr. Shaw assumes a world of unimpeded intellect; he addresses himself to the pure reason; his characters do not love or hate, laugh or cry, they merely argue it out. It is the Euclidean drama—or would be, if Euclid had set himself to prove that two sides of a triangle are *not* greater than the third, and that it is a vulgar error to suppose a point to be without parts or magnitude. We must not enter, however, upon so dangerously controversial a subject as the value of Mr. Shaw's criticism of life; nor need we, seeing that he fails to express it in terms of drama. The essential law of the theatre is thought *through emotion.* No character exhibits real emotion (though occasionally there is a show of 'temper') in those fascinating exercises in dialectic which Mr. Shaw miscalls plays. This fatal defect condemns Mr. Shaw to remain a dramatist of the study or, at best, the dramatist of a coterie. If any one of our playwrights who appeal to the public at large had only a tithe of Mr. Shaw's independence and originality of thought, to say nothing of his vivacity and wit, our contention that the modern English drama is 'unidea'd' would fall to the ground.

It is, of course, irrelevant to the subject of our inquiry to consider the case of Mr. Stephen Phillips. We have been examining the modern French drama and the English on a specific point, appraising their relative contributions to a criticism of life, contrasting the ample stock of ideas in the one with the intellectual poverty of the other. The drama of beauty and mystery and passion enshrined in verse—and Mr. Phillips's work, unless we are much mistaken, takes high rank in that dramatic region—stands outside our comparison. How much the vogue of Mr. Phillips is a vogue of pure poetry, what, on the other hand, is the amount of its debt to the two ablest and most progressive actor-managers of the moment—Mr. Alexander and Mr. Tree—that is an interesting question for those who have a fancy for premature conjecture. But for us it is what Aristotle would call *ἄλλος λόγος.*

ART. X.—1. *The Mastery of the Pacific.* By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN. London: Heinemann, 1902.

2. *China and the Powers: a Narrative of the Outbreak of 1900.* By H. C. THOMSON. London: Longmans, 1902.

THERE is an old story of two men meeting in the public square of Quito, the one clad in all the warm wraps within his reach and shivering with cold, while the other, in his shirt-sleeves and with the perspiration pouring down his face, was complaining of the oppressive heat; the explanation being that the first had just come to the town from the torrid plain below, the other from the snowy fields above. This anecdote from childhood's geography has come strangely back to our memory as we read this latest work by Mr. Colquhoun. From one point of view, it is excellent; from another, it is meagre and disappointing. As a descriptive geography in its best sense, it is admirable. No other book that we are acquainted with deals so well and so comprehensively with the conditions of the several countries which border on the Pacific, or of the islands which gem its surface. Alike in its examination of their physical conditions, their scenery, their products, their people, their commercial capabilities or aptitudes, it is all very good; it is only when it comes—or does not come—to what, after all, the title leads us to expect, a discussion of the political problems involved, that we find it wanting. For surely the mastery of the Pacific in the near or more remote future is a political question; to this country and to the British Empire a political question whose interest and importance it is scarcely possible to exaggerate; for the extent—in its literal meaning—the outstretching character of the Empire is such that no part of the world, and still less so vast a part of it as the Pacific Ocean, does not approach its boundaries. From this point of view, we do not think that Mr. Colquhoun's work answers the expectations which might be justly entertained. It leads up to the question, but it does not directly tackle it; and even the preliminary matter, excellent as it is, is so purely geographical that other considerations of the first importance are omitted, or have to be sought for, instead of being presented as necessary to the discussion of the problem. Still, even with this drawback, serious though it is, the work which Mr. Colquhoun now offers us is of the deepest interest, and does, to a very

great extent, clear the way for the more important problems which must follow.

It begins with a geographical account of the expansion of the United States in the Pacific—it is, of course, with the Pacific alone that it is directly concerned—and, as the main feature of that expansion, with a somewhat detailed and altogether admirable account of the Philippine Islands and their people, the Filipinos. The introduction to this is suggestive. After speaking of the way in which, on its own continent, the United States had expanded from about 828,000 square miles in 1782 to more than four times that area, to 3,600,000 square miles, Mr. Colquhoun goes on :—

'Americans had got to believe that they could continue, as they had begun, to live self-contained on their continent, and it never entered into their imaginings that one day they might feel impelled to make a new departure. The country, however, gradually filled up, manufactures grew, and the trading classes looked more and more to foreign markets. It became apparent that openings must be sought abroad, and under these circumstances Hawaii was secured, then Samoa, and finally . . . Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. . . . The change [of foreign policy], however, was not so sudden as it seemed, and had been foreseen to be inevitable by a few onlookers, for with the pressure at home for new markets, expansion abroad was certain to follow as a process of nature, and the Spanish-American war was but the final act, the culmination of a drama which had been enacting since the commencement of the national existence; . . . it was the inevitable end of a century of friction and antagonism. . . . Anti-expansionist and Expansionist are in the main agreed that whether occupation of the Philippines could have been avoided or not is a question which it now serves no useful purpose to discuss. Once there, it is impossible to retire, and the United States, established in the Philippines, with stepping-stones across the Pacific at Hawaii, Samoa, and Guam, has been brought at one step into the vortex of Asiatic-Pacific rivalries, and must perforce play her part.'

And thus

'the presence of the United States in the Pacific, close to China, Japan, Russia, the Dutch East Indies, and Australasia, brings a new factor to bear upon the question of the Pacific, with which the future of further Asia is so closely allied—the world-problem of the twentieth century.'

So considered, the United States' annexation of the Philippine Islands becomes a matter of more importance than people in this country have cared to believe it, and the measure of success obtained by United States' troops and administrators has a direct English interest. We are not, we think, mistaken in supposing that a very common idea here has been that the difficulties the Americans have met

with have been largely due to the want of experience by military and civil officers alike. But in fact, for some generations—if we should not say, for three centuries—the military officers of the States have had plenty of experience in dealing with savage enemies; and during the last three years we ourselves have been painfully learning that war in a wild country may have a physiognomy of its own, differing in many respects not only from war in a different type of country, but still more from the teaching of the schools; while as to the civil administration, we may take Mr. Colquhoun's word for it that

> 'No such problem has ever presented itself to Great Britain or any other colonising power as that which confronts the United States in the Philippines, for there conditions are complicated by the presence of a mixed race who can neither be treated as "natives" nor as Americans. The evil traditions of some three centuries of corrupt government hang over the islands, and the task is rendered twofold harder by the necessity of pulling down the edifice before building it up again.'

When, however, he goes on to say that 'with characteristic 'self-confidence the Americans are practically setting on one 'side the accumulated experience of other colonising nations 'and are determined to meet the new problems by a great 'and entirely novel experiment,' he seems to contradict himself; for, according to his own showing, no other colonising nations have met the same or even similar conditions, and their experience is, therefore, not necessarily to the point.

Of the corrupt government referred to, whose evil traditions remain to give trouble, Mr. Colquhoun has much to say, but it is unnecessary here to repeat it except in summary: that the power was virtually in the hands of the priests, and that though 'many of the men sent out by the Church were 'earnest and devoted,' and though 'many saintly men 'volunteered for the arduous mission,' others 'were not 'always worthy of their order' and 'a great many were 'merely the sweepings of the Spanish monasteries.' It has been abundantly proved in all ages, in all countries, that—quite independent of the particular religion—the hierocratic form of government is radically bad; it was at its worst when administered by priests who used their sacred character but as a cloak to immorality, greed, and oppression. As against these—the last more especially—came the revolt, which a decadent Spain was unable to suppress; and war, interspersed with massacres, went on, till—in following out another quarrel—the United States intervened, quelled the

Spaniards without much difficulty, and now finds itself face to face with the native problem. In solving this, the first and perhaps the greatest difficulty in the way of the Americans will be to convince the Filipinos of their good faith, of their intention and determination to rule them as men, not as brute beasts nor as slaves. That eventually submission will be enforced and peace established we cannot doubt; but the economy of civil life will bring its own questions, the foremost of which will be that of labour.

The population scattered through the thousand or more islands which we know collectively as the Philippines consists of many different types, but the predominant—in number, character, and civilisation—is Malay, mixed, most commonly, with the blood of other races, and largely with Spanish. But Malay and Mestizo agree in their dislike to work, partly, it may be, from physical disability to 'work 'laboriously for any long stretch,' but principally—according to Mr. Colquhoun—because 'laziness has its roots deep in 'the Malay character, and the Spaniards—who despised 'labour themselves—did nothing to instil an idea of its 'nobility into their imitative pupils.' He tells of 'four 'Filipinos dragging at a weight which one Chinaman would 'shoulder and trot off with;' a difference certainly not to be explained by vastly superior muscular power. Feast-days and *fiestas*, too, interfere with regularity of work—a lesson learnt from the Spaniards; and feast-days or not, the Filipinos will not work if the wants of the moment are satisfied. Mr. Colquhoun

'heard of a case in which a contractor, having increased the wages to twice the usual amount in order to get plenty of men, discovered that they would only work half the week, since by so doing they earned the same sum which they had originally got in a whole week.'

This explains and illustrates the preference given to the Chinese. 'Having once been engaged and given to under-'stand that the work must be finished in a certain time, the 'contractor could be sure that they would work every hour, 'and could safely calculate the time they would take.' Industrious as labourers, keen, intelligent, and pushing as tradesmen, economical and saving, they would quickly, if freely admitted, crush the life out of the Filipinos. And yet, as citizens, they are objectionable by reason of 'their 'hatred of sanitation, their addiction to opium, and their 'system of clubs and secret societies which make them 'undesirably powerful.' They find, however, favour with

the native women, marry, and give rise to a numerous mixed population. But the absorption of one race into the other is not likely to lead to a favourable solution of the problem. Mongrels of men, as of dogs, are apt to reproduce and emphasise the worst points of the parent races; and in the Philippines 'the Chinese half-breed is a dangerous person—'bright, restless, intriguing, and untrustworthy; . . . the 'Chinese half-breeds have the reputation of being amongst 'the most brainy and also the most *difficile* of the natives, 'and a very large proportion of the insurgents belonged to 'this class.' It may well be that the Chinese problem will become here, as in other places, the great economic puzzle of the future.

Though in a different way, the Spanish half-breeds are almost as difficult to deal with as the Chinese; and the long duration of the Spanish rule and the Spanish civilisation has made its own peculiar mark.

'The faults and peculiarities of the Latin races are exaggerated and burlesqued, and a thin veneer of Western culture is spread over the passions and emotions of these Orientals. . . . The intellectual subtlety of the Latin has also been curiously grafted on the simplicity—which is not stupidity—of the Malay. The result is a peculiar leaning towards abstract ideas, a love of the purely theoretical side of learning, with a corresponding inability to apply those theories, which are to them things apart from real life—things they have learned or read and not evolved from life itself. They begin with the abstract and fail to work down to the concrete. A witty American who, being a fluent Spanish scholar, had conversed with hundreds of the better educated Filipinos, said of them: "They will write you essays on Individual Rights until you are tired, but if they met Individual Rights in the street they wouldn't know him from Adam."'

The United States' remedy for all this—the universal nostrum—is education exhibited vigorously, rigorously, and at once—'or sooner.' The consequence, Mr. Colquhoun thinks, will be that the first few years of enlightened teaching will let loose on the islands a large number of half-educated, conceited natives, who cannot be given posts to keep them quiet, and will therefore turn their attention to promulgating sedition, or to other practices equally undesirable. Many of these will go to the States, will learn to feel themselves citizens of the great Republic, and will be necessarily discontented when they return to their own country and to a position of inferiority. It will be necessary to open certain posts to Filipinos, but this should only be done with great care, with great caution. Mr. Colquhoun

would impress on the Government and reiterate the warning, 'Go slow! Don't hurry! Let things work out gradually! 'It is the best advice that can be given, for there is no short 'cut to success.'

And it is not only in respect of education and its immediate concomitants that this advice seems called for. The Constitution of the United States declares every subject free and self-governing; and to the great bulk of its people, what is good enough for them at home seems good enough for their fellow-subjects abroad. It is as impossible for the average American as for the average Englishman to believe that to every native of every country under the sun a free electorate and free parliamentary representation are not the ideal form of government. There are among us many who would fain establish such in and for India, and hold that the not doing so is contrary to the eternal right which ought to be done even if it were to bring down the heaven itself. Fortunately, common sense and some knowledge of Indian nature and Indian history have hitherto prevailed over such aspirations, and the native Indian is all the happier for being told what he has to do and being made to do it. We may be permitted to have grave doubts whether the opposite policy, more immediately in agreement with the Constitution of the United States, will produce satisfactory results among the Filipinos.

'Those who know them best,' says Mr. Colquhoun, 'those who have had experience of Orientals and how to deal with them, have considerable misgivings as to the result of this great experiment of self-government, unless kept under due guidance and check. If we were to judge the Filipinos merely by professions, by phrases, by words, much might be expected from them, but our anticipations of the future must be based on their essential character and the performances of the past. Jealousies, intrigues, corruption, the ingrained conviction that every office-holder is justified in squeezing all he can—these are not promising features in the experiment. . . . The needful thing is a firm consistent policy to be framed and carried through by the men on the spot, who are at all events aware of the difficulties in the path. It would have been far better to have from the outset a definite system of control. . . . It would have been better to say frankly, once for all, "We have come to give you the government we think best for you, a government that will be just and liberal, but a government that must be obeyed."'

Mr. Colquhoun expresses a very decided opinion that the best, the ideal treatment of the Philippines 'would have 'been a temporary military government, gradually merging 'into purely civil administration.' As the sentimental

objections of the electorate in the States render that impossible, the next best thing is to support the Governor-General, Judge Taft, who is 'peculiarly the stamp of man' wanted. 'If given anything like a free hand, and not 'bothered and harassed by Congressmen or reports from 'politicians who have taken a run out to Manila and found 'mares'-nests, he will do very well.'

It may perhaps be thought that as, at any possible rate, some considerable time must elapse before the Philippine Islands are reduced to order and a settled government, there must also be some considerable time before the change of ownership can produce any marked influence on the course of Eastern trade. This idea may perhaps be a mistaken one. Trade may be, and very often has been, the product of the port rather than of the country. Venice and Genoa in bygone days illustrated this in Europe, as in later times Hong-Kong and, in a more marked degree, Singapore have done in the far East. They have been depôts or centres of distribution, owing everything to their situation and to their local administration. It is thus not only possible but probable that, in American hands, Manila—or some other port of the Philippines—may become a centre of distribution and collection, as indeed it was in Spanish hands in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, before Hong-Kong or Singapore was known except to pirates, tigers, or wildfowl. And just as, in Spanish hands, the first link in the chain between Manila and European civilisation was Acapulco, so, in American, will it be, in the first place, San Francisco; later on, when the much-discussed canal has been made—as surely it will be made—a new depôt will probably come into existence, still nearer to the Acapulco of old.

It is conceivable that the trade across the Pacific—whether for the United States, British Columbia and Canada, or the Canal and Europe—may find a more convenient centre at Manila than at Hong-Kong, which, though a pestilent hole, both in its sanitary and moral aspects, during the forties and fifties of last century became at once, in English hands, an important commercial settlement, as well as the usual rendezvous of our ships of war. Gradually a better class of Chinese were attracted to it, and the freedom from all import or export duties drew towards it the main current of Oriental trade. During the last forty years much has been done in the interests of sanitation and morality; malaria has decreased, and at the present

time, even in summer, the settlement is as little unhealthy as a place within the tropics, resting on a steaming sea under the lee of a mountain, can be. In winter it is, as it always has been, cold and bracing; and at Christmas time our exiled countrymen draw round the fire, talk of old times and schools, recollect their Horace enough to say—

> 'Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
> Large reponens;'

and drink cheering glasses of hot toddy as a substitute for the four-year-old wine from a Sabine jar. More recently the approaches to its harbour have been strongly fortified, and the annexation of a tract of territory on the mainland opposite has rendered it secure against the casual attack of any enemy. The inhabitants are, of course, mainly Chinese. According to Mr. Colquhoun, 'of the total population of '240,000, only some 8,000, exclusive of the garrison, are 'whites, and of these at least half are euphemistically termed 'Portuguese.' But if euphemistically Portuguese, then also euphemistically white; non-euphemistically, they are 'snuff and butter.'

'The British have acted with great liberality towards their Oriental settlers, protecting the colony, and asking only indirect advantage, giving them educational and other opportunities practically equal to those obtainable in self-governing colonies. Order is maintained without overstepping the limits of police work, and a liberal commercial policy is pursued. This system is not the result of a cut-and-dried code, but was gradually evolved out of experience as the conditions arose, and that is the secret of Britain's colonial success in every clime. . . . In every case success, however partial, has been the result of the system indicated—that of seeking no direct revenue for the mother country, building up step by step, and modifying the structure to the needs of the particular situation.'

Mr. Colquhoun, however, rightly adds that much of Great Britain's success has been due to the fact that she has had exceptional opportunities for picking and choosing the best places, and has, on the whole, exercised good judgement in choosing. In itself, no place could well have presented a more unpromising appearance than, for instance, Hong-Kong before its annexation. Early in the thirties the East India Company's ships had found it out, and sometimes waited there; and on the knowledge thus obtained was formed the appreciation of its suitability for being, as it has become, the depôt and centre of Occidental trade. The strategic value of the harbour has been merely a corollary to its commercial, though Mr. Colquhoun considers that

recent events in the far East have enhanced the strategic value and depreciated the commercial, by turning China 'from a friendly, commercial, comparatively powerful and 'independent state into an arena for foreign rivalries.' On this there is, perhaps, a good deal more to be said than Mr. Colquhoun has ventured on; but a further suggestion of commercial depreciation has a more direct significance.

The presence of America in the Philippines, and the consequent shifting of the centre of activity considerably to the east of Hong-Kong, open—he believes—a grave possibility; for it is obvious that this island on the Chinese coast will, in the future, be out of the direct trade routes between Australasia, the Malay Archipelago, and the great markets of America. Its value as a distributing centre for Northern China will be greatly impaired by the vast changes occurring in that quarter. In fact, the developements in the Pacific will, speaking broadly, leave Hong-Kong largely out of the reckoning, except as regards the trade with Southern China. The future of the colony depends, therefore, on the maintenance of the integrity of China, and it seems extraordinary that there has been no powerful expression of feeling emanating from the local merchants to induce the Government to take strenuous steps to protect their interests on the mainland of Asia.

It may be conceded that the interests of English trade in China call for a fuller and more careful consideration by the Government than, during these last few years, they seem to have had; but it is difficult to admit that the prosperity of Hong-Kong—simply as Hong-Kong—is of such importance to the Empire as to give it the right to dictate the policy of any government; and the demand that it should do so has some grotesque resemblance to a conjectural desire of the tail to wag the dog. But the continuation of Mr. Colquhoun's remarks on the impending depreciation of Hong-Kong is noteworthy:

'The possibility of Manila becoming a serious rival is one that does not at present seriously exercise the Hong-Kong merchant or shipowner. But although that place is handicapped during certain seasons by adverse winds and typhoons, there are evident signs that the United States mean to make an important centre of the capital of the Philippines. At present Manila Bay, though nearly landlocked, is not a good natural harbour, but large sums are to be spent on improving it, a measure that cannot be merely for ornamental purposes.'

Singapore rests on a basis somewhat different from that of Hong-Kong, and will not be affected to the same extent

by this presumed easterly movement of the centre of commercial activity, though it cannot be made without Singapore sensibly feeling it; for such movement will mean that the bulk of the trade to or from China is passing by the Pacific and the American isthmus, instead of, as now, by the African isthmus or the Cape of Good Hope. Such a change is possible, but, in view of the enormously increased distances, we do not think it probable; though, so far as the trade from the United States by San Francisco is concerned, or from Canada by Victoria, Manila will pretty certainly, and at no distant date, be again a principal commercial centre; unless, indeed, Nagasaki or some newly born port in Formosa should prove more tempting. For European trade and for the heavier trade from Eastern America—States or Canada—we greatly doubt whether the commercial centre is on the point of shifting in the way Mr. Colquhoun supposes, even if—under American rule—Manila is made a free port, which would be contrary to all that we know of American fiscal principles.

In neither case, however, do we see that our position would be bettered by moving the centre of English trade from Hong-Kong to Sandakan in the north of Borneo, as Mr. Colquhoun suggests. Sandakan is unquestionably a 'magnificent' harbour. It is so styled in the Admiralty 'Sailing Directions,' a work not given to poetry or to exaggeration of expression. And magnificent as it is now, it is capable of almost unlimited extension as the developement of Borneo is extended. But neither by its position, its bearings and distances from the Chinese ports, its weather, its monsoons, nor its neighbourhood to the dangerous navigation of the Sulu Sea and to the fever-laden jungle of Borneo, does it seem to us in any way calculated to take the place of Hong-Kong, after fifty years of improvement. As a natural harbour Hong-Kong is the better, and though not so large, is quite large enough. Notwithstanding all the changes, imminent or possible, its position seems to us better, much better, than that of Sandakan; and it will take many times fifty years to clear the Borneo jungle, to drain the Borneo swamps, and to bring the country to even the comparative salubrity of Hong-Kong. Interesting as these speculations are, they fade into insignificance before the clear statement that foreign shipping companies, mostly German, have absorbed the greater part, if not the whole, of the local traffic of the far East and especially at Singapore. The change has, indeed, been taking place for

the last three years, and is now an accomplished fact. Mr. Colquhoun's

'attention was forcibly drawn to this by the discovery, when he desired to go from the Straits to North Borneo—from one British possession to another—that he was actually forced to travel by a German steamer, a branch of the North German Lloyd. The same line is now the chief one running between Singapore and Manila, and between North Borneo and the Philippines. The same flag now covers the carrying trade between Singapore and Bangkok. Until the other day these were all British lines.'

Mr. Colquhoun takes this as his text to make several severe charges against the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, whom he accuses of a short-sighted greed which he considers mainly, if not wholly, responsible for this result. He says :—

'For some time past dwellers in the East have found much to complain of in the service of British steamers, notably the P. and O. Company, which had practically a monopoly; and when Germany started a magnificent passenger line, on which the comforts of passengers were carefully consulted, many people preferred to travel by it rather than face the high prices, limited accommodation, and in many cases the scant courtesy they had hitherto put up with on their own boats. The policy of the German line was to please the passengers, and they succeeded. On more than one occasion an outcry was raised when a high official and his family chose to travel by a foreign line, but such an event no longer attracts attention. The claims of patriotism were urged, but British subjects objected to travelling on uncomfortable steamers which, though heavily subsidised, persisted in employing Lascar crews. Germany has not been the only competitor for both goods and passenger traffic. The French Messageries Maritimes was first in the field, but has made little progress. But the excellent and inexpensive boats of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha have absorbed a great deal of both the freight and passenger traffic between East and West, and their fleet is yearly increased. It is to be regretted that this competition, which should have been healthy and stimulating in its effect, has not led Great Britain to make further efforts in this direction. Apart from the open ports, British prosperity has mainly been due to competition and cheapness of distribution, and the falling-off described is largely attributable to a deviation from this traditional policy and to the short-sighted and unpatriotic views of British shipowners aiming at present profits rather than permanent prosperity.'

We have given this quotation at length because it puts the case as it is often heard from men partially informed, but ignorant of the details. Practised traveller as Mr. Colquhoun is, he appears to be exceptionally ignorant as to the actual facts; and as to matters of opinion, writes with

an air of positive certainty on points which proved so difficult that a committee of the House of Commons, after examining them for three months of last summer, hearing and collecting the evidence of many experts, could only give in an interim report,* recommending that, as they had not been able to conclude the investigation, they should be reappointed early in the next (the present) session.

What the committee could not decide in an investigation lasting over three months, Mr. Colquhoun pronounces on offhand, with the almost necessary consequence that several of his statements and all of his inferences and implications are distinctly contradicted by the evidence before the committee. To examine the several issues at length would require much more space than is at our disposal, and it is unnecessary to do so, for the full evidence can be read in the blue-book to which we have referred, and, later on, in its sequel, which will report the conclusion of the investigation now proceeding. It is therefore enough to say, in brief, that expert opinion seems decidedly in favour of the employment of Lascars, both as a sanitary and economical measure; that the statement that the P. and O. is highly subsidised is incorrect, the so-called subsidy being merely the payment—and, in the opinion of the P. and O. Company, a very meagre payment—for services actually rendered; and that the implication that, of all the companies referred to, the P. and O. is the only one subsidised, is absolutely untrue. It is indeed monstrous, for, quite independent of the evidence now before us, it has been matter of common repute that the North German Lloyd, the Messageries Maritimes, and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha receive very large subsidies from their respective governments; and that as true subsidies, not as payments for service.

Whether such subsidies are or are not to the ultimate advantage of the country that pays them is the question which, as at present reported, the parliamentary committee has not been able to answer; and, indeed, it may be doubted whether it admits of a categorical answer. But there can, we take it, be no doubt that they are, at the time of payment, greatly to the advantage of the companies receiving them, and render it possible for them to run steamers on lines which do not, of themselves, bring in sufficient profit. And

* Parliamentary Papers: Report, Steamship Subsidies. Ordered to be printed, August 1, 1901.

in this is the explanation of the fact which has so exercised Mr. Colquhoun, the misapprehension of which has led him so wildly astray. We may take as a crucial instance the North German steamers running between Singapore and North Borneo, which Mr. Colquhoun very directly implies were started in opposition to the P. and O. steamers running on that line, and so miserably, shabbily conducted, that the North German Lloyd (N.D.L.) saw its opportunity, and by its superior enterprise beat the P. and O. out of the field. In all this there is not a shadow of truth. The British steamers which, till early in last year, ran between Singapore and North Borneo, did not belong to the P. and O., but to an independent local company known as Holt's. There was no competition, no opposition; the trade, indeed, was so small that it was not worth it. Sir Alexander Swettenham, Colonial Secretary and Acting Governor of Singapore, stated in evidence that these steamers

'were only just meeting their expenses and having a little profit. It was well known as being the least profitable part of Holt's business. He was offered a very large capital sum if he would give this branch line up to the Germans, and he sold for that large sum. That, no doubt, was the only inducement which was brought to bear upon him.'*

Sir Alexander believed that the price paid for the steamers was in excess of their value, and explained the object of the Germans in buying—as he understood it:—

'They had only traffic enough, I believe, for the main line, from Germany to Singapore, once in twenty-eight days. When the N.D.L. had obtained from the Imperial Government a promise of a second subsidy if they would double their line and make it run every fortnight, it became necessary for them to find traffic for the second; and as they thought they were seriously handicapped by the fact that all these branch lines that run into Singapore were under the British flag, they said, "A main line without any feeding line is a mistake, and therefore we must acquire some feeding lines." Therefore arrangements were made for purchasing those feeding lines with great secrecy. The Government did not pay any portion of the purchase money, but sent out a recommendation—from the very highest quarters—in so strong a form that it could not be disregarded, that certain persons or firms were to find the money.'†

Two other lines—one of them running from Singapore to Bangkok—were bought in the same way, or a little earlier.

---

* Steamship Subsidies, Q. 2348.

† Ibid. QQ. 2335–6–7.

In no case was there any competition, healthy or otherwise; and in each, Sir Alexander was convinced, the only reason for selling was that they obtained a somewhat exaggerated price for steamers that were doing little more than pay their way.

The whole question of the subsidies is one of the very greatest interest and most serious importance, but it is not to be discussed here as ancillary to a different though cognate subject. It has only been introduced on account of the extraordinary licence which Mr. Colquhoun has allowed himself in regard to it. It is difficult, if it is not impossible, to conceive that a man who for so many years has been at home in the East, who has travelled everywhere and seen everything, was ignorant of the fact that these foreign companies, which he expressly names, are heavily subsidised; that the small branch lines running to Singapore had nothing whatever to do with the P. and O. except in the way of trade; or that they were not forced to withdraw by competition or lack of energy, but were bought up at a fancy price. That the passenger accommodation of comparatively small cargo-boats was not palatial may be conceded, without in any degree explaining the savage and apparently unmeaning attack on the P. and O. Company and the whole conduct of the P. and O. business.

But whatever may be the result of this remarkable phase of commercial war, it is evident that Germany will claim a full share of Eastern trade. This is no new determination on her part, and may be dated back to before her seizure of Kiao-chau, which she presumably wishes to convert ultimately into a great trading centre. The actual station is Tsing-tao (45 miles west of Kiao-chau city), where some ten millions sterling are being expended on a railway to the coal-field behind, the model town, and the deep-water harbour. Whether she will succeed in drawing trade to it, whether it will be more than a costly naval and military station, seems very doubtful. Mr. Colquhoun's account of it is not encouraging:—

'Kiao-chau,' he says, 'has failed to flourish for several reasons. Great importance is attached to the independence of the local Government, we are told officially, but the place, artificially created and artificially maintained, is governed by red tape. The policy is to secure immediate and direct advantage to the Motherland. Everything German is favoured in a most ridiculous manner, but the German merchants, however enthusiastic they may be over the colonial policy, have hitherto shown a marked disinclination to settle or invest at

Kiao-chau. No wonder that this should be the case when, accustomed to the most complete liberty, courtesy, and consideration in the neighbouring British colonies and treaty ports of China, they find themselves treated by their own officials like recruits in the hands of a Prussian officer. The treatment accorded them is galling in the extreme, and indeed must be unbearable, for the *amour-propre* of the German trader is not easily ruffled in the search for wealth.'

Their policy of employing only Germans, even in subordinate posts which might very well be filled by Chinese, tends enormously to increase the cost of administration, and though much has been said of the intention to maintain it as a free port, it is—in Mr. Colquhoun's opinion—very doubtful indeed whether it will or can be done :—

'As long as Germany has only inferior places to colonise, and the German colonial system remains what it is, so long will German peasants decline to go to their own colonies, or German merchants to places like Kiao-chau. But the object of Germany is to establish at Kiao-chau a great naval base, a centre of German influence from which political control can be spread further and further afield. An increasing influence over-sea is certain to be one of the chief aims of the German Government—an influence which, in the absence of successful colonies, they will seek to sustain by means of these artificially maintained establishments, which are by no means to be dismissed as worthless. If they serve no other purpose, they are so many *points d'appui* from which Germany can claim, and not merely claim, but exercise, the right to have a say in the disposal of the various questions which may arise, and can, by sea or land, bring influence to bear on other nations, especially on the great colonial and maritime power—Britain.'

But all this points to what Mr. Colquhoun considers imminent—the break-up of China. He says :—

'The prospect of China's integrity being maintained is a very slender one, for a great portion of that country is already parcelled out into so many spheres—spheres that are being consolidated slowly but surely, and always with feelers cast out, as in the case of Germany and the Yang-tsze Valley, or pre-emption to provinces, as in the case of Japan. Under these circumstances it is useless to discuss the possibilities of China as it was a few years ago. We have to consider a China controlled in certain regions by various Powers, the still independent section of the country gradually diminishing in extent. . . . Were China on the eve of a new departure, on her own initiative or under the guidance of Japan, it might be possible to foreshadow the future, which would be a repetition, on a greater or lesser scale, of the rise of Japan; but cut up by foreign Powers with diverging policies, and subject to outside influences, it is only possible to foresee the developement of vast regions at the hands of Western Powers, with the application of all their gifts of organisation, and each sphere a closed borough so far as possible.'

Mr. Colquhoun knows China well, as a traveller and a trained observer; but we do not feel sure that in this he is right. When we consider how the modern developement of Japan really dates from an unsuccessful war and the forcible intrusion of Europeans, it is difficult not to think that something of the same kind is possible for China; and this is the opinion of Mr. Thomson, whose interesting work on China we have named above. Mr. Thomson has not, we believe, the extended acquaintance with China that Mr. Colquhoun has, but as a trained enquirer into the state of things around him, his judgement is not to be lightly set aside. It is possible that the report of a conversation which he held with 'a Chinaman of high position,' a Cantonese, may be nearer the truth than Mr. Colquhoun's more commonplace forecast. 'Do you think this trouble is over now?' he asked this Chinaman last October in Tien-tsin. The Chinaman had been educated abroad, and spoke English perfectly.

'Over!' he said, 'over! Why, I think this has only been a big preface. It may seem very dreadful to you Europeans, all this frightful devastation and slaughter, but I cannot help thinking that for China it has been really a blessing in disguise. We are accustomed to slaughter, and it has been much worse in our own internal revolutions—in the Tai-ping rebellion, for instance—than it has been now. What was needed was some terrible national humiliation, such as the sack of Peking, to awaken China from her long sleep; and I hope and believe that she really is awakening at last, that her sufferings now will prove to be the agony of a new birth.'

This may, of course, be merely the Chinaman's wish to agree with his interlocutor, and to repeat, in other words, something that Mr. Thomson had previously said; but we do not think it is; we believe it is the expression of an opinion now held by many enlightened Chinamen, men who have seen and realised the power of Occidental civilisation. Mr. Thomson thinks that through the North and Centre of China there is a strong feeling of attachment to the present Emperor, and that during his life this will hold in check the anti-dynastic movement in the South in favour of foreigners and progress.

'It is led,' he says, 'by Sun-Yat-Sun, an energetic reformer, whom the Chinese Government made an unsuccessful attempt to seize in London two years ago. He has raised the standard of revolt in the country to the north of Canton, and all over the South of China men are flocking to join him. His aim, he declares, is to overthrow the present Manchu dynasty and to establish a Chinese dynasty in its

stead. . . . If the Emperor were to die, there is no knowing what might happen.'

He quotes letters emanating from, refers to proclamations issued by Sun-Yat-Sun, all to this effect—freedom, unity, and reform; freedom from foreign control — from the Manchu dynasty first of all; unity, in opposition to the threatened dismemberment of the empire; reform, as throwing the country open to the trade of the world.

'If,' he says, 'if, as there is good reason to believe, this southern revolt is extending into the Yang-tsze Valley, the consequences to Europe in the stoppage of trade and the difficulty of restoring anything like stability of government in the interior may be so momentous as to bring about an entire reversal of the present political equilibrium in the East—a reversal from which China *may* emerge as capable of standing by herself, of resisting foreign dictation as Japan now is. . . . The Chinese have quite as much aptitude as the Japanese, and the latter declare that the former would have gone through a like process of regeneration at the same time that they, the Japanese, did, if Great Britain had not interfered to put down the Tai-ping rebellion. . . . The more enlightened of the Chinese hope that their country may yet, like Japan, show itself capable of assimilating Western civilisation. They do not believe that China, with its vast mass of people knit together by a common written language, by the same historic traditions, by common religious beliefs, can ever be effectually broken up. . . . The Western nations, they say, may conquer China, may rend it asunder, but in time they will be driven out, and the Chinese will become once again the same great and undivided people.'

But if this view of the present position of China is correct —and, on the whole, we think it agrees better with the facts as we know them—a tremendous change is about to take place, not only in what Mr. Colquhoun neatly calls 'the centre of commercial activity,' but in the centre of political activity, and even in the centre of military energy. Is it likely that the rousing of China and its hundreds of millions of inhabitants will be a peaceful awakening? We think that more probably it will be a dawn red with blood, not of Chinese alone, but of many others who have disturbed their repose.

Mongol hordes have before now spread terror over the East of Europe, and have made of Russia a land of bondage. What may happen if they again overflow their bounds, and back their overwhelming numbers with modern arms and modern science, it will be for the historians of the twenty-first century to moralise on. The bloody wars which the Chinese have waged among themselves when, from time to time, they have broken loose from the artificial restraints

imposed by their Government, give sufficient proof that they are not altogether the devotees of peace that they have been supposed to be; and, though they have been stigmatised as cowards because, when armed with bows and arrows, spears and matchlocks, they made but a feeble stand against Enfield rifles and shrapnel shell, it is conceivable that, in similar circumstances, the men of Crécy and Agincourt would not have made a much better show.

And in the realm of commerce the wonderful success of the Japanese seems to foreshadow what may be achieved by a kindred people, differing in many respects, but with much in common—a similar ingenuity, a similar artistic taste, a similar keenness in business. Here surely are possibilities that—if we may use the French expression—'donnent à 'penser furieusement.'

And Russia? To all present appearance it is Russia that threatens to engorge China. It is possible, even as the Manchus did; but such an end might even intensify the foregoing prognostics. China would still be China; Mongols would be Mongols; but instead of forming part of an Empire whose traditional policy has been peace, they would become subjects of the most grasping Empire that the world has known. What will be the future of Russia, of Asia, of Europe, if the Russian Government has the absolute command of some five hundred millions of people who, in the most literal sense, do not care half a depreciated dollar for their lives. And the trade? Up to the present our experience of Russian methods is not promising. With an extension, such as is here supposed, these might be changed; but the whole subject becomes much too vague for further speculation. The only thing certain is that enormous changes may be expected, but in what direction or by what agency produced—whether by a revivified and autonomous China, by a Russianised China, or by a China broken up into spheres of influence and partitioned among the Western Powers—we will not prophesy till we know.

So far we have been considering the Pacific solely in its relation to the Asiatic fringe, and it is unquestionably this that gives the subject its present absorbing interest; but the part that Great Britain is to play there in the future may be expected to depend not so much on herself as on the continental dominion in North America, on the island-continent in the South Pacific, and on the relations which the several colonies of Australia and New Zealand bear to the mother country and to each other. During

these last years Australasia has loomed very large in the domestic politics of the Empire. The noble part which the colonies have taken in the war—now happily ended—has brought their names prominently before even those people who prefer to stand aloof from politics, as matters with which they have no concern. But to those who believe that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' and that the history of the present, illustrated by the history of the past, is the study of man, to them the colonies during the past two years have been most attractive as living studies in constitutional history, which it is impossible to avoid comparing or contrasting with those other great colonies from which we so wretchedly parted company five quarters of a century ago. And there are many, perhaps the majority, of our countrymen, who, without troubling themselves too much about the political details, have still been conscious that our great colonies in Australia were passing through a crisis in their history, that the crisis was happily past, that the Prince of Wales—or rather the Duke of Cornwall and York—had visited them in state to launch them on their new course, and that they now form a federated, self-governing, and practically independent unit of the British Empire.

To those who, with little practical knowledge of geography, know Australasia only from the map, it was and is a matter of much wonder that there should have been any difficulty in forming a union between the different colonies, and that eventually New Zealand refused to join that union. In the first place, they do not realise the size of Australia, and the enormous distances which separate the colonies; that the distance from Sydney to Perth, for instance, in a straight line, exceeds the distance from London to Constantinople; that the distance from Sydney to New Zealand exceeds that from London to Gibraltar. With these great distances are associated differences in climate, as between temperate Tasmania and tropical Queensland; differences in soil, in products, in social and economic relations, all giving rise to differing interests and to political questions of the greatest importance.

The geography of Australia and, in connection with it, the several causes of these differing interests and separating tendencies, are, perhaps, better and more clearly explained by Mr. Colquhoun than has ever been done in anything like the same space. In Australia itself, and in Tasmania with it, these difficulties have been overcome for the time being,

and we may feel sure that many of them, by force of habit, will eventually cease to appear as difficulties; others may tend rather to increase than to diminish, and may possibly give much trouble in the future. In New Zealand they could not be overcome; that colony has remained apart from the union, and will probably continue to do so. The case is thus summarised by Mr. Colquhoun:—

'As regards the political side of the question, it has been decided by New Zealand that she has nothing to gain and much to lose by union with the Commonwealth. Neither as regards legislative independence, finance, postal and telegraph services, the administration of justice, agricultural, industrial, and commercial interests, nor the social condition of the working classes and coloured labour, would New Zealand be assisted by federation. She would, moreover, suffer by the enforced absence for six months of the year of some of her abler citizens, who would be attending the Commonwealth Parliament. Politicians in the colonies are a professional class by themselves, as a rule, and the number of really capable men is very limited in such a young community.'

He passes on to speak of two considerations which have been thought to render the correctness of her decision doubtful. The first is that of defence:

'It is obvious that New Zealand is weakened strategically in the case of attack by her isolated position, but in answer to this the New Zealanders make two points. First, while they remain in their present status, they are entitled to the protection of the British fleet, and are therefore spared the expense, hardly to be borne by such a community, of providing warships of their own. So long as Britain retains her maritime supremacy they feel safe. Secondly, in case of an attack on New Zealand, Australia would for her own sake, as well as by reason of ties of kinship, afford her every help and protection. Lest this should seem a selfish policy, New Zealand expresses her readiness—of which she has given practical proof during the South African war—to help in the work of imperial defence, and she expresses an equal willingness to assist Australia in any difficulty, her interests being bound up with those of the Continent.

The point is, of course, one that has to be considered, if only in deference to vulgar apprehensions; but it cannot be overlooked that until the downfall of Britain is an accomplished fact—that is, till some other nation or coalition has obtained the command of the sea *—no serious attack on

* It may be necessary to say that 'command of the sea' is defined to be that absolute superiority which permits the party having it to send out comparatively defenceless expeditions without fear of their being interrupted.

either Australia or New Zealand is possible, though there may be casual raids, which the local forces of any one of the colonies ought to be, and we believe would be, quite capable of dealing with. The other consideration, that of the Federal tariff, appears to us of more practical importance, though Mr. Colquhoun thinks, or at least hopes, that it may not prove so.

'The freedom of intercolonial commerce is of great importance to New Zealand, whose principal Australian trade is with Sydney, which has been for some years past a free port. The Federal Ministry, divided upon many questions, is unanimous in its determination to maintain a protectionist tariff outside the Federation. The tariff is not a hide-bound system on the American pattern, but rather a compromise between that and one desired purely for revenue purposes. The whole question is one that is likely to be keenly fought in the future, since New South Wales has a strong party of ardent free-traders. . . . It is to be hoped that the statesmen of Australia will not be blinded by the apparent exigencies of the moment to the advantages of that wide and generous policy which has been the characteristic of British trade in all quarters of the globe.'

But in Australia itself, among the federated States of the Commonwealth, there are at least two questions which, from the very beginning, tend to disintegration. The first is the construction of a trans-continental railway from Sydney to Perth, the *pro* and *contra* of which appear in very different lights to West Australia and South Australia. By reason of its magnificent harbour and its position on the east coast, where no other can at all compare with it, Sydney is the natural outlet for Australian trade in the Pacific. Hence the importance of the railway to Western Australia.

'There are difficulties in the way, however, for this railway is opposed by some of the Eastern States and South Australia. If a line be made from Perth to Sydney across the continent, it is apparent that Adelaide must suffer very considerably; indeed, the *raison d'être* for its existence would almost disappear. Now the Commonwealth Act forbids the Federal authority to build a railway in any State without its consent. South Australia is very unlikely ever to give its consent unless some compensating advantage can be found, and the position is therefore certain to become more and more strained. . . . On the other hand, the Western Australians threaten to break up the Federal Government unless they get their railway and are thus brought into close contact with the rest of the Commonwealth, and this view is likely to become much stronger as the value of the Pacific becomes realised. . . . The difficulty is, therefore, a very serious one, and is likely to test the Federal Government severely.'

That it will be surmounted we have no doubt, though the

States may be for a time like some newly-married couples, who have to learn, with more or less friction, the limits of yielding, compromise, and self-assertion, and then live happy for ever afterwards. The labour question seems to us really far more serious. In Queensland white men cannot work effectively, and coloured labour has been and is largely employed. There are there no fewer than twenty thousand coloured aliens—Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, and Polynesians—none of them desirable as colonists, though sorely needed as labourers. But the labour party in the Southern States is very strong, and opposes the introduction or the presence of coloured aliens.

'Despite the very strong planter interest brought to bear from Queensland, and the impossibility of fully developing that country without outside coloured aid, the Australians are determined to preserve their continent from what they call the contamination of the yellow and black races. The Pacific Island Labourers Bill prohibits islanders from entering the Commonwealth after March 31, 1904, and only allows their immigration meanwhile under licence. No agreement between employers and Pacific Island labourers is to remain in force after December 31, 1906; any islanders found in Australia after that date are to be deported. Already restrictions on Chinese and Japanese immigration have been greatly increased, while steps are to be taken against natives of India by means of an education test. As the Hindus are British subjects, this is sailing rather near the wind, and it is difficult to see how such measures can receive the sanction of the Imperial Government. Japan is not likely to acquiesce in the restrictions against Japanese, and she may adopt retaliatory measures.'

Difficulties with the Japanese there may possibly be, and to the annoyance of the Home Government, but we conceive there is not and cannot be any objection to the Australians protecting themselves from an undue immigration of Hindus or any other coloured British subjects—Houssas, for instance, or Kaffirs. The real difficulty, as it appears to us, will lie among the Australians themselves, and we do not think that Mr. Colquhoun overstates the case in saying: 'The diverging interests—between the Federal 'Government, dependent on the white labour party, and 'North Australia, dependent on coloured labour—constitute 'a serious danger to the unity of the new Commonwealth.'

The most serious danger of all, however, not to the colonies only, but to the Empire, lies in the not improbable difference of opinion or in some misunderstanding between the Commonwealth and the mother country. For such differences or misunderstandings do occur. Our politicians

are not always statesmen, and are very often curiously or even ridiculously ignorant of colonial needs, feelings, and prejudices. Formerly, when such differences occurred, the colonies were weak, and gave way; now they are united and strong, and very probably would not. Just at present we are all so deeply impressed with the loyalty shown by the Australians—no less than by the Canadians and New Zealanders—in the recent war, that a sentimental feeling is greatly in evidence, which is not at all likely to stand the rude conflict of business life. We may think, and indeed do think, that the services rendered have been pure loyalty and affection. Possibly the Australians think so too, but it is at least probable that a time may come when many of them may think that the mother country is bound to reciprocate. Bismarck had no monopoly of the cynical motto 'Do ut des;' and the expected return may be neither pleasant nor prudent. Mr. Colquhoun has suggested —as we have seen—that friction might arise out of the refusal of the colonies to admit Hindus; it is perhaps more probable it might arise out of a refusal to make any concession in favour of the Japanese, whom it is the imperial policy to conciliate, as friends and allies. But putting, for the moment, hypothetical speculations on one side, we may take what has actually occurred in the past as an example of what may occur in the future.

In April 1883, acting on a belief, afterwards known to be well founded, that the Germans were preparing to annex New Guinea, the Queensland Government,

'convinced that the establishment of a foreign Power close to their shores would be fatal to their interests, sent agents to take possession in the name of Great Britain—an action which met with the approval of all the other colonies, but was not confirmed by the Colonial Secretary, Lord Derby. Pressure was brought to bear by the colonists, who urged not only the annexation of New Guinea, but the prohibition of convict transportation to New Caledonia by France, and, in effect, the entire control of the Western Pacific by Great Britain. These demands were flatly refused, but the action of Germany in seizing part of northern New Guinea, while these negotiations were still pending, hastened matters, and the Government of the day, under Mr. Gladstone, at last gave way so far as to consent to the annexation of the southern side of New Guinea nearest to Australia.' *

* This annexation, or rather protectorate, was proclaimed on October 10, 1884, and the Louisiade Islands were taken possession of on January 21, 1885, clearly in compliance with orders which must have been sent out from England about the time of the annexation.

We know that at the time the Australian colonies were greatly annoyed by the refusal of Lord Derby to recognise and support the action of Queensland, by the subsequent partition of New Guinea, and by the maintenance of the French convict station in New Caledonia. The questions are at present slumbering, but are not dead, and it is far from impossible that they may again wake to burning life. If so, they may give rise to a very serious divergence of interests. It is conceivable that, under certain conditions, the colonial feeling might be intensely hostile towards France or Germany, or rather towards the French or German possessions in the Pacific, whilst the home sentiment and European interests were all in favour of peace. A sentence of Mr. Colquhoun's strikes the same note:—

'Had the Federated Commonwealth come into existence earlier, it is doubtful if the United States would have been able to acquire her share of Samoa, while the present anomalous state of affairs in the New Hebrides would have been brought to an abrupt conclusion, and Germany would certainly not have had the opportunity for embarking on a policy of controlling an important section of the Pacific.'

And again:—

'The strategic importance of the New Hebrides and New Caledonia is not in reality a pressing matter, for Fiji dominates those groups. But New Guinea is of strategic value, and while Australia does not at present absolutely object to the presence there of Germany—quiescent in the north of the island and in the Solomon and smaller groups—she would strenuously resent any extensive developement of German power in the Pacific, such as the creation of a large naval station, or the acquisition of any of the Dutch East Indies. Any such action would at once rouse Australasia to a man. The Australian Monroe doctrine has not yet been officially promulgated, or incorporated in the national policy, but its spirit is breathed by all Australians. The day therefore may not be distant when Britain may have to decide between her colonies and some of the European Powers—in particular her ally Germany. The question is certainly one that should receive serious consideration before the actual occasion arises, for by such consideration may the clashing of interests be avoided.'

In the diagonally opposite corner of the Pacific lies the English territory of British Columbia, which includes Vancouver Island, and is a constituent part of the Dominion of Canada. Hitherto, notwithstanding its gold, its deve-

---

Mr. Colquhoun's dates are wildly incorrect; a parallel of latitude he speaks of is impossible, and the details which are based on these dates and this parallel of latitude may be relegated to the region of 'good stories.'

lopement has not been great, though its vast natural wealth —not only gold, but coal, timber, minerals, and fish—as well as its numerous and excellent harbours, may and must bring it to a front place in the commerce and politics of the Pacific. This, however, will take time. Compared with her area and resources, the population is exceedingly small, which Mr. Colquhoun attributes partly to the amazing growth of timber, which, valuable in itself, is a hindrance to the immediate work of the farmer, and still more and especially to the lack of communication and consequent absence of a market for produce. 'Urgent need exists,' says Mr. Colquhoun, 'for a network of local lines, which could be 'worked at small cost, to bring the interior districts into 'touch with each other and with the coast, and to tie them 'all on to the great trunk line of Canada.' The construction of these calls for money, and at present the Government of the Dominion does not see its way to assist.

But meantime the ocean trade is rapidly increasing—a trade with Japan, Eastern Russia, and China. In fact, this trade for the whole of the western coast of North America is developing enormously. The passenger traffic in the summer is very large indeed, and the cargo traffic is so large that for the last three years the tonnage has not been sufficient for it, and there have frequently been large accumulations waiting for ships; and this though six lines of steamers are running from the Pacific ports of America to Yokohama, and thence to the Russian and Chinese ports; of these three are from San Francisco, one from Tacoma, one from Portland, and one from Vancouver, which belongs to the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Portland line, too, is carried on by English ships, and one of the San Francisco lines, though chartered by an American company; the ships of the Tacoma line, and of one of the San Francisco, by Japanese.* Clearly, it is not in the nature of things that a trade carried on by English, American, and Japanese should languish for want of ships, so that a large addition to the number of steamers on these lines may be expected.

In summing up his most interesting survey of the Pacific, Mr. Colquhoun seems to think that the future 'mastery' of it will rest with the United States, and assigns the second place to Japan. But taking into account the extent of coast-line and the excellent harbours of British Columbia, resting for their commercial basis on the vast resources of

* Steamship Subsidies, QQ. 1624–9.

the Dominion; the enormous developement that may be expected of the industries and commerce of Australia, New Zealand, and presently of South Africa, not to speak of the mother country itself, small in area but great in industry and wealth, we see no convincing reason for the belief that the British Empire is to be ousted from the pre-eminent position it has hitherto held—until, indeed, an awakened China claims its own. But then will be wars and revolutions, and the reign of topsy-turvydom, which may be possible—but not yet.

ART. XI.—1. *A Bill to make further provision with respect to Education in England and Wales.*

2. *Report of the Board of Education*, 1900–1901.

AN Education Bill should be a matter of interest to the whole community. We have an accumulated experience, unsatisfactory no doubt, but none the less instructive, of our own haphazard methods, and the Board of Education has brought within our reach, in its special reports, a knowledge of the methods of other countries. We have, therefore, a topic on which all might combine to work for the common good, and abundant material to assist our judgement.

Yet it may be safely said that nothing is more distasteful than educational legislation, alike to the average man who takes part in public affairs and to the man who is specially concerned with education. This does not arise solely from the difficulties of principle which have to be met, or the mass of detail which needs to be worked out. The attempt to solve difficulties and to arrange details is part of every day's work; but an Education Bill, if it is a large constructive measure, is not only encompassed with difficulties of principle and filled with contentious minutiæ of local and educational government: it is haunted by the contrast of lofty motives and great ideals with small ambitions and untoward prejudices. To one man the subject presents itself as one of pedagogy, to another of local self-government, to another of religious freedom, to another of local or imperial finance. The teacher, the minister of religion, the ratepayer, the taxpayer, all have something to say: there are not wanting those who would sooner the whole country was left untaught than that the machinery of local control or the conditions of religious teaching were not arranged to their liking. Amid these cross-currents of opinion and purpose an Education Bill labours slowly on its way.

What are the defects which most urgently call for treatment? First and foremost, there is the religious difficulty, which dislocates our system of elementary education. Next, there is the debateable ground of higher elementary and lower secondary education—the teaching of boys and girls with a view, more or less immediate, to the practice of a trade or profession. Perhaps of all educational problems this is the most important to the future of the country. Thirdly, we need fuller provision for the training

of teachers, and last, though not least, we need the adjustment of our secondary education, not only to that kind which may be described as higher elementary, but to the requirements of the Universities and the professions.

With these problems in our minds it would seem when we look at an Education Bill that it contains very little about education. This, no doubt, is right and necessary. A statute can do no more than create authorities on whom it imposes duties and confers powers; it must leave its machinery to work on the lines laid down. Remote as this may seem from the practical business of education, it is important enough. For want of some such provisions as we find in this Bill, we have seen competition of authorities, duplication of institutions, waste of resources. We want, above all things, simplicity and definition, broad outlines unencumbered by detail, but drawn upon a sound plan. We must, therefore, study the machinery which the Bill creates.

The Bill commences (clause 1) by creating a local authority for education, the council of a county or county borough. The council is, for educational purposes, to act through a committee, the constitution of which may be considered later, but is to retain financial authority and rating power in its hands (clause 12). This authority may deal with elementary as well as secondary education, but subject to two important provisoes, one of which has been received with partial and qualified approval, the other with very general condemnation. By the first of these, non-county boroughs with a population of over 10,000, and urban districts with a population of over 20,000, are cut out of their respective counties, and are to be independent authorities for elementary education (clause 1), with certain limited powers as to higher education (clause 3), and with the right, by agreement with the County Council, to relinquish their independence and merge themselves in the county (clause 15, *b*). The other proviso (clause 5) leaves it optional to any of these authorities to adopt the provisions and assume the powers relating to elementary education.

This strange adoptive clause gives an air of half-heartedness, almost of levity, to the entire measure. It is inconceivable that provisions of a highly contentious character, approved by Parliament as important to the educational future of the country, should be left to the option of local authorities; and it would be disastrous if county and municipal elections were embittered for years to come by

the question whether the solution of the religious difficulty in elementary education which had been accepted by Parliament, should or should not be accepted by the locality. This brings us to the religious difficulty and the mode in which the Bill treats it. But to estimate the treatment we must ascertain the nature of the difficulty, which may be said to have been formulated in 1870.

The Education Act of that year was designed to bring elementary education within the reach of all. Voluntary effort, supplemented by Government aid, had failed to supply the requisite school accommodation. New methods were needed, whereby present and future deficiencies might be met. It was but natural that the Church of England should desire to keep the hold which it had maintained for so long, and by such worthy efforts, upon the education of the people. It was equally natural that the opponents of the teaching of the Church of England saw with satisfaction the opportunity which now offered itself of diminishing, if not extinguishing, the influence of the Church in this department of national life.

The Bill went through some strange vicissitudes in its progress through the House of Commons. As originally introduced it provided that School Boards, chosen by various local authorities, were to have the power to assist schools of all denominations, subject to a conscience clause, out of the rates. In the form in which it became law, voluntary or denominational schools were excluded from rate aid, while school boards, directly elected, with the cumulative vote, were given unlimited power to draw upon the rates, but were restricted, as regards religious instruction given in schools under their control, to teaching without formularies.

Thus was the ground marked out for future conflict. The school board becomes the representative of the two principles of undenominational teaching and popular control, as against the voluntary school with its formularies and its *ex-officio* or nominated or co-opted managers. From the first the combatants were unequally matched, for, apart from the Parliamentary grant, the resources of the board school were measured only by the capacity of the ratepayer, those of the voluntary school were limited by the willingness of the subscriber.

The antagonism was prompt and keen, as two instances will show.

Although the machinery of the school board could be called into play to enforce attendance at school, a board

school might not be introduced into any school district in which the provision of school places was sufficient for the children. The supporters of voluntary schools therefore realised at once the urgent necessity for occupying the ground. Between 1839 and 1876 13,000,000*l.* was contributed from voluntary sources to the building of schools, and of this sum no less than 5,000,000*l.* was raised in the period between the passing of the Act of 1870 and the spring of 1876.

The other illustration may be taken from the debates on the Education Bill of 1876. Up to that time school boards alone possessed the power to make byelaws compelling attendance at school. Districts which desired that attendance should be compulsory found it necessary to form a school board, though there might be no board school. In 1876 a new authority was created. The school attendance committee, appointed, if the school district was a borough, by the council of the borough, if it was a parish, by the guardians of the union, received power to make byelaws to compel attendance. The existence of a school board where there was no board school was thenceforth unnecessary, and a clause was introduced at a late stage in the progress of the Bill empowering the ratepayers, under certain conditions, to dissolve a school board which had been created for this purpose. Long and acrimonious debates ensued. The fact that the board had become useless for the purpose for which it had been created was not allowed by the opposition to weigh against the consideration that the school board was an outpost against voluntaryism, and that its existence, necessary or unnecessary, was a good in itself which should not be lost.

As time went on it became more clearly manifest that voluntary effort could not, in the long run, compete successfully with institutions which had an unlimited control of the rates. Free education, established in 1891, was not a universal boon to voluntary schools. The uniform fee grant of ten shillings was helpful to rural schools where fees had been low, but was a poor compensation to schools in large towns where parents had been able and willing to pay substantial fees. The higher standard of accommodation set during the last ten years was no great hardship to the school board, for it could borrow for building, on the security of the rates; but the voluntary school, which had to beg for the funds needed to pay for the required improvements, was in a very different case. The ambitious and

abortive Bill of 1896 was designed at one and the same time to assist voluntary schools; to provide machinery for the extinction of school boards; and to create local authorities for secondary education who might ultimately manage education of all kinds within their respective areas. The Bill stirred up all the elements of jealousy lurking among the various local authorities which compete for educational functions, and its failure left the voluntary schools where they were. The Act of 1897 gave an aid grant of five shillings per scholar to voluntary schools, but this and the abolition of the limit of 17*s.* 6*d.* to the Parliamentary grant * have not redressed the balance. Financial inequality must necessarily mean unequal efficiency. It is idle to try to build a great educational system upon these jarring elements; such a system must begin from below and work up from the sure foundation of sound training in the rudiments of knowledge.

Thus we have to face a combined financial and religious difficulty. Let us take the financial difficulty first. There are more than 14,000 voluntary schools, educating more than 3,000,000 children. Voluntary contributions for the maintenance of these amounted, in 1900, to the sum of 800,602*l.* But whereas the average cost of each child in a voluntary school was 2*l.* 6*s.* 4½*d.*, the board school child cost on an average 2*l.* 17*s.* 7½*d.* To the cost of the board school child the rates contributed 1*l.* 5*s.* 6½*d.* in each case, and to each voluntary school child subscriptions contributed 6*s.* 4¾*d.* The average of the board school charge is raised by the inclusion of London, where every child in a board school cost 3*l.* 15*s.* 9½*d.*, towards which sum rates contributed 2*l.* 3*s.* 7½*d.* If we exclude London we get a cost per child of 2*l.* 12*s.* 7½*d.* in board schools, and of 2*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.* in voluntary schools, leaving a difference in cost, roughly speaking, of seven shillings a child.

This difference in cost may, and doubtless does in some cases, mean extravagance on the part of the school boards. It is not easy to practise strict economy when you have full

* This means that from 1876–1897, if the contributions from voluntary contributions, rates, fees, endowments, or other sources did not amount to more than 17*s.* 6*d.* per child, the Parliamentary grant did not exceed that sum, although a larger grant might have been earned. The abolition of fees had reduced the power of the voluntary schools to meet the Parliamentary grant by a corresponding contribution, and the removal of the limit restored the power to obtain the full grant earned.

power to spend other people's money in a cause which you believe to be good. But the difference does more probably mean that the voluntary schools throughout the country are not maintained at the same standard of efficiency as board schools. To bring the two kinds of schools up to a uniform standard of efficiency involves a heavy charge either on the rates or on the Exchequer. If we strike off from the items of payment towards the maintenance of the child in a voluntary school the amount of voluntary contributions, and then add to the items of charge the sum necessary to bring him up to the level of the board school child, we get an additional charge on the rates (and the charge would naturally fall on the rates) of about two millions. This does not include London.

But if the voluntary schools are to disappear, they must be replaced, and the ratepayer or taxpayer must provide, by the purchase of existing schools or the erection of new ones, for school accommodation corresponding to that of the existing 14,000 voluntary schools.

Yet the children must be educated; and it is necessary to ask whether there is any reason, other than that of cost, which prevents the State from requiring that all schools receiving a Parliamentary grant should be placed under popular control, and thus securing that the same standard of efficiency is maintained over the whole field of elementary education.

This brings us to the religious difficulty. The conditions of religious teaching in board schools are set forth in the Cowper Temple clause, s. 14, of the Act of 1870:—'No 'religious catechism or religious formulary which is dis- 'tinctive of any religious denomination shall be taught in 'the school.' Under this clause the Bible may be read and taught as a historical and moral exercise. In some board schools the Apostles' Creed is taught by a sort of compromise and on sufferance; but those answers in the Church Catechism which describe the Christian's duty to God and to his neighbour have been held on the highest legal authority to be denominational.

Those who maintain the usefulness and the justice of this clause employ a somewhat illogical combination of arguments. It is alleged, on the one hand, that the State has nothing to do with religious teaching, but should confine itself to secular instruction; and, on the other hand, that the religious teaching given by board school teachers is often, for all practical purposes, denominational, that it is

given by teachers who are members of the Church of England, and should therefore be satisfactory to churchmen.

These arguments are, no doubt, self-contradictory; but even if the contention as to the character of board school teaching stood alone it would not meet the case.

Firstly, it proceeds on the assumption that the Church of England is the only religious denomination interested in the matter. There were in the year 1900 no less than 1,045 Roman Catholic schools and 438 Wesleyan schools, besides the 11,777 Church of England schools. This shows that the desire for denominational teaching is not confined to the Church of England, and that if teaching satisfactory to English churchmen is given in board schools the law is not observed, and the teaching cannot satisfy other members who may attend the school.

Doubtless many board school teachers are members of the Church of England, and can give teaching satisfactory to members of that Church, but this is largely due to the fact that the majority of the training colleges are now denominational and Anglican. This state of things may not last, nor is it desirable that so important a department of our educational system should be left, to so large an extent, in the hands of any religious denomination. Hereafter the trained teacher may have passed through an undenominational college, and may not possess either the training or the inclination to give the denominational teaching which is now given by some board school teachers in such satisfactory measure and quality.

But no attempt has been made to meet the most serious objection which may be brought against the Cowper Temple clause. This enactment does not merely affect the character of the religious teaching which may be given: it clearly admits of an education from which all religious teaching is omitted. And this is an objection which is felt by many who may not care to press the claims of one denomination against another, but who do not desire to see education become wholly secular. In fact, the objectors to the present form of settlement may be ranged in three groups—first, those who desire, generally, that religious teaching should form a part of education; next, those who hold more definitely that every child should be brought up in the faith of his parents; and, lastly, those who desire to see the clergy of the Church of England retain their control over the elementary education of the country.

To these last the Bill of 1902 offers little attraction. Its proposals would appear to proceed on this broad and reasonable line of argument, that to allow the voluntary schools to struggle on under their present conditions would for a long time to come maintain differences of staff, of equipment, of standard, which destroy the uniform quality of our elementary education; that to replace them by universal board schools would throw a heavy burden on the ratepayer or the taxpayer; while to secularise all schools would offend the convictions of very many who, without desiring to clericalise education, are unwilling that it should be divorced from the religious life of the community.

The terms proposed in the Bill are sure to be sharply criticised, but they seem to offer at least the basis of a fair compromise. The managers of a voluntary school are to provide the building, to keep it in repair, and, if required, are to make alterations and improvements; they are to admit a representation of the local authority amounting to one-third of their number; they are to be subject to a veto, on secular grounds, to their appointment of teachers, and to any direction which the local authority may give as to the secular instruction in the school. This last provision would empower the local authority to require the dismissal, on secular grounds, of an incompetent teacher. In return the school will be maintained and kept efficient by the local authority out of the rates.

Such, in outline, is the proposed solution of the difficulty as regards the maintenance of existing schools. But there is a further concession to the voluntary principle.

To understand this it must be borne in mind that a new school is not recognised by the Education Department for the purpose of the Parliamentary grant unless there is an existing deficiency of school places in the area. Hence a Church school may exist as the only school in a district, maintained by voluntary effort, although a large majority of the scholars may be children of nonconformist parents. While it exists, and affords an adequate supply of school places, no other school can be recognised by the Board of Education. The Bill proposes to correct this hardship, not by allowing the required religious instruction to be given in the existing school, but by enabling any denomination, or the local authority, to give notice that it proposes to build a school. An appeal is to lie to the Board of Education by the local authority, by the managers of any existing school, or by any ten ratepayers within the area, on the ground that

the school is not required, or that an existing school is better suited to meet the wants of the district. The board is to decide, having regard to the interests of secular education, to the wishes of the parents as to the education of their children, and to the economy of the rates.

This part of the scheme is open to criticism on several grounds. It does not help those who are not wealthy enough to provide a school; and it burdens the area with two schools where, in many cases, for all purposes of secular instruction, one would suffice. Moreover, since voluntary schools under the Act of 1897 obtain a grant of five shillings per child, the Bill, as framed, gave a preference to such schools in the event of an appeal—a preference based on the economy of the rates.*

Such is the solution of the religious difficulty proposed by the Government in substitution of the present arrangement, whereby denominational teaching is given in voluntary schools subject to a conscience clause, while in board schools no denominational teaching *may* be given, and no religious teaching *need* be given.

Another suggested solution is the repeal of the Cowper Temple clause. This would leave to those who had the control and management of the schools the decision whether there should be any, and what, religious teaching. Every child would be protected by the conscience clause; no child would receive teaching of which its parents disapproved; but the board or managers with the whole range of denominations to choose from would make their selection, or determine that all should be excluded. If this should ever be accepted as a solution, we must face the certainty of vehement contests between the advocates of different kinds of sectarian teaching, the possibility that the character of the teaching might vary with the fluctuations in the strength of parties on the board of managers, and the strong probability that repose from religious controversy might be found in the acceptance of a religious teaching

* This objection is removed by the proposals laid before the House of Commons by Mr. Balfour on June 23. The sums paid to voluntary schools and the smaller sums paid to necessitous board schools under the Acts of 1897 will be withdrawn, and their amounts (860,000*l.*), together with a sum of 900,000*l.* contributed by the Treasury, will be paid to all schools alike. Four shillings a head will be paid for every child in average attendance, and the residue will be divided, in proportion to their necessity, among districts where a penny rate produces less than ten shillings per child.

which was colourless, or the rejection of such teaching altogether.

Then there is the proposal to allow what are called 'outside facilities.' These would enable the child to be sent, or kept from school, during some part of the school hours, when he could receive, at home or in some neighbouring room, religious teaching which might not be given at school.

Lastly, there is the proposal which figured as clause 27 in the Bill of 1896, by which every school should be open on reasonable demand to external teachers of every denomination. This plan would, doubtless, involve some difficulties as to the time-table of study, possibly also some difficulty as to accommodation. But it would more surely than any other plan meet every reasonable and genuine requirement.

It may be worth while to profit by the experience of a neighbour. Mr. Brereton, in his interesting report on the rural schools of North-West France, describes the process of secularising the schools. Elementary education was made free in 1881; compulsory, in 1882; secular, in 1886. 'The 'school-programme was to be purged of all denominational 'teaching distinctively Roman Catholic, Protestant, or 'Jewish, the teaching of *la morale* being put in its place.' In State schools for boys all teachers were, within five years, to be laymen: in those for girls, the *religieuses* who taught were to be left in possession until death or resignation. The consequences of the new *régime* to some of the teachers in rural districts were decidedly painful.

'The adversaries of the school in one village put about 'statements that the lay-teachers strangled their pupils. In 'other *communes* the parents, under threat of extreme 'ecclesiastical penalties, withdrew their children *en masse*. 'In others, the new teacher (sometimes a woman) was 'received with a shower of stones. Other teachers, again, 'found themselves boycotted. The local grocer and pro-'vision-merchant refused to supply them; they could get 'neither flour nor milk on the spot.' A parish council, with a fervour which some English ecclesiastics might envy, passed a resolution deploring 'd'être obligé par une loi 'scélérate à entretenir une école de perdition.'

This bitterness is passing away, but still the struggle between the State schools and the private schools under religious superintendence continues, and as with our board and voluntary schools the struggle is partly religious, partly financial. Mr. Brereton cites the opinion of 'a primary

'inspector, well spoken of by both parties, who said to me 'that perhaps Jules Ferry went too far; *that had he allowed* 'the curé to enter the school to teach the catechism to those 'whose parents wished for it, the result would probably 'have been peace in the long run. For if the *curés* could 'have given up their schools with honour, they would have 'done so long ago, as they constitute a heavy drain upon 'the clergy.' *

The solution of our own difficulty might be found if secular instruction were placed entirely under the control of the local authority, and every school were open, under reasonable regulation, to the religious teaching of every denomination.

The religious difficulty may be said to be confined, except in the case of the training colleges, to elementary education. At least its appearance in the field of secondary education is fitful and comparatively unimportant. If we ask why this is so, the answer supplies one strong recommendation of the Bill of 1902. For many years in many parts of the country the parson has been for all practical purposes the managing director of the voluntary school. Under the Government Bill he will be so no longer. The representatives of the local authority will bring with them outside criticism, and, for purposes of secular instruction, outside control. If the Bill passes, the sole and undivided sway of the parson is at an end.

But though when we leave elementary education, properly so-called, we may be said to leave the religious difficulty behind us, we are confronted with other problems, less acrimonious perhaps, but hardly less perplexing. What sort of education is wanted, for whom, whence is it to be supplied, by whom controlled?

The Secondary Education Commissioners sought long to distinguish elementary and secondary education. They received many suggestions: that it depended on the length of years given to school life; on the character of the instruction given; on the social position and pecuniary means of the parents; on the department responsible for dispensing the money voted by Parliament. At last to the question, uttered almost in the tones of Pilate, 'What is 'secondary education?' they formed an answer on this wise. 'It is the education of the boy or girl not simply as a 'human being who needs to be instructed in the mere rudi-

* Special Reports on Educational Subjects, vol. vii. p. 39.

'ments of knowledge, but it is a process of intellectual 'training and personal discipline conducted with special 'regard to the profession or trade to be followed.' Secondary education would thus extend over a wide surface, from the immediate preparation for the exercise of a craft to the leisurely developement of the faculties with a view to entering one of the liberal professions, or to the exercise of the higher duties of citizenship.

It is plain that secondary education thus defined needs subdivision. There is an education, which from its immediate bearing on practical work, is clearly distinguishable from secondary education properly so-called, and the distinction is well marked in France, where the importance of this branch of education, which is there called 'higher 'elementary,' has long been clearly understood. Put in its shortest form, it means 'the recognition of the fact that 'even the lower ranks, both of commerce and industry, 'imperatively need a special form of education which must 'be beyond that given by the elementary school, but quite 'other than that of the secondary school.'* From this realisation of one of the greatest and most urgent of educational needs has sprung the excellent system of higher elementary schools in France. The French authorities have asked themselves, first, how can we best employ the time which a boy or girl can spare between the acquisition of a groundwork of elementary education and the commencement of a wage-earning life? and next, how can we ensure that those who receive this education are such as will really profit by it, and that it is not wasted or misused by the casual or dilettante student?

So we find three kinds of school, distinct in character from one another, and from the true elementary school. The problems of the higher elementary education, if not completely solved, have been clearly apprehended and methodically approached. A distinction has been drawn between the practical teaching which has for its purpose to impart technical skill in the exercise of a trade or profession, and the teaching which, although preparatory for a trade or profession, lays more stress on the scientific aspects of the subject in hand, and treats it as the material out of which a general education can be obtained. Thus the *écoles professionnelles* or *écoles pratiques de commerce et d'industrie* give an education which brings the learner into close contact

* Special Reports on Educational Subjects, vol. i. p. 297.

with the technicalities of his future business, whether agricultural, commercial, or industrial; and the *écoles primaires supérieures*, while they keep the technical and professional purpose of their teaching always in view, aim at the completion of general education, and use the professional study for this end. The distinction drawn between these two kinds of school is much the same as may be drawn between the legal and medical teaching at our Universities and the practical instruction which is obtained in a hospital or in a barrister's chambers. The needs of the student have been carefully thought out; and while, if we follow the history of these schools we shall see that the French Ministry of Public Instruction has spared no pains to give effect to its views, the benefit of these schools is confined to those who are capable of profiting by them. The candidate who desires to be admitted to the higher primary school must produce a *certificat d'études* that he or she has completed the elementary course, and has passed a year in the highest standard of the elementary school. Sometimes a qualifying examination, in some cases a competitive examination, is preliminary to admission. Not only are the conditions of entrance such as to exclude all but the best products of the elementary school; extreme care is also taken that children should not continue at a school unless they can profit by it, and that their studies should be directed toward the pursuits in which they are most likely to succeed.

Lower in the scale of this kind of education, and yet superior to that which is primary, is the *cours complémentaire*. This is permitted to an ordinary elementary school which takes children up to the highest standard—has a *cours supérieur*. The pupils here must have remained for a year in the highest standard, and must possess the *certificat d'études*. The course is not allowed to last for more than a year; it is in the strictest sense a continuation class, and is not allowed to compete with the higher primary schools.

In large rural districts with a scattered population it is clearly impossible that the requirements which these schools are intended to meet can be met merely by day schools. To meet this difficulty, boarding-houses are established, sometimes under the management of the director of the school, sometimes under the control of the municipality. The cost of education thus given would for the greater part of the rural population be prohibitory, but it is met by a system of scholarships adapted to the various charges to which parents may be put in cases where the education of the child pre-

vents it from earning money, takes it some distance from its home, or necessitates expenses for board and lodging.

It is true that this system has been worked out by a central authority, undisturbed by jarring local authorities, or the local ambitions and vanities which spring from popular control. It is true, also, that we could produce, here and there, institutions corresponding to those of the French system. To some extent our technical school corresponds to the *école professionnelle*; our higher grade board school, with a science school attached to it, corresponds to the *école primaire supérieure*; and our continuation classes to the *cours supplémentaire*: but the correspondence is accidental and incomplete, our institutions are unsystematic. We have let one authority after another grow up with duties ill defined, and with no settled purpose.

In the year 1900 the sort of education which we have endeavoured to describe was assisted by the State from three different sources, and was provided by local authorities in four different ways. The Board of Education, acting from Whitehall, dispensed the parliamentary grant for elementary education, which, as will be seen, might be carried beyond the elementary stage. The same Board, acting from South Kensington, dispensed the parliamentary grant for science and art, which appears to be regarded as an aid to secondary education. Councils of counties and boroughs and urban district councils, which in 1889 were empowered to raise a rate of one penny in the pound for the provision of technical instruction, received also a residue under the Local Taxation Act of 1890—a sum which originally represented the amount which the Government of that year had allocated to the purchase of superfluous licences, but which has come to mean nearly the whole of the amount which the Government had then intended to devote to the relief of local finance.

Apart from the work done by endowed schools, and the efforts of individuals or societies, the local authorities which provided this higher elementary education were the elementary schools (board and voluntary), the county and borough and urban district councils. The modes in which this form of education was provided were as follows.

The elementary school code contained a long list of subjects for instruction—some of these were necessary, some were 'class' subjects, others were 'specific' subjects. The class subjects were English, elementary science, history, and geography, and a grant could not be earned for more than

two of these. The specific subjects were numerous, and were left to the discretion of the teacher. Although by the teaching of these subjects the children in the higher standards might obtain an education which was more than elementary, there was no general curriculum, suited to the needs of the average child, with variations corresponding to the line of life which the child might be intended to follow. It might not be unjust to say that the specific subjects were often taught more for the sake of the grant than for the sake of the child.

Then there were certain board schools, which not only taught the more advanced specific subjects of the Code, but which also established science and art schools as a part of their educational machinery, maintaining them partly out of the rates, and partly out of the grants obtained, not from the Whitehall Department of the Board of Education but from the Science and Art Department, which claimed to deal with secondary education.

Thirdly, there were the Technical Instruction Committees of county and borough and urban district councils, which established technical schools of their own, or gave assistance out of the funds at their disposal to existing schools. In the latter case these grants tended, in the opinion of the Secondary Education Committee, to modify the curricula of the schools to the undue restriction of literary teaching.

Lastly, there were evening continuation schools, sometimes set on foot by school boards, and teaching a great variety of subjects. These schools drew upon Whitehall, in so far as they taught the subjects of the Code, upon South Kensington for their teaching of science and art, sometimes upon the local authorities under the Technical Instruction Act; sometimes they demanded fees, and, if attached to board schools, they drew on the rates.

The technical schools may be put aside: their career has been unaffected by departmental action or by judicial decision. But in the year 1900 these two influences acted very strongly on the other sources of the higher elementary education.

First the Board of Education introduced into the Code of 1900 the system of the 'block grant,' which had already been successfully used in Scotland. Instead of payment by results as shown by the preparation of individual children in 'class' or 'specific' subjects, a normal grant of 22*s.* was made for each child; the lower grant, which is, in fact, a warning of inefficiency and possible dissolution, is 21*s.*

The merits of the system are set out in the speech of Mr. Jebb in moving a resolution of approval of the new Code:—

> 'The first great merit of the block grant is that it delivers primary education from the influence of a mercenary motive. Under the old system of payment for individual subjects there was a strong inducement to managers and masters to turn a school into a machine for earning the largest possible grant irrespective of the true educational interests of the children. . . . The second great merit of the block grant is that it gives more freedom and greater elasticity in the choice of subjects to be taught. The curriculum in each school can be adapted to the particular needs and circumstances of the children' (Parliamentary Debates, 4th series, vol. 82, p. 605).

These were undoubted merits. But against them should be set the withdrawal of higher payments for higher teaching, which might not always have been given on the best lines or with the best motives, but which henceforth would probably not be given at all. The Board of Education proposed to counteract this by the issue of the Higher Elementary Schools Minute.

This minute purported to establish higher grade schools for children who had passed or could pass Standard IV. of the Code. The grants to be made were substantial: the course of study was planned to last for four years, ending at the age of 15; and one condition of the grants was to be 'the suitability of the instruction to the circumstances 'of the scholars and the neighbourhood.'

So much for departmental action, the effect of which we may presently return to consider. An influence more widely discussed, if not more far-reaching, was exercised on our higher elementary education by the judgement in the case of Reg. *v.* Cockerton, delivered in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court in December, 1900, and affirmed on appeal in the spring of 1901.

This much-controverted judgement laid down two rules which do not need any special training in the subtleties of law for their comprehension. School boards were created to provide elementary education for children, and, to this end, were empowered to draw upon the rates. They cannot, therefore, use the rates to provide education which is not elementary, or to provide education for adults. Elementary education is defined, roughly, by the subjects recognised in the Code issued from Whitehall, but this rough definition is enough to exclude the organised schools of science created by school boards and teaching the sub-

jects for which science and art grants were made from South Kensington.

The age-limit for elementary education has no statutory definition, but the Board of Education has satisfied itself, on high legal authority, that after the age of 15 a boy or girl ceases to be a child. The judgement has been canvassed more as though it were a political pamphlet than a legal decision, but we must confess that to the ordinary mind, not specially desirous that school boards should be either extolled or rebuffed, it seems to be good law and good common sense. And yet the feeling excited by the decision comes not merely from the self-importance or partisanship of those interested in school boards, it is inspired by a sense of the value of the sort of education provided by these school boards, and the neglect of Governments, past and present, to secure its provision.

It may be asked why the Minute creating higher elementary schools failed to satisfy this requirement. The answer is to be found in a speech of the Vice-President of the Board of Education.

'There is no power to give these large grants in the higher elementary school minute to any school which does not teach subjects outside of the elementary school code, and there is no Parliamentary authority to give grants for anything outside the code but scientific subjects. The general idea of Parliament is that literary education is provided for by very large endowments, that technical education is provided for by the "whiskey money" (i.e. the residue under the Local Taxation Act, 1890), and that science and art are provided for by the annual grants of the House of Commons (Parliamentary Debates, 4th series, vol. 90, p. 672).

This sentence marks the disjointed character of our educational system. It is accentuated by the subsequent and most recent action of the Board of Education. Evening schools are now aided by Parliamentary grant as secondary and technical schools, on condition that at least a quarter of the cost is provided from local sources—fees, subscriptions, endowments, or grants from the local authority. Secondary day-schools are established on the same conditions as to the extent of the Parliamentary grant. But here again we are met by the limitations of the grant. Parliament recognises nothing outside elementary education except science and art, consequently the secondary day-schools fall into two classes —science and art schools—to which the Board contributes, out of the funds placed at its disposal by Parliament, not more than three-quarters of the total expenditure of the

school;—and secondary schools applying for a grant and obtaining one on certain conditions. In these last a general education is supplied from the resources of the school, and science teaching is provided by grants from the Board.

Parliament, therefore, in the money granted to the Board of Education recognises only two things—elementary education and science and art; while in the money granted under the Local Taxation Act 1890 it also recognises technical instruction. Technical instruction, as defined by the Act of 1889, covers the subjects recognised by the Science and Art Department, and includes 'modern languages and com-' mercial and agricultural subjects.'

We may now ask how the Education Bill treats the difficulties and the problems which we have been discussing —the numerous educational authorities, the various funds from which education is supplied, and the limited recognition by Parliament of educational subjects. In the first place it creates in counties and county boroughs one local authority for elementary education and for education which is described as 'other than elementary.' The new authority is thus set free from all hypothetical and arbitrary distinctions such as have hitherto hampered, and still hamper, the Board of Education. Power is given to create schools higher than elementary schools in such a graduation and of such a character as the authority may determine, having regard to the resources at its disposal and the needs of the locality, and in these schools literary subjects may be combined with scientific and technical.

The non-county boroughs and urban districts with populations respectively of more than ten and twenty thousand are not only to be independent, if they please, as regards elementary education, but are to have powers concurrent with those of the County Council as regards education other than elementary, and to spend what they think fit up to the amount which would be produced by a rate of a penny in the pound. The county authority will have the power of raising a rate to the amount of twopence in the pound, and will, besides this, have the control of the residue under the Local Taxation Act 1890, commonly called 'the whiskey ' money.'

The wisdom of the excision of these smaller corporations from the larger area is open to question. They may, if they please, under clause 5 of the Bill, retain their existing system for elementary education, and therewith the present conflict of authorities—the municipality, the school board, the

voluntary school—with their various types of education and sources of supply.

If the option as to elementary education were withdrawn, this proviso is less objectionable. The burden thrown on the counties of taking over the elementary schools would be lightened, and the educational interest, which in many towns is strong and keen, would be fostered by this measure of autonomy.

On the other hand, it may be difficult in some parts of England, where towns are numerous, to provide for the intervening spaces of country. The withdrawal of wealthy urban districts from the rateable area of the county may cause financial embarrassment; while much of the administrative merits of the plan for constituting one authority will be lost if, for the purpose of elementary education, a county is dotted over with a number of small independent units. It has been suggested that the consent of the County Council should be required to this autonomy of the towns within its area, or that, at any rate, the county should retain financial control. There is much to be said for either of these propositions, but they bring us face to face with two important features of the Bill—the constitution of the new authority and its powers and resources in respect of finance.

Is the new authority well constituted for the ends which it has to serve? The Bill is elastic to the verge of vagueness on this point. The council of the county, borough, or urban district, is to act through a committee 'constituted in 'accordance with a scheme made by the council and 'approved by the Board of Education.' Only two conditions are laid down as essential to the scheme. It must provide that a majority of the committee are chosen and appointed by the council, and it must provide for the appointment of experts in education and of persons acquainted with the educational needs of the area.

The Secondary Education Commission advocated a process of indirect election, nomination, and co-optation for their secondary education authority differing somewhat as to composition in counties and boroughs. Lord Rosebery, speaking on May 30, expressed himself in favour of one local authority for elementary and secondary education, and of an indirectly elected authority; partly because the frequent recurrence of elections is to be avoided, partly because the introduction of educational interests into municipal elections would give them enhanced dignity and importance. One may hope that this would be so, but it is tolerably certain

that educational interests have not hitherto excited very great attention in the elections to school boards.

There is a general preference for indirect election, but for some reasons it would be very important that the council of the county or borough should be largely represented, or that it should even be in a majority on the committee through which it must act.

The committee will have to incur certain financial liabilities, and it should, in the opinion of many, possess financial control. If its budget is to be revised and amended by the council, its independence of action will be gone. If it is to have a free hand, not only as regards the money placed at its disposal by Parliament, but also as to the exercise of rating powers for educational purposes, there arises the necessity that the committee should have behind it the force which comes from a popular element in its composition. In other words, a majority of its members must be the elected members of the council. Direct election may not create or maintain a good educational authority, but the authority must be in some measure representative if it is to retain the confidence of its public.

We may now consider the financial resources of the committee, first for elementary and then for secondary education. For elementary education there is first the Government grant; and it may be hoped that the forms which this has assumed, the block grant, fee grant, aid grant, will now be simplified. There are the rates on which the maintenance of the voluntary schools will henceforth make a large additional demand, and there are endowments to which no allusion is made in the Bill, but which will need to be dealt with. Out of these funds the local authority will be required to maintain all the elementary schools and to provide, from time to time alter and improve, and keep in good repair, all but the voluntary schools.

For secondary education there is the residue under the Local Taxation Act 1890 amounting in 1901 to more than a million. County Councils have power to raise money by rate up to twopence in the pound, the Local Government Board may fix a higher rate by Provisional Order, on the application of the council of a county or county borough, while the autonomous boroughs and urban districts may raise another penny. Fees may be charged for education other than elementary, and the local authority, though it has no power to deal with endowments, will probably be able, by offer of subsidies, to come to terms with the smaller

grammar schools, and to utilise the endowments within its area.

These resources are not large, and inasmuch as the same authority will, as regards counties and county boroughs, be responsible for both kinds of education, it may be feared that the additional charge which voluntary schools will make on the rates may deter the councils from the free exercise of their rating powers for the higher education.

The disinclination of the ratepayer to meet the growing needs of education may have an effect other than the mere diminution of educational resources. Already we hear a demand, becoming constantly more urgent, that Parliament should come to his assistance, and that a larger sum should be given to elementary education from the Imperial Exchequer. This may set free money for education other than elementary, but it must also react on the constitution of the new education authority. The larger the sum contributed by the general taxpayer, the smaller the reasons for demanding local representation and popular control, the greater the probability that persons nominated by the Board of Education may occupy a considerable space on the committee of the local authority.

The smallness of the resources which the Bill provides becomes more apparent when we consider that the new authority will not only be expected to make provision for higher education, but to take some steps toward the more complete and efficient system for the training of teachers.

In elementary education the need of such training has been long recognised. Few indeed, if any, are likely to possess an innate capacity for the maintenance of discipline in large classes, the power of arresting and keeping the attention of children, and of putting knowledge in such a form as would reach young and uninformed minds. In secondary schools it has been thought until very recently that anyone could teach who knew a little more than the learner.

The need of larger appliances for the training of teachers in elementary schools is apparent in the report of the Board of Education for 1900–1901. It appears from that report that 139,818 teachers are engaged in the teaching of more than four and a half million children. Of this number of teachers not more than 62,085 are certificated, and of these again not more than 36,020 have passed through training colleges.

Many of those who have not passed through colleges

have nevertheless obtained valuable practical experience as pupil teachers or assistants under trained and capable teachers; but the fact remains that more than half of the certificated teachers in elementary schools have picked up their training as best they could, and have prepared themselves for their examinations in the scanty leisure which their work in the school allowed.

His Majesty's Inspector of Training Colleges attributes this result to several causes. One is a continuance of the belief that teaching is a natural gift, that the power to teach is not to be learned by any scientific process of education. Another is the paucity of training colleges and the denominational character of the greater number. A third is the expense which attends a course of training, expense which to the students is not represented merely by outlay, but by postponement of the time for the profitable exercise of their profession.

The difference in the effect of study at a training college and preparation for examination while engaged in the hard and practical work of teaching, is made very clear in the same report. The acting teacher is at a serious disadvantage as compared with the student at a residential college, when brought to the test of examination.

'Their success in our examinations is far from brilliant. One comparison will bring out clearly how they stand in relation to students from training colleges. Last year 3,510 acting teachers took papers for the second part of the second year examination. Of these 439 failed outright, 262 passed in the first division, 777 in the second, and 2,032 in the third. In the same year (1899) out of 1,868 students in residential colleges who took the same part of a similar examination none failed, 1,195 passed in the first division, 572 in the second, and 91 in the third. As the third division does not qualify to take charge of pupil teachers, the difference means a great deal.'*

Such being the value of training, and such the advantage which the trained student has over the untrained, it is unsatisfactory to learn that, comparing the number of children in the schools and of certificated teachers who have gone through a course of training, there is but one trained teacher for every 128 children. The statistics of the training colleges, day and residential, show that their yearly supply will not overtake the demand for many years

* Report of the Board of Education 1900–1901, vol. ii. p. 186. Pt. I. Division ii. Mr. Rankine's Report on Training Colleges.

to come, even if that demand is put as low as one trained teacher for every 100 children, and if we assume no increase in the number attending school.

But the dearth of trained teachers does not arise only from the causes which deter the student from undertaking a course of instruction at a training college. The residential colleges themselves are deficient in number, in means, and in freedom of character. In other words, they are too few, they are too poor, and, with two exceptions, they are denominational.

At present the Government assists residential training colleges to the extent of three-fourths of the certified expenditure, the remaining fourth comes from contributions of individuals and societies, and from fees paid by the students. Building and supervision must come from private sources. Then, too, the denominational character of so many of these colleges is a serious drawback to their general usefulness. The two difficulties are summed up in a paragraph of the report.

'The number of our training colleges is insufficient. Many teachers would gladly avail themselves of the advantages of college life, but there is no room for them. Nonconformists especially are at a disadvantage, as there are many cases of King's scholars high in the first class who cannot get a place.'

A King's scholarship, it may be mentioned, is nothing more than a right to a place in a training college, if a place can be obtained.

The training of teachers for secondary schools is not a matter of local interest, nor one to be dealt with by a local authority. But the training of the elementary teacher in elementary schools seems to grow naturally out of the elementary education of the area, and to be a matter for which some provision should be made. How far such provision is possible out of the moderate resources which will be at the disposal of the local authority may well be regarded as uncertain. But if these resources should be sufficient, the Bill, in clause 18, extends the power of supplying education other than elementary so as to enable the local authority 'to make provision for the purpose outside their area 'where they consider it expedient to do so in the interests of 'their area.' This is important for the purpose of training colleges. It may often be convenient to assist the teachers of one locality to enter a training college at another; or to combine the resources of two educational areas. And it is

always desirable that the course of training should give as large a variety of experience as possible. A narrow range of vision and monotony of ideas are common failings of the teachers, and they react upon the pupils.

The Bill will not affect the higher secondary schools, nor can it be expected to do anything for the higher secondary education. The local authority has no jurisdiction over any schools other than elementary, except where it creates schools of its own. It may obtain an influence by subsidies of money, or a definite voice in the management by requiring representation on the governing body in return for an annual grant; it may, by judicious provision of scholarships, enable clever boys to make their way from the higher grade schools to the universities. The many problems which our higher education presents are left untouched, nor can they be dealt with easily by legislation.

But the Education Bill of 1902, in spite of its many options, its apologetic and half-hearted character, does offer a possible solution of the religious difficulty, while at the same time it brings under one authority our system of elementary education, and those various studies by which youth is prepared for the practical work of life, which may be conveniently, if somewhat vaguely, described as 'education 'other than elementary.' Through the agency of this authority we may hope that our system of elementary education will be simplified, consolidated, and strengthened, while the higher education will be more readily adapted to the various purposes which it has to serve, and more readily available to the classes which require it.

ART. XII.—*Agreement as to Terms of Surrender of the Boer Forces in the Field.* (Parliamentary Papers, South Africa, June 1902.)

THE month of June 1902 will long live in the memory of Englishmen all over the world. One common feeling was animating us all. The great solemnity of the Coronation fixed for June 26 was looked forward to as a unique ceremonial which was to bring together for a great constitutional function British citizens of many races and every clime. Our new King was to be crowned, and his Coronation was to be the best demonstration that the Empire could give of the Imperial unity, of which the Crown and the Flag are the symbols.

Peace had come at last. London and the country had finished their preparations to celebrate in worthy and joyful fashion the crowning of the King. Foreign princes, Colonial statesmen, Indian potentates, envoys from every nation of the earth had arrived. Suddenly, only some forty hours or so before Westminster Abbey was to throw open its doors for the great function, the announcement came that the King was dangerously ill, and that the Coronation could not take place. Never was there a more sudden transition from happy anticipations and popular rejoicing to disappointment, to be succeeded by feelings of the gravest anxiety as the nature of his Majesty's illness became known. The week following the operation was necessarily a most anxious one; but a strong constitution, and the science and skill of the most eminent surgical and medical men of the day, have brought the King through his worst perils, and his subjects may now reasonably indulge a confident hope of his ultimate restoration to health.

Deep had been the feeling of thankfulness amongst Englishmen everywhere when in the first days of June the news came that peace with our Boer foes had actually been signed, and that the Boer leaders, having abandoned their claim to independence, were showing a genuine desire to co-operate with the British generals in bringing about popular reconciliation with the new state of things.

The war at last is over! The Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State, in such constitutional fashion as the circumstances rendered possible, have fully admitted their conquest by the superior power of the British Empire—of which Empire they will henceforward form a part. Con-

vinced of the uselessness of further resistance, and anxious to prevent further sacrifice of life, the Boer commanders strongly advised the burghers of the two States still left in the field to yield fully on the essential question of independence, and for the rest to make the best terms they could with the victors. The terms granted by Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener were wise and generous; they were approved by the Home Government, and upon these terms the whole of the Boer forces have surrendered, and have fully accepted for themselves and for the two States the sovereignty of His Majesty King Edward VII.

No wonder that Englishmen rejoiced. Neither the British Government nor people have ever had the slightest wish to humiliate their gallant foes. Before the war, and during the war, there was, indeed, the most lamentable misunderstanding on each side of the ends and objects of the other. Ever since the demonstrations at Johannesburg, on the occasion of Sir Henry Loch's visit, and much more since the Jameson Raid, planned by Mr. Rhodes, the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, it became almost impossible to disabuse the minds of the Boers of the notion that the conquest of their country was a supreme end of British policy. And Boer fears were kept alive by the constant reiteration by irresponsible persons of an English intention 'to paint the map red.' On the other side it was not till the war began that the mass of Englishmen discovered that the quarrel, instead of being a mere dispute with President Kruger and a corrupt gang of officials in Pretoria, whom at the worst a few weeks' fighting would overthrow, was one which raised, as truly as any struggle known to history, the national spirit of an independent and freedom-loving people. Whether from the beginning the British meant to conquer the Boers, or the Boers, aided by a grand Dutch conspiracy in Cape Colony, meant to conquer the British in South Africa, history will some day decide. Hitherto the question has been debated mainly by advocates who regard it as a patriotic duty to dismiss or disbelieve any evidence that tells against their own preconceptions!

There have been two views as to whether a better understanding by Englishmen in recent years of the South African problem might not have saved South Africa from the terrible calamity of racial war and the intensity of racial bitterness that it must leave behind it; but there has, for practical purposes, been only one view as to what the necessities of the case imperatively demanded after once the struggle

between the British Empire and the Dutch Republics had begun. Ninety-nine Englishmen out of every hundred became convinced that the safety of their South African dominions could not be ensured by anything less than the annexation of the two Republics. The policy of distinct national sovereignties had been tried, and had failed. The circumstances of the British colonies in South Africa were peculiar. And those who argued that because peace, after war between European nations, is usually re-established by adjustments, not by the extinction of the defeated nation, a similar course might be pursued in Africa, were really shutting their eyes to the main conditions of the case with which they had to deal. There never was a moment, from the battle of Talana to the final surrender on Lord Kitchener's terms, when a British Ministry would have been justified in making peace without establishing British sovereignty over the whole of South Africa. The temper of the people made such a policy impossible; and, for our part, we think the popular instinct was right.

The Union Jack now waves over South Africa. British sovereignty is supreme, and is undisputed. After very heavy trials and great sacrifices, and risks greater than the public has ever realised, the fixed purpose of the nation has prevailed. The Ministry has spared no effort and shrunk from no expenditure which the attainment of the national purpose required. From the beginning to the end there has not been even the shadow of vacillation on the part of the Government; and the enormous supplies it has had to ask from Parliament have been voted by immense majorities of the House of Commons. It is true that occasionally the Government, by its own acts or the acts of its agents, has laid itself open to deserved criticism and unfavourable comment—which officialism and ultra-political partisanship have, as usual in time of war, endeavoured to represent as the mere cavilling of those who were the friends of the nation's enemies. Criticism has, however (also as usual), done good. Exposure has brought remedy. And British methods of free speech and open comment upon the conduct of affairs by our public men have once more vindicated themselves as the best means, on the whole, of our reaching a satisfactory result.

It was not possible that the war should change all the conditions of the South African problem. Short-sighted men three years ago assured us that the vindication of British prestige by defeating in the field the armed burghers

of the Transvaal would make an end for ever of every difficulty, and would at once enable our South African dominions to start upon that course of prosperous self-government to which our other great colonies have accustomed us. As a matter of fact, South Africa was not suffering from a disease which *could* be entirely cut out of the body politic by the sword. By arms Great Britain has vindicated her authority throughout South Africa. Two new States have been added to her dominions. But the real danger to Great Britain in South Africa did not consist in the power of the Dutch Republics, as separate States, so much as in the possibility that the determined hostility to the British of a few fanatical or self-interested politicians, working upon the national suspicions and fears of the burghers of the Transvaal, would become the predominant sentiment of the South African Dutch. Lord Milner has told us—indeed, many circumstances clearly established the fact—that three years ago the immense majority of the Dutch of Cape Colony were perfectly loyal to the British Crown and flag. Englishmen and Dutchmen were able to work together, and the notion that Cape Colony could not be trusted with constitutional government would have been dismissed as too absurd to deserve serious consideration. When war with the Transvaal seemed to be approaching, the suggestion that even at the best racial war would be but a bad foundation on which to build up constitutional government was scouted. Nay, even after the war had begun, Sir Alfred Milner in various proclamations assured the people of Cape Colony that their constitutional privileges were perfectly safe, and though necessity had compelled the proclamation of martial law in certain districts, he implored our Dutch fellow-subjects to disbelieve 'the falsehoods' spread by our enemies that when the war was over they would be deprived of the political rights they had previously enjoyed.*

It is really astonishing how little throughout all these troubles men have foreseen what, on looking back, appear to have been the inevitable consequences of each step as it was taken. It was anticipated in quarters that at least ought to have been well informed that the break up of the Bloemfontein Conference, the despatch of troops to South Africa, and the calling out of the reserves would induce

* 'Correspondence relating to affairs in South Africa,' presented to Parliament, January 1900.

the Boers of the Transvaal to surrender everything that was asked, in all probability without striking a blow. It was not believed that the Orange Free State would throw in its lot with the Transvaal; and, when it did so, we were assured that that would greatly facilitate our military operations. It was not anticipated that the Constitution of Cape Colony would have to be disregarded or abrogated and martial law established over the whole of South Africa. Nor when these steps became necessary was it realised that they must inevitably be followed by sentiments the very reverse of those which we wished to encourage amongst men of Dutch blood towards government under the British flag. To us it appears that we have not yet reached the end of a period of continued disappointment due to the determination to believe what we wish rather than what the facts render in the highest degree probable.

The dominating fact of the South African situation is of course unchanged—the fact of the existence side by side of the British, the Dutch, and the black populations. Amongst people of European blood the Dutch predominate to an enormous extent outside a few of the principal towns. The country is, in fact, Dutch in blood, in speech, in sympathy. So far as we can see, there is practically no more prospect of anglicising the population of the boundless rural regions of Cape Colony than there is of anglicising the French of Lower Canada. Dutch they are, and for generations to come Dutch they will remain. There is only one thing to be done, and that is a very difficult thing, and will require time —viz. to win their good will. The war, however convinced Englishmen may be of its necessity, could not but intensify racial animosity, and thereby increase the essential difficulty of the South African problem. During the last three years military considerations have necessarily been more important than anything else, but they should not make us forget that the ultimate problem is not a military one, but one which must be faced by statesmen. This being undoubtedly the case, it is not a little curious that it has been a soldier who has not only most keenly appreciated the necessity of bringing British and Dutch into relations of friendship, but who has been most successful in calling out, surely under adverse conditions, a sentiment of positive good will from his former foes. Men with such gifts as Lord Kitchener are unfortunately rare. With him, and under him, it might even be possible for those who have recently led against us their

armies in the field to labour for the reconstruction of a system of law and local freedom for what is now our common country—a system which can never be really established unless men of Dutch as well as of English sympathies assist the good work both in Cape Colony and our new provinces. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the bearing towards each other, after the peace, of the British and Boer fighting men who had just been engaged in deadly conflict. The feeling at once sprang up of mutual respect between those who had had a severe and honourable conflict and had fairly fought it out. Reproaches and recriminations, of which there had been too many in the past, were forgotten, and the combatants agreed with mutual heartiness to shake hands in good faith as friends.

Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener were far too wise to countenance the foolish view that British prestige required from the Boers in the field an unconditional surrender. In March 1901 they and Mr. Chamberlain had shown that they were ready and willing to make conditions so long as the question of sovereignty was placed beyond dispute. Inconsiderate and unfortunate speeches were made on this subject which certainly did nothing to bring peace nearer, since they tended to obscure the intentions which the Colonial Secretary had throughout professed and ultimately carried out. The conditions finally accepted were, as we have said, generous, as, indeed, were those (substantially the same) offered a year and a half ago. The terms finally accepted by the Boers were, in regard to pecuniary assistance, more liberal to them than those offered in 1901.

By the agreement between Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner, on behalf of the British, and Messrs. Steyn, De Wet, Reitz, Louis Botha, Delarey, and other leaders of the Boers on the part of the two Republics, the Boers in the field were to lay down their arms and acknowledge King Edward VII. Burghers in the field outside the Transvaal and Orange Colony, and prisoners of war, on accepting the position of British subjects, were to be returned to their homes as free men so soon as transport could be provided and their subsistence insured. Dutch was to be taught in the schools when the parents wished it, and used in the law courts when required for the better administration of justice. Rifles would be allowed, under licence, to those requiring them for their protection. Military administration in the two new colonies 'would at the earliest possible date be 'succeeded by civil government, and as soon as circum-

'stances permitted representative institutions, leading up to 'self-government, would be introduced.' Measures were to be taken to restore the people to their homes, and the Government was to provide 3,000,000*l.*, and further to grant loans free of interest for two years, and subsequently at 3 per cent., in order to assist those who, owing to war losses, are unable to start themselves in their normal occupations. It was further arranged, though not mentioned in the agreement with the Boer leaders, that Cape Colony rebels of the rank and file, on pleading guilty, should be disfranchised for life, and that rebels of higher grade should be triable in the Colony for high treason, but that in no case should the penalty of death be inflicted.

If peace was to be re-established on the basis of annexation, it is difficult to see how more favourable conditions could have been granted to our new fellow-subjects. It is a terrible thing for a high-spirited and freedom-loving people to surrender a national independence for which they have fought for years and for which so many of their countrymen had ungrudgingly laid down their lives. Lord Kitchener evidently appreciated this; and his chivalrous and statesmanlike manner of treating his vanquished foes did fully as much as the conditions of the agreement itself to raise sentiments of friendship and good will amongst the Boer soldiers. The British Commander-in-Chief, it is clear, had never regarded Boer resistance to conquest as the action of brigands, but rather that of patriotic and brave men; and he complimented them on the courageous way in which they had done their duty. 'There was no disgrace,' he said, 'in 'being defeated by an overwhelming force. If he had been 'one of them he would be proud to do as they had done. 'He welcomed them as citizens of a great Empire, and hoped 'they would do their duty to it and their Sovereign as 'loyally as they had done it to the old State.'*

So much for the war and the immediate future of the new colonies. But what is to be done with regard to the present situation in Cape Colony, the most important part of our old South African dominion? Natal, it is generally assumed, will still be enabled to carry on its constitutional system, but the conditions there are, of course, very different from those of the Cape. In the latter colony every course is beset with great difficulties which are not to be wholly disposed of by the invocation of constitutional maxims on the

* Lord Kitchener at Vereeniging.—*Times*, June 5, 1902.

one side, or the recourse to methods of absolutism on the other. As always it is as well to begin with the recognition of facts. At the present moment, and for a long time past, constitutional government in the Cape has been in abeyance. There is there, as we all know, created and sanctioned by the supreme Parliament at Westminster, a constitutional parliamentary system. The legislation of the supreme and of the local Parliament has alike been set at naught, and is being set at naught every day. The country is governed *in fact* by agents in Africa of the Executive Government at home in accordance with the instructions sent out to them from home, and this rule is supported by an army of occupation, also, of course, entirely at the orders of the Home Government. Constitutionally, nothing can be more abnormal than the existing situation. Here are the most solemn statutes of the realm, passed by the Imperial and the local Parliaments, suspended by the mere will of the British Cabinet. No request has been made to either Parliament to repeal or suspend the laws that it has passed. As yet neither Parliament has been approached to indemnify those who, for the public good, have broken the law. There is, it is true, still something of the paraphernalia of constitutional government left in Cape Colony. But a parliamentary system without a Parliament is a conception not to be grasped by the constitutional mind; and men, if they are honest to themselves, must recognise clearly that in sober truth and fact there is no constitutionalism whatever in the present state of things. Cape Colony, then, is at the present time governed absolutely according to the discretion of the Colonial Office and the Cabinet in London, advised by its agents on the spot. The Prime Minister of the Colony also advises the Governor and the Home Government who may or may not follow his advice. But in the absence of a Colonial Parliament there is no authority in South Africa to whom the local ministry is responsible. The Colonial Office and the War Office, like all other departments of the Home Government, are, of necessity, responsible to the Parliament at Westminster, and it is in that Parliament alone that the policy pursued and the acts done in Cape Colony by departmental authority can be constitutionally questioned. Responsibility to the Home Parliament is all that remains to protect British subjects in South Africa against the wrongful or excessive exercise of power by the civil or military officials. This is not a state of things that any Englishman can wish to exist for an hour longer than is absolutely necessary.

The suspension of the law, and consequently of the liberties of British subjects, in South Africa can only be defended by reason of the necessities of the case. It is in itself no more legal or constitutional for the supreme Executive of the United Kingdom to suspend an Act of Parliament in Cape Colony than in Kent. Lord Kitchener in a recent speech at Capetown has claimed that martial law, which really means the suspension of all law, and the substitution of government at the sole will and discretion of military commanders, was required for the salvation of the colony and for the protection of law-abiding men. In this he seems to us, so far as we can judge the condition of affairs, to have been right. For their illegal or extra legal action the Governors, military authorities, and others who brought about or carried out the system of martial law may be made ultimately accountable unless, their conduct having been *bona fide* and for the best, an Act of Indemnity is passed by the Legislature for their protection. It is obvious that such a condition of no law should exist as short a time as possible. Indeed, hitherto, it has always been supposed that the co-existence under the British flag of martial law and peace was an absolute impossibility. In any case it will be granted on all hands that the exercise of powers so absolute requires to be most carefully watched. Even whilst the war lasted British subjects in Cape Colony had their rights, which ought to have been respected whenever the supreme interests of the State rendered it possible to respect them.

A singular instance of the refusal by the military authorities in Cape Colony to respect the ordinary liberties of a British subject occurred when an Englishman in Capetown —Mr. Cartwright—who had undergone a long term of imprisonment for libelling the conduct of British troops, was prevented after his discharge from returning to England. He had been duly tried and convicted by judge and jury in Capetown, before the establishment of martial law. His arbitrary detention was very properly brought to the notice of the House of Commons, and the representative of the War Office justified the detention on the ground that the military authorities thought that Mr. Cartwright sympathised with the Boers, and that there were too many of that way of thinking already in England! This grotesque reply was hardly mended by the subsequent explanation of the Secretary of State that it was intended, before letting Mr. Cartwright sail for England, to obtain pledges from him as to his behaviour in England. Of course the conduct of

Englishmen in England is regulated by *law*, which is here, at all events, quite strong enough to protect the safety of the State, and no English Court would have attached the slightest importance to such an undertaking as was suggested. The mistake that had been committed—indeed, its utter absurdity, if such a word can be applied to an invasion by supreme power of the rights of the citizen—was exposed and sharply criticised on both sides of the House of Commons, the debate affording a useful and much-needed reminder that military power, however absolute, should be exercised with discretion, and that to Parliament it belonged in the last resort to guard the liberties of British citizens.

So far as regards Cape Colony, *if* it is really impossible, with due regard to its safety and internal peace, to summon the Legislature, we seem to have arrived at an *impasse*. Admittedly the non-summoning of Parliament is a continuing breach of the law. Admittedly an Act of Indemnity must be passed to protect those who have honestly acted for the best, though contrary to or in excess of law, during recent troubles. But the only authority in South Africa that can legalise the present position of affairs or pass an Act of Indemnity is the Cape Parliament! What, then, is to be done?

In constitutional theory the authority of the Parliament at Westminster has always remained and still remains unimpaired over Cape Colony. The rights of its local Legislature, and the whole parliamentary system of the colony, are dependent upon Acts of the Home Parliament, and one Parliament at Westminster can repeal or modify that which a previous Parliament has enacted. It would, of course, be impolitic in the highest degree in anything like normal conditions for the Home Parliament which had once established a local parliamentary constitution to re-enter into possession (so to speak), and to attempt to resume in practice the direct legislative authority which it hoped it had delegated once for all to a local Parliament. But we must remember that the whole situation in South Africa is utterly abnormal, and we must keep our eyes on the actual facts of the situation. There is, as a matter of fact, no constitutional authority left in Cape Colony with power at its back; the Colonial Office and the War Office in London are supreme. These departments are instruments of the joint will of the Cabinet, which, again, is of necessity entirely dependent upon the support of Parliament. The sheer force of circumstances

has brought back Cape Colony under the direct authority of Parliament—a curious conclusion to have reached when we call to mind that the war arose out of the denial of local franchises to Englishmen in the Transvaal.

Is it *possible*, without in all probability rendering more remote than ever the return of Cape Colony to peaceful constitutionalism, at once to revive the Constitution? Free elections, freedom of the Press, free debating, either upon the platform or in Parliament itself, cannot, it is certain, exist whilst martial law prevails. It would, of course, be the cue of the one party to describe its political opponents as disloyal, and to call in the military authority to imprison its antagonists as persons disaffected and dangerous to the State. As in Mr. Cartwright's case, the sentiment that there were too many pro-Boers at liberty already would be held by excited men to justify the most flagrant interference with civil rights. If we are to return at all to constitutional ways, the first thing to do is to get rid of martial law. Very probably before this is done it may be desirable to provide strong and trustworthy tribunals, in which Dutchmen and Englishmen may feel equal confidence. But this means an alteration of the law, and here we find ourselves in the old *impasse*. There is, we repeat, in Cape Colony, unless the Colonial Parliament assembles, no authority competent to change the law; yet without some changes in the law the Constitution can hardly at once be re-established in working order. Is it safe *at once* to re-establish the old Constitution just as it was, and to hand the Colony over to local parliamentary government and embittered party strife?

With these formidable questions our statesmen are now face to face. The war, and the rebellion of many thousand British subjects, and the racial antagonism that the war has created or intensified, are great facts which cannot be ignored. We must do the best we can in circumstances of the greatest difficulty to bring into working order a satisfactory system, ultimately developing into complete self-governing institutions upon the usual British lines. It *may be* impossible, as great authorities tell us it is, to revive at once precisely the old state of things, as if nothing had been changed by the events of the last three years.

To what, then, does all this tend? In the first instance, surely, to action from home. To revive the Constitution of Cape Colony, means the ending of martial law, and the reassembling of the Colonial Parliament. These things can be brought about only by will of the 'Sovereign de

'facto' who governs the Cape—the Supreme Executive. To suspend the Constitution of Cape Colony, a phrase in everyone's mouth, means the substitution for the time being of a new system, which, of course, must have the authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom. To invite Parliament to legislate directly for Cape Colony further involves the making of Parliament fully acquainted with the existing situation in that colony. Now, with a military censorship in force in South Africa, with the suppression of free speech and public meetings, Parliament has not as yet before it evidence upon which it can safely act in a matter of such extreme importance. An impartial and thorough inquiry into the existing state of things in Cape Colony should surely be undertaken, and reports laid before Parliament to enable it to act with knowledge and deliberation. This, it is true, will take time, but it is by no means certain that the lapse of a few months after the cessation of hostilities before the resumption of regular civil government would not be beneficial rather than the reverse.

It is unfortunately the case that those who should be best acquainted with the condition of Cape Colony take diametrically different views of the policy which should be pursued. Lord Milner, in a letter written for publication, commenting upon a petition to Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Cape Colony, from forty-five members * of the Colonial Legislature, praying for a temporary suspension of the Constitution, uses very decided language.

'I entirely sympathise,' he writes, 'with the desire to preserve the Colony from the disastrous consequences which are likely to result from the resumption of Parliamentary and party strife before the bitter passions excited by the war have had even a little time to subside.' And he goes on at some length to declare that this view is 'no defection from the principle of responsible government. Local independence is the essence of our Imperial system, and so far from wishing to depart from it in this country, we all, I believe, hope to see it extended in the not distant future to the whole of South Africa. But it may well be that an interregnum of non-Parliamentary Government in the Cape Colony will not prevent, but promote, a return to the normal working of the constitutional system, and preserve that system from the complete breakdown with which a repetition of the events of the summer and autumn of 1900 would undoubtedly threaten it. As a matter of fact an interregnum of a sort already exists. For some time past the administration has of necessity been carried on without

* Three of these subsequently withdrew their names.

Parliamentary authority. No sensible or loyal man will blame the present Government for that. On the contrary, they deserve the gratitude of the community for not having shrunk from the responsibility forced upon them by the circumstances of the time, and for having preferred to run a personal risk, to plunging the country into anarchy. . . . It does not follow that an interim Colonial Government, because it was not based on popular election, would therefore not be representative. On the contrary, it would be the interest as well as the duty of the Imperial Government to make it so, just as it would be its interest and its duty to see fair play between the various Colonies in any federal arrangement.'

At a great meeting at Port Elizabeth on June 22, at which Dr. Smartt and other members of the Cape Parliament were present, little was said about a short interregnum, whilst it was urged that it would be criminal and cruel folly to allow the Parliament to meet 'for some years to come.' Dr. Smartt, who has left Sir J. Gordon Sprigg's Ministry on this question, seemed to think the Imperial Government would be very unwilling to take the responsibility of putting an end to the Parliamentary Constitution of the Colony. Many of the Dutch better classes, he said, desired this, Lord Milner wanted it, and 'it might be necessary to appeal for 'aid to the British people in England and in the other 'colonies to compel the British Government to take a re-'sponsibility which the circumstances of the case urgently 'demanded.' On the same day an equally unanimous meeting at Queenstown, addressed by Mr. Douglas, a member of the Ministry, came to an absolutely contrary conclusion, declaring its entire disapproval of the proposed suspension of parliamentary government.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, the Prime Minister of the Cape, now in England, and Mr. Graham, acting Prime Minister in his absence, are convinced that the suspension of the Constitution would have the most disastrous consequences, and large and enthusiastic public meetings have endorsed their views. In the interest both of English and Dutch they insist that the Parliamentary Constitution must be preserved.

'It is said * that two per cent. of the whites of the Colony are rebels; and because a handful of the scum have gone into rebellion, is the Colony to be branded with the stigma of rebellion? If every Dutchman in the Colony were branded as a rebel we should store for ourselves a heritage of woe, and if the Constitution were suspended the Dutchmen would certainly think they were so branded.'

* Mr. Graham's speech, 'Times,' June 18, 1902.

In solemn language Mr. Graham warned England and the Home Government on the dangers of the course recommended by Lord Milner and Dr. Smartt.

These divergent opinions, vehemently held by men of undoubted loyalty, make it incumbent on the Imperial Government to proceed with great caution before coming to Parliament with proposals to legalise an entirely anomalous position in South Africa. It will be most unfortunate if the internal affairs of South Africa are made the shuttlecock of political parties at home; and means might perhaps be found to avert this most undesirable result. A very great deal will turn upon the wisdom and tact of those who govern the Colony. Even should it be found on trial impossible to revert at once to full parliamentary institutions, steps must be taken to show that the Imperial Government means Dutchmen as well as Englishmen to have their share in governing the country. Men of Dutch blood and of Dutch sympathies are amongst the ablest and fittest men in the Colony for the work that has to be done; and it is of the greatest importance for the future loyalty and prosperity of the Colony that we should avail ourselves of their assistance.

The Government has now decided against the suspension of the Constitution of the Cape, until at least 'incontro-'vertible proof should be produced either that the con-'tinuance of the existing Constitution is a positive danger to 'the peace of the Colony and to the interests of the Empire, 'or that the great majority of the white population desire a 'complete transfer of authority to the Imperial Government, 'a desire which might be expressed in constitutional form 'by a resolution of the Cape Parliament.'*

This decision is in every way satisfactory. Mr. Chamberlain's despatch to the Governor of the Cape indicates his belief that now the war is over Englishmen and Dutchmen will show themselves wise enough and patriotic enough to do their best to bury the past and to work together for the common good. The Government is absolutely in the right in its desire to put, if possible, the responsibility for affairs in Cape Colony upon the people of the Colony. Dr. Smartt's curious speech is too much like an attempt to force the hands of the Ministry at home, and shows moreover little understanding of popular sentiment in Great Britain or in her

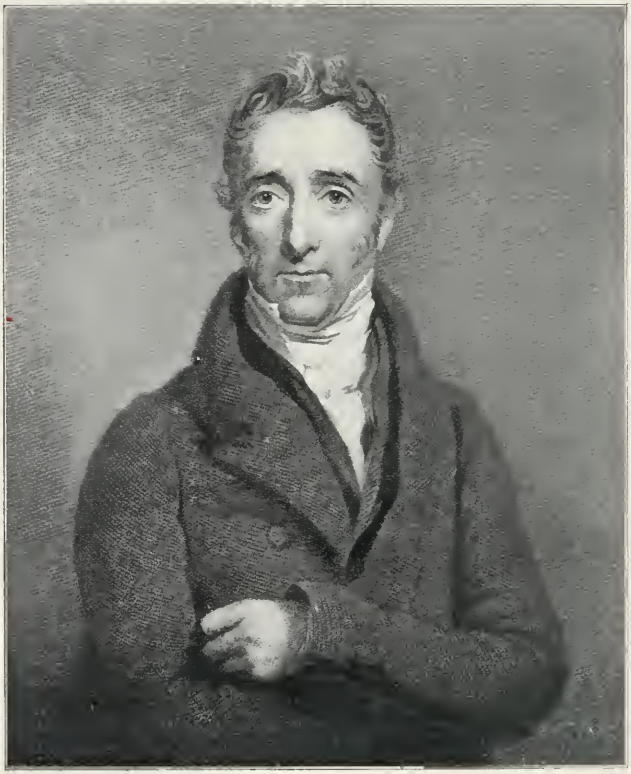
* See Despatch of Mr. Chamberlain, July 2, 1902, Parliamentary Papers, Cape Colony. [Cd. 1162.]

self-governing colonies. As Mr. Chamberlain in his admirable despatch points out, the formal suspension of the Constitution is beyond the power of Ministers of the Crown. If it is to be done at all, it must be done by Act of the Imperial Parliament. It may, however, well be that the aid of that Parliament will yet have to be invoked. It is impossible to see far into the future; but at present there is strong reason to hope that the Cape Parliament will show itself equal to the occasion, and that the free Constitution of the Colony, with its equal laws and privileges for all white men, though it has been suspended by force of circumstances during the stress of war and rebellion, will revive with a condition of settled peace, and find support amongst the great majority of sensible men of both races.

It was of the utmost importance at the present juncture to assure the European population of South Africa that his Majesty's Government was firm in the determination, again and again expressed, to preserve to them the privileges of self-government. In these days it is hardly conceivable that any British Ministry would *wish* to reserve to itself and the Home Parliament the duty of governing a distant and populous European colony, and we may be quite sure that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain are genuinely anxious, in the interest both of Mother-country and Colony, that the Cape should govern itself.

The Peace has come; and with the peace new problems for solution, which it is certain will tax the wisdom and patience of Colonial and English statesmen for many a long year. The Home Government is working on sound principles, and if its efforts are well seconded in the Colony, the return of prosperity and concord to the South African population, which has suffered so much during the last three years, will not be long delayed.

No. CCCCII. will be published in October.



F. Jeffrey

EDITOR, 1802-1829.

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1902.

No. CCCCII.

ART. I.—1. *The 'Edinburgh Review'* (1802–1902).

2. *On the Authorship of the First Hundred Numbers of the 'Edinburgh Review.'* By W. A. COPINGER. Privately printed. Manchester: 1895.

3. *The First Edinburgh Reviewers.* Literary Studies, vol. 1. By WALTER BAGEHOT. Second edition. London: Longmans. 1879.

4. *The Rev. Sydney Smith's Miscellaneous Works, including his Contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review.'* Longmans.

5. *The Life and Letters of Lord Jeffrey.* By Lord COCKBURN. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1852.

6. *Selected Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier.* London: Macmillan. 1879.

7. *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Bart. London: Longmans. 1876.

8. *Memoirs of the Life of Henry Reeve.* By JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON. Second edition. London: Longmans. 1898.

ON May 24, 1802, Francis Jeffrey wrote to a friend that the publication of the first number of 'our Review has 'been postponed till September, and I am afraid it will not 'go on with much spirit even then. Perhaps we have 'omitted the tide that was in our favour. We are bound 'for a year to the booksellers, and shall drag through that, 'I suppose, for our own indemnification.' A month later he writes that the Review will *certainly* appear in October. Jeffrey does not doubt that 'it will make a respectable 'appearance' as long as it lasts, but he contemplates the early dispersion of that brilliant set of young men by whom

it was being launched, and he makes the consolatory reflection that he himself is at least only bound by his engagements to the first four numbers, and he 'hardly expects the 'Review itself to have a much longer life.'

In October, 1802, the '"Edinburgh Review or Critical '"Journal"—to be continued quarterly'—was published by Constable, of Edinburgh, and Longman & Rees, of London. As is well known, Sydney Smith, the original projector of the Review, edited the first number; after which Jeffrey took up and retained the Editorship till 1829, when, on being unanimously elected by his brethren of the Scottish Bar (amongst whom a large proportion were Tories) their Dean of Faculty, he resigned the position he had held for twenty-seven years, rightly thinking that it was hardly fitting that the official head of a great law corporation should continue to conduct an aggressively Whig journal. He withdrew accordingly completely from the direct management of the Review, and even ceased to be a regular contributor to its pages.

Lord Jeffrey often declared himself 'a pessimist,' to the no small astonishment of many who found him in social intercourse the most cheerful and high-spirited as well as the most brilliant of men. But his real intimates knew his habitual tendency to augur unfavourably of the outcome of events in which he was deeply interested; a tendency which certainly coloured, sometimes too strongly, the political outlook of the Review.

On this occasion all fears and doubts as to the success of the new venture were quickly at an end. 'The effect of the 'first number,' we are told, 'was electrical, and instead of 'expiring, as many wished, in their first effort, the force of 'the shock was increased by each subsequent discharge. It 'is impossible for those who did not live at the time, and in 'the heart of the scene, to feel or almost to understand the 'impression made by the new luminary or the anxieties 'with which its motions were observed.' So wrote Lord Cockburn in 1852, from personal recollection of events then half a century old.

Another half-century has now passed, and it is permitted to us to look back in this October, 1902, over the hundred years' career of the journal started in Edinburgh with so much misgiving by Francis Jeffrey and his friends. As to its spirit, its vitality, its power, there could be no dispute. The 'Edinburgh Review' was the pioneer in a region of literature then almost unexplored but since abundantly

cultivated. In a whole century of political and literary criticism, it would be foolish for its most extravagant admirers to pretend that its judgement was infallible or that its opinions have always been affirmed by posterity. Jeffrey himself would have been the last to claim inspired authority for the Review, and nothing less than inspiration could have made it always right. He and his associates were able, energetic, widely read, quick-witted men of the world, who, if they sometimes failed to appreciate the merits of the works they discussed, understood very thoroughly the average mass of men who read them. Under the guidance of men such as these the 'Edinburgh Review' attained a position of eminence never before reached by a literary and political journal. It is impossible to look back without pride to the rare ability, the lofty standards, the patriotic motives, and the absolute independence of the 'Edinburgh Review,' and not to rejoice that, on the whole, its weight throughout the greater controversies of a century has been thrown on that side which the wisdom that comes after the event has declared to be the right one.

We know from Sydney Smith, Lord Cockburn, and others, everything about the birth and early years of the Review. In 1755 there had been started in the capital of Scotland an 'Edinburgh Review' which had only survived for a single year, its second number being also its last. Since then there had been no critical journal in Scotland at all, and in England, where there were, no doubt, reviews in existence, their general feebleness, and the fact that they abstained almost entirely from the discussion of matter not purely literary, left the field open to an organ largely occupied with the boldest enunciation of political views and the sharpest criticism of public measures. The set of young men who used to meet together in the spring of 1802 to discuss in Jeffrey's rooms in Buccleuch Place the great project of Sydney Smith, included Henry Brougham; Francis Horner; Thomas Brown, known in later life as the eminent and vigorous representative of the Scotch metaphysical school and the colleague of Dugald Stewart in the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh; Alexander Hamilton, a distinguished Orientalist, afterwards Professor of Sanskrit at Haileybury; Dr. John Thomson, afterwards Professor of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh; Lord Webb Seymour; John Allen; John A. Murray (afterwards Lord Murray); and one or two more.

Jeffrey has been described as a born critic. Certainly he

had trained himself in that line of literature from his earliest days, for not only had he been accustomed at the age of fifteen and sixteen to write essays on very various subjects, but he had gone further and had practised, whilst still a boy, his critical faculties on his own productions. Having spent two winter sessions at Glasgow College, he went to Oxford in October, 1791, remaining there, however, only to the end of the following June. The active-minded young Scotsman, athirst for knowledge, was bitterly disappointed at the slackness of professors and the dawdling indifferentism of Oxonian youth. It was a bad period in English university history; but, as in later days, Jeffrey's criticism was, no doubt, strongly coloured when he wrote to a Glasgow College friend that 'except praying and 'drinking, I see nothing to be acquired in this place.' If Oxford was then at its worst, Edinburgh was at its best; and the change to Edinburgh, where he read for the Bar, and became a member of the Speculative Society, and the intimate friend of the brilliant set of young men there congregated, at length opened to him a new world. For a time, however, Jeffrey, looking back regretfully to Glasgow, writes with almost as much severity of Edinburgh as he had done of Oxford. That he read much and wrote much and thought much is clear. He scribbled verse abundantly, and it was as a poet that he then thought he was most likely to win fame. He never published his poetry, wisely no doubt, since his very friendly biographer, Lord Cockburn, tells us that it would not have raised his reputation. 'His poetry 'is less poetical than his prose. Viewed as a literary prac- 'tice it is rather respectable.' As regards his early political and unpublished writings, Lord Cockburn speaks with much greater appreciation, and it is interesting to find that from the very beginning to the end his outlook on politics remained the same. A lengthy paper by Jeffrey, written when he was twenty years of age, survives. 'His doctrines were 'those of a philosophical Whig; firm to the popular prin- 'ciples of our government, and, consequently, firm against 'any encroachment, whether from the monarchical or de- 'mocratical side,' and he condemns the war with France that had just been proclaimed. Except, however, occasional contributions to the 'Monthly Review,' it does not appear that Jeffrey had before the birth of the 'Edinburgh' ever published anything.

Jeffrey and his guests in Buccleuch Place were young men who had not as yet made a position in the world; but

Wm N. Longacre

their extreme youthfulness has been exaggerated by those who sought to find in it a heavy reproach which would tend to diminish the weight of their criticism. In 1802 Sydney Smith was just over and Francis Jeffrey just under thirty, whilst Horner was twenty-four and Brougham twenty-three. The first editor has told how he proposed as the motto of the new journal

'Tenui musam meditamur avena,'

'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal,'

'but this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we 'took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom 'none of us, I am sure, ever read a single line.' *

How these men struck a very competent and disinterested observer before their fame was established may be read in a letter from Mr. T. N. Longman written from Edinburgh, where he had been a good deal impressed by the advantages that would accrue to his publishing business from co-operation with Constable. Mr. Longman had seen an early copy of the first number of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

'It is written (without pay) by some young men (whose names I have down, tho' they are pretended to be secret) of very great abilities. I have not read much, but they seem to be more fond of displaying their critical acumen than the contents of the book, or of maintaining the grave dignity of their office. There is some excellent writing. . . . I have secured the second edition of the "Border Minstrelsy" for us. Walter Scott is a very first-rate man.'

As a result of this visit of Mr. Longman to the northern capital, his firm became joint publishers of the 'Edinburgh 'Review' with Constable, sole publishers of the second edition of the 'Minstrelsy,' and of the first edition of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' which appeared in January, 1805. '*Longmanum est errare*,' wrote Walter Scott to George Ellis in humorous deprecation of the alleged non-delivery to the latter of a presentation copy of 'The Lay.' Certainly there was little error on the part of that enterprising publisher in his shrewd comment upon the Edinburgh reviewers, or in his power of gauging men and books when the tale came to be told to his partner of how he had 'fared within the 'North.' It is an interesting and probably unique fact in the history of publishing, that the lapse of a century should find a periodical extant in the same hands as had published the first number.

The Review appeared on October 10, 1802, with the same

* Preface to the Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith. 3 vols.

title page and in the same guise, as it does to-day. Sometimes it has happened in the history of the publication of a long series, that under the old name a practically new work has been started and continued. But there has been no change of that kind here. In October, 1802, appeared the 1st number and in October, 1902, appears the 402nd number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' the 'Critical Journal,' published quarterly by Longmans.

Buff and blue, it is needless to say, had long been the colours of the Whig party, supposed to have been adopted by them out of sympathetic admiration for Washington and his army who wore buff and blue uniforms during the War of Independence. As a matter of fact Washington's uniform was that worn by Virginian officers in the King's service before the Rebellion.

We suppose that no modern reader surfeited with the mass of periodical literature, of political and literary criticism that is poured every month and week and day upon his table, is quite able to understand why it was that the contents of the earlier numbers of the 'Edinburgh Review' should have set the world on fire. Certainly a mere perusal of the principal articles in the earlier two or three years of its career will not enlighten him, unless he takes into account the wide difference between the conditions in those days and in these. In the first number, containing 252 pages, there are no fewer than twenty-nine articles, some of them running to only one, two, or three pages, and forming therefore rather notices of books than what are now considered formal reviews. Of these articles nine were written by Sydney Smith, six by Jeffrey, five by Francis Horner, three by Brougham, and two by Dr. John Thomson. Brougham, though he contributed to the first two numbers, hardly came within the inner circle of the management of the Review till after the third number. Amongst the most important papers in the first were those by Horner on the 'Paper Credit of Great Britain,' and by Brougham on the 'Crisis in the Sugar Colonies.' The number opened with an article by Jeffrey upon a book just published by Mounier, late President of the first National Assembly, on the causes of the French Revolution, in which paper the Review at once entered upon the discussion of events which had done more than anything else in the preceding ten years to decide the political bias of Englishmen. The views expressed were moderate as well as liberal at a time when men found it almost impossible to be either moderate or liberal in treating of the French Revolution. Jeffrey's

Sydney Smith

review of Southey's 'Thalaba' in the same number was a strong protest against the doctrines and performances of a new 'sect of poets, of which Southey was one of the chief 'champions and apostles.' They were all of them, it was vehemently urged, '*dissenters* from the established system 'in poetry and criticism.' They laid claim to 'a creed 'and revelation of their own,' though their doctrines really were of 'German origin.' 'As Mr. Southey is the 'first author of this persuasion that has yet been brought 'before us for judgement, we cannot discharge our in-'quisitorial office conscientiously without premising a few 'words upon the nature and tendency of the tenets he has 'helped to propagate.' The first skirmish, in what was to become prolonged war, with the 'Lakers' had begun! There would always be readers, it was feared, who would find entertainment in 'the representation of vulgar manners 'in vulgar language,' to whom elegance and dignity were of no importance, and who would accept a style due in fact to a system 'teaching us to undervalue that vigilance and 'labour which sustained the loftiness of Milton, and gave 'energy and direction to the pointed and fine propriety of 'Pope.' Still, severe as are the strictures upon what he regards as the affectations and absurdities of the new school, Jeffrey admits the poetic genius occasionally displayed in Southey's work, and allows that 'in the two concluding 'books there is some very fine poetry.' There might even be some chance, in the judge's opinion, for the creditable future of the lawless men who were brought before him, would they but honestly endeavour to restrain their powers within the rules which sound criticism of all ages had prescribed.

The second number of the Review, published in January, 1803, opened with an article on Kant's philosophy by Thomas Brown, who frankly confesses that he is unacquainted with the original works of that philosopher, and has therefore to depend wholly on the fidelity of M. Villers, his French expositor. Indeed, it was at that time by French influence that the Scottish school of metaphysics was chiefly affected, German influences having come in later under the lead of Hamilton and his followers. Jeffrey reviewed Paley's 'Natural Theology' and Denon's 'Travels 'in Lower and Upper Egypt during Bonaparte's campaigns,' whilst Brougham in an article on European policy contributed a defence of the system of the balance of power, which he considered (therein differing from many liberals in those

days and in these) to be based upon sound principles, though he admitted that in practice it had often been greatly abused. In strong language he paints the advantages that in the preceding century had resulted from the determination of the general body of European Powers to refuse to allow an overweening predominance to any one of them.

'We may indeed look to the history of the last century (the eighteenth) as the proudest æra in the annals of the species; the period most distinguished for learning and skill and industry; for the milder virtues and for common sense; for refinement in government, and an equal diffusion of liberty: above all, for that perfect knowledge of the arts of administration, which has established certain general rules of conduct among nations; has prevented the overthrow of empires, and the absorption of weak states into the bodies of devouring neighbours; has set bounds to the march of conquest, and rendered the unsheathing of the sword a measure of the last adoption; whereas in other times it was also resorted to in the first instance.'

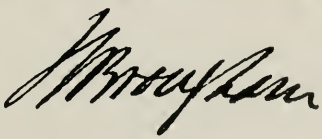
From the vantage-ground of 1902 we can compare with a sense of complacency the course of the century which was then opening to the Review, with the preceding century to which Brougham was so complimentary; for assuredly in all the characteristics enumerated the century that has just expired greatly surpassed its predecessor, though we should be very far from applying the word 'perfect' in our own times either to the arts of administration or the regulation of international affairs.

Brougham goes on to weigh the advantages for Great Britain of a policy of 'splendid isolation' against those accruing from a systematic partaking in the general affairs of Europe.

'Many politicians,' he says, 'who have no hesitation in recommending the balancing system to such Powers as Austria and Prussia, placed in the heart of Europe, and surrounded by many other states of various complexions and magnitudes, are yet of opinion that the situation of Britain is very different; that she is by nature insulated from the rest of Europe; that she can defend herself against any invasion by means of her natural barrier and internal resources; and that she ought not to sacrifice the improvement of these resources, and the means of maintaining peace, to the vain wish of holding the European balance, and embroiling herself in the stormy politics of foreign states.'

Brougham says that he has no space to discuss fully so large a national question:—

'But,' he continues, 'we cannot avoid remarking that so long as Great Britain is engaged in a commercial intercourse with other



nations; so long as her insular situation only serves to extend and promote these commercial relations; so long as other nations possess a large portion of sea-coast, engage in a wide commercial circle, and are acquiring a navy of formidable power; so long as Britain interferes with them in other quarters of the globe, where her dominions are the most valuable and extensive;—it is an abuse of language to talk of her being separated from the continent of Europe by the Straits ot Dover. The transport of an army by sea is often more easy than to march over a considerable tract of land. The fate of a naval engagement is often more quick, decisive, and dependent upon fortune than the siege of barrier towns or the forcing of mountain passes. . . . To say that England may trust to her fleets is to recommend a full reliance upon the chance of a single battle or the event of a sea-chase, to inculcate a silly confidence in good fortune, and to advise that the fate of Great Britain should be committed to the changes of the elements, the shifting of a wind, or the settling of a fog.'

In short, to our armies, and to our international policy, hardly less than to our fleet, belongs, in Brougham's opinion, the real defence of the kingdom.

It is exceedingly interesting to compare these views with those expressed in an article in the 'Edinburgh Review' of October, 1870, by Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister—a paper full of noble thought and of the highest patriotism, though pervaded by the tendency, not uncommon with the greatest characters, to see and to believe that which his own high aspirations made him desire rather than what was. The month of July had opened 'with cloudless tranquillity 'on the face of Europe,' but a few weeks had seen the overthrow of that Great Power which had held the military primacy in Europe for two hundred and fifty years. After dealing with the causes and probable consequences of these great events, he asks what is to be our share as a member of the European family of the political lessons of the war and its results:—

'It will be our own fault if they are anything but good and useful. Happy England! Happy, not because any Immaculate Conception exempted her from that original sin of nations, the desire to erect Will into Right, and the lust of territorial aggrandisement. Happy, not only because she is *felix prole virûm*, because their United Kingdom is peopled by a race unsurpassed, as a whole, in its energies and endowments. But happy, with a special reference to the present subject, in this, that the wise dispensation of Providence has cut her off by that streak of silver sea—which passengers so often and so justly execrate—though in no way from the duties and the honours, yet partly from the dangers, absolutely from the temptations, which attend upon the local neighbourhood of the continental nations.'

That twenty miles of sea had proved, 'even against the

'great Napoleon, an impregnable fortification.' Modern changes, the introduction of steam, the increased importance belonging to the possession of coal and iron, had operated, on the whole, to our advantage, and maritime supremacy more than in the past had 'become the proud—'perhaps the indefectible—inheritance of England.' As an aggressive military Power on the Continent, we should never be formidable—'we are an essentially, incurably, maritime 'Power.' We had outlived the craving for mere material extension, as well as those fits of feverish excitement which beset us 'lest other nations should do for themselves a 'fiftieth part of what we had done for ourselves.' At home we were prosperous and contented. 'Ireland, our ancient 'reproach, can no longer fling her grievances in the face of 'Great Britain.' Thus the natural destiny of Great Britain was to become 'the appropriate object of the general con-'fidence, as the sole, comparatively, unsuspected Power.' On all sides she would be courted as a disinterested friend and as a useful mediator to avert the quarrels of others. One thing only was needful to secure this great position:—

'We should do as we would be done by. We should seek to found a moral empire upon the confidence of the nations, not upon their fears, their passions, or their antipathies. Certain it is that a new law of nations is gradually taking hold of the mind, and aiming to sway the practice of the world; a law which recognises independence, which frowns upon aggression, which favours the pacific rule, which aims at permanent not temporary adjustments; above all, which recognises as a tribunal of paramount authority the general judgement of civilised mankind.'

Mr. Gladstone's forecast has, unfortunately, not been realised; and his language can be applied with as little accuracy to the actual state of things existing from 1870 to the present day as could the language of Brougham's retrospect to the golden age of the eighteenth century!

We must return, however, to the earlier days of the Review. Of the first number 750 copies were printed, and in half a dozen years the circulation had increased to many thousands, and it must be remembered that the number of copies originally printed by no means represents the number ultimately purchased by the public. Each number had in fact a 'book value' which remained for years. Thus we have before us vol. i. 'Edinburgh Review,' 10th edition, published in 1814, and a 7th edition of vol. ii. and of vol. iii., published in 1814 and 1815 respectively. The original idea was to run the Review without giving any

remuneration to the writers. 'It was to be all gentlemen 'and no pay.' After the third number a change was made, for we find Jeffrey writing in May, 1803, to Horner that in consequence of a negotiation between Sydney Smith and the publishers the latter were willing for the future to pay 200*l.* a year to the Editor, and 10*l.* a sheet to him and to other contributors, terms which, Mr. Longman said, 'were without precedent,' as, for the matter of that, was the success of the new journal. It is difficult in these days to realise the sort of coy feeling with which men regarded any direct pecuniary relations with the press. Jeffrey, however, found that all his men would consent to accept their ten pounds, and 'under the sanction of their 'example' he thought he might accept the salary offered 'without being supposed to have suffered any degradation.' Lord Byron, it will be remembered, in 'English Bards and 'Scotch Reviewers,' taunted Jeffrey on this point—

> 'To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
> His pay is just ten sterling pounds a sheet'—

and in the notes to the same satire he made it a reproach to Walter Scott that 'The Lay' and 'Marmion' were 'written 'for hire.' Before long the minimum remuneration in the Review was raised to sixteen guineas a sheet, at which figure it remained throughout Jeffrey's time, though very many of the articles were paid for at a higher rate. It was on this ordinary scale, it may be mentioned, that Mr. Gladstone was remunerated for the article of October, 1870, already referred to.

The undisputed authority over the whole field of literature which in half a dozen years the Review had won for itself could hardly be expected to last, and it was not desirable in the interest of the public that it should. The 'Edinburgh' was started and had been mainly supported by strong Whigs. The Tories naturally wished to have an organ of their own. In February, 1809, the 'Quarterly' appeared, and Jeffrey, whose indolence, he says, would have been better pleased at the absence of all rivalry, did not altogether dislike the prospect of sharp antagonism now opening before him. He rejoiced, indeed, as he was well entitled to do, that 'this kind of literature,' which seems to be 'more attended to than any other,' was likely to be improved by competition, and he was proud of the example he had set. It has been said that a particular article * by

* 'Don Pedro Cevallos on The French Usurpation of Spain,'

Jeffrey on the resistance offered by Spanish patriotism to Napoleonic aggression in the previous October number was so exasperating to Tory feelings that no further delay could be tolerated in bringing into the lists the new champion of their party. It is certain that the Cevallos article did rouse much hostile comment; and we are told how Lord Buchan (the clever though eccentric elder brother of Harry and Tom Erskine, respectively Lord Advocate and Lord Chancellor), solemnly placing the offending number of the Review on the floor of his hall in George Street, kicked it deliberately into the centre of the street, where it was left to be trampled in the mud. There is in this paper not the slightest trace of unpatriotic sentiment, and only the extreme sensitiveness of a generation which had seen the Reign of Terror, to the dangers which popular views might bring upon the British Constitution, can account for the exaggerated denunciation which it incurred.

The main contentions of this famous article were two. The Government was condemned for frittering away the martial strength of the nation in a multitude of minor expeditions, instead of imitating the strategical policy of Napoleon in striking with every effort and with overwhelming force at the very heart of the enemy. Secondly, it was made a subject for true rejoicing that at last Napoleon had found a foe, outside the circle of the jealous and self-seeking ambitions of European autocrats who had hitherto opposed him, in the patriotic and freedom-loving spirit of a people whose king and nobility had deserted them. A hearty alliance between the British nation and a people struggling for independence would do good to both, and would revive in the former the belief in popular principles held by most Englishmen before the great *throw back* of the French Revolution. The first of these positions is now the commonplace of history, and the last would not cause a twentieth-century Tory, if such a being survives, to wince.

Edinburgh Review, October, 1808. This article was formerly attributed to Brougham, by whom it was included in his 'Contributions to the "Edinburgh Review,"' published in 1856. Brougham's recollections cannot always be implicitly trusted, but there appears to be reason for thinking that Brougham had in fact some minor share in producing the article, which was certainly in the main Jeffrey's work. The paper was not included in Jeffrey's four volumes of 'Contributions to the "Edinburgh Review,"' published in 1844; but the article perhaps hardly came within the principle of rigid selection laid down by Jeffrey himself in his preface.

We have seen that the projectors of the 'Edinburgh 'Review' were strong Whigs, and so were, for the most part, the most eminent of its contributors during the first half-dozen years of its existence. A notable exception was Walter Scott. He was an intimate friend of Jeffrey, and he had contributed several articles of value to the Review on literary and antiquarian topics. In 1807 Scott vainly endeavoured to recruit Southey as an 'Edin-'burgh' reviewer, but the vehement Toryism of the latter, and the severity with which he had been criticised by Jeffrey, rendered Scott's efforts useless. Scott had naturally from the beginning disliked the political partisan tone, as he thought it, which more and more was colouring the whole character of the Review. He had remonstrated more than once with Jeffrey on the excessive importance given to party politics, and had received his answer. 'The "Review,"' said the latter, 'has, in short, 'but two legs to stand on. Literature is one of them, but 'its right leg is politics.' The April number of the Review of 1808, six months before the crowning offence of the Spanish article, had contained a review by Jeffrey of 'Marmion,' a paper generally referred to as bitterly depreciatory of the poem, and of the genius of its author. Already Scott had been consulting Canning, Ellis, John Murray, and others as to the possibility of founding a rival organ. The cup was at last full. Scott never again wrote for the 'Edinburgh,' and, as we have seen, the 'Quarterly' was launched in February, 1809.

It is clear that the time had come, and the man, for resistance to the domination of the Whig Review. There were many, doubtless, who shared the fears of Walter Scott that by its means Whig politics were becoming disseminated in the most jealously guarded of Tory preserves. 'No 'genteel family,' he writes, in November, 1808, to George Ellis, 'can pretend to be without the "Edinburgh Review," 'because, independent of its politics, it gives the only 'valuable literary criticisms which can be met with.' As with the Cevallos article, so again with regard to Jeffrey's review of 'Marmion,' far more importance in bringing to birth the great Tory organ was assigned than really belonged to it. Walter Scott was no thin-skinned member of an *irritabile genus*. The very evening after he had read the criticism, his critic came to dine with him; and with the exception of a natural little ebullition on the part of Mrs. Scott, there was nothing to diminish the social

cordiality of the party. The relations always maintained, in spite of wide and outspoken differences of opinion, between Scott and Jeffrey did credit to both, bore witness to the manliness of their characters, and afforded an example unhappily too rarely imitated by eminent men who in later times have held the position of criticised and critic.

But, in real truth, Walter Scott had much reason to view with complacency the article which had so greatly irritated the blindest of his worshippers. Just as Wilkes never was a Wilkite, so we may be sure that Scott's self-appreciation was not of that order which demands universal adulation. Jeffrey was essentially a modern. Busy with his profession, busy with his political reforms, busy with reading all the new books as they came out, acquainting himself with every new idea, thinking of the present and looking hopefully to the future, he could not but be a contrast to Scott deep in the romanticism and chivalry of the past, and viewing with despondency and dread the democratic changes which the years would bring. To the critic it seemed that to write a modern romance of chivalry was to mistake the spirit of the age—to be 'much 'such a fantasy as to build a modern abbey or an English 'pagoda.' This, then, was the fundamental fault of poems such as 'Marmion' or 'The Lay.' In the former Jeffrey, moreover, strangely discovered a neglect of Scottish feelings, a deadness to the sense of national patriotism! But he allowed to 'Marmion' 'great merits and various kinds of 'merit.' As to the account of Flodden Field, the Review declares that 'certainly of all the poetical battles which 'have been fought from the days of Homer to those of Mr. 'Southey, there is none in our opinion at all comparable for 'interest and animation—for breadth of drawing and mag-'nificence of effort—with this of Mr. Scott.' The description is quoted at length, and the critic continues: 'this 'powerful poetry is superior in our apprehension to all that 'this author has hitherto published, and with a few faults 'of diction, equal to anything that has ever been written 'upon similar subjects.'

The natural effect of the rivalry of the 'Quarterly Re-'view' was to intensify the party spirit of the 'Edinburgh.' In the first half-dozen years of the 'Edinburgh,' though the contributors were nearly all Whigs, certainly many of the articles, even some of those bearing directly upon politics, though of a liberalising tendency, had disclosed but little partisanship, in the narrow sense of the word. Henceforth the division was complete. Whigs turned to the 'Edinburgh'

and Jeffrey, Tories to the 'Quarterly' and Gifford. During the monopoly of the 'Edinburgh,' eminent men, desirous of having their say on the literary, artistic, or scientific topics of the time, in an organ certain to reach every intellectual circle of readers, had, of necessity, recourse to its pages. If the politics of that journal were distasteful to them, contributors and readers were constrained to swallow them nevertheless. But a change had now come. The two great Reviews had become standard-bearers of the two great political parties; and whether we consider the political or literary interest of the general public, it must be admitted that there was ample room for both. The rise of the new journal thus marks an important era in the life of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

The circulation of the older Review, far from being checked, rapidly increased. In 1814 over 12,000 copies per quarter were printed; the numbers rising to more than 13,500 in the years 1817 and 1818, the highest point ever attained.

Jeffrey had already accomplished, and more than accomplished, his purpose. His aspiration was to establish a critical authority which should be at once honest, enlightened, and independent. Again and again in his letters he pours contempt on the kind of literary criticism which had hitherto prevailed. It was generally to the last degree incompetent, ignorant, and dull; and it was for the most part at the command of booksellers who wished simply to puff their own wares. His organ prided itself from the beginning on its inaccessibility to the influence of the trade. It would serve the public interest, and the public interest alone; and on many occasions it showed an almost Roman superiority to claims due to the personal ties of friendship or to considerations of business relationship. The fact that Walter Scott was one of Jeffrey's best friends, that 'The Lay' and 'Marmion' were published by Longmans and Constable, the publishers of the 'Edinburgh,' did not deflect by a hair's breadth the critical judgement of the Review. Men like Walter Scott were big enough to understand this, and to give Jeffrey credit for it even when they disagreed with his judgement and winced under his criticism. Thus, on the whole, happy relations were preserved with old friends; and as time went on intimate friendship and mutual respect grew up even between those who had first come into contact through the difficult relation of author and critic.

Perhaps one of the most curious experiences of this kind

arose out of Jeffrey's review of Moore's poetry in 1806. The Irishman challenged the critic, who, seconded by Francis Horner, met the indignant author at Chalk Farm; but the fight was prevented by the myrmidons of Bow Street, who conveyed both parties before the magistrate, by whom they were promptly bound over to keep the peace. Byron has made the meeting famous in lines which suggest, without any foundation, that no real mischief was intended. Perhaps some colour was given to the suggestion by the fact that at the police station no bullet was found in Jeffrey's pistol, and that he and Moore made friends almost before they had left the battlefield. The Scotchman explained that his criticism only meant that the tendency of Moore's poetry was immoral, and conveyed no reflection on the author's private character, about which alone the Irishman was solicitous. The Editor in this strange way was not only a friend but a contributor. Moore, in later days, wrote for the Review, and became the honoured guest of its Editor at Craig Crook.

It is very intelligible that men such as Jeffrey and his associates—men gifted with great literary acumen, but who were actively engaged in the different professions and pursuits of life—should have felt an exaggerated contempt for those who seemed to them to be penmen and nothing else. The notion that some small literary coterie, holding itself aloof from the active world, was to lay down the laws which regulated poetry and taste, and to assume airs of superiority even towards the acknowledged great masters of the English language, drove them to distraction. They had themselves perhaps too little leisure to appreciate contemplative poetry at its true value. That the 'Lakers' were 'a puling and 'self-admiring race' was their honest if prejudiced opinion in 1816,* as it had been when, fourteen years earlier, in the very first number of the Review, Southey and his school had been called up for judgement.

It was not only between the critics and the criticised that trouble arose in the early days of the Review. It had become, of course, a very valuable property, and disputes soon sprang up between rival claimants to the right of publishing it in London. Early in 1806 Constable had proposed to transfer the entire London publication to Murray. Longmans, however, had the law on their side, and, on the strength of their previous agreement with Constable, they

* Article on 'Childe Harold,' December, 1816.

obtained an injunction to restrain any other publisher in London from selling the 'Edinburgh Review' without their consent. Whatever may have been the merits of the dispute, it was put an end to the following year by Longmans selling their whole property in the title and future publication of the Review for 1,000*l.* Accordingly Murray became the proprietor of the London rights in the Review, and under his auspices No. 21 (Oct. 1807) was brought out. At this time the London circulation was 3,500 a quarter; and it seems that about five-sevenths of the whole issue went to London. Murray and Constable, however, did not long work together, and in 1808 the latter established a London house for the sale of the Review, withdrawing it entirely from Murray; and between the two considerable coolness resulted. It was in the year that the Review bore the name of John Murray as publisher on the title-page that Jeffrey's slashing article on Wordsworth's poetry, and the review of 'Marmion' already noticed, made their appearance. In October, 1814, Longmans repurchased from Constable, for 4,500*l.*, their former rights in the Review—rights which they had relinquished to him seven years before for 1,000*l.* In 1826 came the great failure of Constable, from whose trustee Longmans took over, at a valuation, *the whole* interest in the Review, which has from that day to this been their exclusive property. From 1826 to 1891 the name of Adam Black, or of Adam and Charles Black, appeared along with that of Longmans on the title-page as agents for the distribution of the Review in Edinburgh, after which year A. and C. Black removed their business to London.

The year 1814, which brought back the London business of the Review to its original publishers, was in many ways an important year in its history. Indeed, the Peace may be said to mark another stage in its career. The war had absorbed men's thoughts, largely to the exclusion of home politics; but the time was once more approaching when divergent views of domestic interest and civil government were to divide into hostile factions not unevenly balanced the political forces of the kingdom. In November of that year appeared Jeffrey's famous article on Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' beginning 'This will never do'; and in the same number was his review of 'Waverley,' concluding with words which indicate that to him, at least, the great mystery was no mystery at all. 'If this be, indeed, the work,' so ends the article, 'of an author hitherto unknown, Mr. Scott would

'do well to look to his laurels, and to rouse himself for a 'sturdier competition than any he has yet had to encounter.'

A few months later, on Napoleon's escape from Elba, the war was renewed. The 'hundred days' culminating in Waterloo put an end to the Napoleonic era, and Great Britain turned again into the paths of peace, which she continued to follow for the space of forty years. The short but trying period of renewed war proved that Jeffrey was able to preserve his independent standpoint against the pressure of extravagant political partisanship no less than against that of personal friendship or trade interest. To us looking back upon those times it seems strange, indeed, that statesmen so patriotic, and in many respects so far-seeing, as Lord Grey and Francis Horner should have denounced the determination of the British Government in 1815 to have recourse to arms. Napoleon at the head of the armies of France could not be other than an imminent menace to the liberties of Europe.

Jeffrey, we have seen, had disliked the French war in its origin. No one, therefore, more thankfully welcomed the peace. 'It would be strange, indeed,' he wrote in the Review in May, 1814—

'if pages dedicated like ours to topics of present interest should be ushered into the world at such a moment as this, without some stamp of that common joy and overwhelming emotion with which the wonderful events of the past three months are still filling all the regions of the earth. In such a situation it must be difficult for any one who has the means of being heard to refrain from giving utterance to his sentiments. But to us, whom it has assured, for the first time, of the entire sympathy of our countrymen, the temptation, we own, is irresistible. . . . The peace had come upon the world like the balmy air and flushing verdure of a late spring after the dreary chill of a long and interminable winter; and the refreshing sweetness with which it has visited the earth, feels like Elysium to those who have just escaped from the driving tempests it has banished.'

Was our country, after only ten months' rest, on Napoleon's escape from Elba, to be plunged once more into war? Jeffrey hated war; but neither his love of peace nor the intense party zeal of his friends sufficed to destroy his power of calmly judging the facts. Only a week before Waterloo he writes to his friend, Francis Horner, that though the latter may 'think it all damnable heresy,' he feels himself that there is more danger to freedom from the triumph of Napoleon than from the resurrection of the Bourbons. In short, on the main question, the Ministry, Tory though it

was, was right. The safety and the duty of the nation, and the true cause of liberty, required that it should stand firm with its allies against the overwhelming power of Napoleon.

After Waterloo began the era called by Miss Martineau the 'Thirty Years' Peace.' For two-and-twenty years the main energies of the nation had been concentrated upon the war; men of liberal minds and progressive tendencies powerfully supporting the Government of the day in the gigantic efforts required to repel the greatest danger that has ever menaced the State. But when peace returned Englishmen gradually fell back into the old political divisions —a party of progress, deeply impressed with the faults and failings of the system of government under which they lived, and with the belief that they could find a political remedy for them; and a party of resistance, which saw in any considerable change in our system more to dread than to hope for, and which, therefore, blocked with all the power it possessed the pathway of reform. The experience of France since 1789—the excesses and horrors of the Revolution, followed by the military absolutism of Napoleon—had seemed to great masses of Englishmen to give weight to the Tory assertion that here also Reform would be but the first step to revolution, and that British laws and liberties were dependent upon the maintenance entirely unchanged of our glorious Constitution. The Duke of Wellington, to whom for many years the Tories mainly looked for guidance, great man though he was, never really understood his countrymen's capacity for self-government; and he honestly believed that the basing of the House of Commons upon a wide electoral franchise, should it come about, would render it impossible to govern England except through the Army. A very different man—Lord Eldon—was the fitting representative of all the narrow prejudices of his day, of the caste love for privilege, of horror at the bare idea of trusting the mass of his countrymen with power. In his obstinate resistance to every kind of reform, great or small, he reached a pitch of Toryism hardly intelligible to the Conservatives of the present day. Against sentiments such as these the good sense of Englishmen ultimately prevailed. If the old Constitution was still to fit the British people, it was necessary to enlarge it. It must be made to suit the new conditions and requirements of the time. Thus Whigs, Reformers, Radicals, concentrated at last all their efforts upon what they felt to be a condition precedent to all good government—the reform of the House of Commons.

Throughout these years of struggle the 'Edinburgh 'Review' warmly combated that craven fear of our own countrymen, that dread of the people, which was the unhappy legacy to England of the French Revolution. It insisted upon the duty and wisdom of bringing back again the popular forces to play their proper part in the government of the country. Obstinate resistance did indeed bring the country too near to the revolution which wise statesmen saw was the only alternative to thorough yet rational reform. Lord Grey's words in the House of Lords in 1832—the last he spoke on the Reform Bill—expressed the hope which events have long ago realised—viz., 'that those who augured 'unfavourably of the Bill would live to see all their ominous 'forebodings falsified, and that after the angry feelings of 'the day had passed away, the measure would be found to 'be, in the best sense of the word, conservative of the 'Constitution.'

Quarter by quarter, and year after year, the energies of the Review were engaged in attacking abuses and suggesting the remedy. It would be impossible to give a list of the subjects with which it dealt, for such a list would cover the whole field of political, administrative, legal, and social reform. It is needless to name all the distinguished men who in its columns were pressing on the good work. 'It was not 'merely,' to quote Lord Cockburn, 'that the journal ex- 'pounded and defended right principles and objects. Its 'prerogative was higher. It taught the public to think. 'It opened the people's eyes. It gave them periodically the 'most animated and profound discussions on every interest- 'ing subject that the greatest intellects in the kingdom 'could supply.'

And point by point the good cause prevailed. The stream might at times flow slowly, but the tide never really turned, and several of the founders of the Review lived long enough to see accomplished most of the objects for which in bygone days they had struggled so hard. In 1804 Jeffrey in the Review was fighting for the suppression of the slave trade. This was brought about by Fox's 'Ministry of all the 'Talents' two years later. But much still remained to be done, and in 1831 the Review was still fiercely contending for the complete abolition of slavery within the British dominions; and this, a year later, it was the glory of the first reformed Parliament to accomplish. In very early days, even a tolerant man like Walter Scott was dissatisfied with the Review for advocating Catholic Emancipation.

The reform of the criminal law, the abolition of tests, municipal reform, poor-law reform, and many another far-reaching project, now regarded as so many upward steps towards a higher civilisation, were supported in its columns by men of the greatest ability, imbued with intimate knowledge of the subjects on which they wrote.

The 'Edinburgh Review' naturally felt keenly on the necessity of widening and freeing our political life; for in Scotland, far more completely than in England, popular privileges and liberties had ceased to exist. The political representation of the people, the administration of justice, municipal government, had in Scotland lost almost everything of the popular character which once gave them life. Neither in public meetings nor in the press was it possible adequately to expose the mischief of the prevailing condition of affairs. Yet there was no part of the kingdom so well fitted as Scotland to enjoy the largest political rights.

As time went on the position of the Review as regards the public at large became in some respects modified. Its novelty of course wore off. It had opened a new field upon which others had now entered. Its days of monopoly were over. The 'Quarterly' was its very able rival, and a formidable political opponent. The autocratic airs of the older journal upon every subject, political or literary, had roused against it a certain spirit of dislike to dictation such as had inspired its own earlier years. It now occurred to William Blackwood, the publisher, and a Tory of the Tories, that something might be done to fan and foster, and even to turn in a profitable direction, the dislike to autocratic orthodoxy which he knew was simmering in Edinburgh. His political sympathies had been disturbed by the success of the 'Edinburgh,' and he had seen with a jealous eye the greatness of its publisher, his own rival, Constable. Now, Blackwood was a man of resource, and he thought it might be possible to tackle the 'Edinburgh' with more success than was achieved by the quarterly discharge of a heavy broadside by its orthodox Tory antagonist. A magazine 'not so ponderous, more nimble, more frequent, more 'familiar,' might make its onslaughts more telling upon the Whig journal, its publisher, editor, and contributors. Edinburgh, Whig or Tory, was before everything respectable. The new magazine must attract attention in the first number, no matter how. To shock the whole of Edinburgh society at the same time that it fell upon the Whig publisher and reviewers, was Blackwood's plan.

He had able coadjutors in Lockhart, Wilson, and Hogg, and in 1817 appeared the first number of 'Blackwood's 'Monthly Magazine.' It contained the famous satire upon well-known citizens of Edinburgh called 'The Chaldee 'Manuscript'; which was intended to startle the world of Edinburgh, and startle them it did. Its outrageous personalities, and the flavour of irreverence that attaches to the parodying of the style and language of Scripture, were well calculated to stir the susceptibilities of the Scottish capital. However, a new birth in periodical literature had taken place. The first of the great 'Monthlies' had begun. Its early years were stormy ones. Actions for libel, challenges and duels followed each other in rapid succession. 'Maga' was able. No one could say that 'Maga' was inoffensive. No one could say that 'Maga' was dull. So far Blackwood's object was achieved. But its vituperation and its personalities were odious, and it was years before the magazine acquired, in addition to its reputation for brilliant writing, the high character for which 'Black-'wood' was to become no less justly celebrated.

It may have been the rivalry of younger journalism that made Jeffrey fear that the 'Edinburgh' was growing old. 'Can you lay your hands,' he writes to a friend in January, 1825, 'on some clever young men who would write for us? 'The original supporters of the work are getting old, and 'either too busy or too stupid, and here the young men are 'mostly Tories.' In the following August number of the Review there appeared the first contribution by Macaulay, then a young man of twenty-five, hardly known beyond the circle of his college friends. There seems never to have been any mystery about the authorship of the famous article on Milton, and after the first of Macaulay's 'Essays' had been published and acknowledged, it would have been impossible to doubt the authorship of its successors. 'Like Lord 'Byron,' says his biographer, 'he woke one morning and 'found himself famous.' Of all the praises and the shower of compliments that poured upon him, Macaulay to the end of his life valued most the short sentence with which Jeffrey acknowledged the receipt of his first manuscript, 'The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked 'up that style.' *

Of the early founders of the Review it cannot be said that Jeffrey himself, or Brougham, or Sydney Smith, ever

* Trevelyan's 'Life of Lord Macaulay.'

From photograph by Maull & Fox, circa 1856.

grew stupid, or even old, in anything but years; and it is extraordinary what a very large part of the Review was written by those three men. For the first quarter of a century of its career 'the witty parson,' in a humorous and forcible style all his own, discussed a great variety of subjects. Sometimes he gave character sketches of people so dissimilar as Madame d'Epinay, Hannah More, and Charles Fox. At another time he would discourse eloquently on the evils of transportation and Botany Bay. He would discuss the poor laws and the game laws, prison reforms and chimney-sweepers, Bentham on Fallacies, and Catholic Emancipation; and, however brilliant his wit, his writings never fail to show a manly judgement and a kindly, human, sympathetic spirit.

Macaulay and Sydney Smith were, as all the world knows, the most brilliant talkers of their day. Good as it always was, Macaulay's flow of conversation was sometimes felt to be even too abundant. His utterance was very rapid, and he spoke with a panting anxiety. Sydney Smith, himself an enormous talker, used to complain that Macaulay never let him get in a word. Once Smith said to him, 'Now, 'Macaulay, when I am gone, you'll be sorry that you never 'heard me speak.' On another occasion Smith said that he had found Macaulay in bed from illness, and that he was therefore more agreeable than he had ever seen him. 'There 'were some glorious flashes of silence.' *

Brilliant as was his wit, Sydney Smith's sincerity and deep earnestness could at times be very impressive. After the death of William IV., and the accession of his niece to the throne at the age of eighteen, Sydney Smith preached at St. Paul's, taking for his theme the true character and the opportunities of a patriot queen. There were two subjects to which he mainly directed her attention, where her influence might, he urged, be of the greatest possible service to her subjects—the cause of popular education, and the maintenance of peace. In noble language he held up to his young Sovereign the ideal of a life to be lived for the highest interest and welfare of those whom she had been called upon to rule. And happy would the preacher have been could he have foreseen that the reign just beginning was to afford during more than sixty years the greatest example any country has ever witnessed of a monarch carrying into practice the precepts which he so well expounded.

---

* Cockburn's Journal.

On Jeffrey's resignation of the Editorship of the Review, in 1829, Macvey Napier, professor of conveyancing in the University of Edinburgh, succeeded to the post. The new Editor had been a frequent contributor from very early days, he was an intimate friend of Jeffrey's, and he was firmly convinced of the advisability of keeping the headquarters of the Review in its old home in the north. Napier's difficulties were considerable. They arose, however, from no dangerous rivalry of other organs of opinion, but almost solely from troubles within his own camp, caused by the pretensions of Brougham to work the Review entirely in his own personal interest. Brougham's versatility was abnormal; his energy untiring; his vanity without limit. After 1835, when Lord Melbourne formed his second ministry without inviting Brougham back to the woolsack, the ex-Chancellor's hostility to the Whig Premier knew no bounds. Men recognised his genius, whilst they had a profound distrust of his character. No one, however, had done more work for the Review, and it was long a tradition that in one particular number every single article had come from his pen. After Jeffrey had gone, it was, perhaps, not unnatural that a man of Brougham's character should endeavour to make the Review *his* organ, rather than the exponent of a policy and a cause. There were other men writing for the Review very little inclined to defer to pretensions such as these. Macaulay loses patience with 'a 'man who half knows everything,' and protests against the use of the Review as an instrument for 'puffing its own 'contributor.' When, after he had himself undertaken to write on French politics in the autumn number of the eventful year 1830, Brougham claims that subject for himself, Macaulay fairly tells the Editor that he must make his choice once for all between his two contributors. 'He had 'always known,' Macaulay writes, 'that in every association, 'political or literary, Brougham would wish to domineer, and 'that no Editor of the "Edinburgh Review" could, without 'risking the ruin of the publication, resolutely oppose the 'demands of a man so able and powerful.' Napier on this occasion acceded to Brougham's imperious request 'to send 'off a countermand to Macaulay'; and it was Brougham's article, not Macaulay's, that was published in the October 'Review' on the Revolution of 1830. Doubtless Macaulay's threat of secession weighed with the Editor. At any rate, we hear no more of any attempt of Brougham's to oust his rival from the field editorially assigned to him.

EDITOR, 1829-1847.

From a pen drawing of the bust in the Library of the Edinburgh University by P. Sclater, the sculptor, in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

The connexion of the Review with the Whig leaders in Parliament was now very close. In December, 1830, Jeffrey became Lord Advocate, and Brougham Lord Chancellor; and it was thought probable that the latter would soon become the most powerful statesman in the kingdom. Why in 1835, when Lord Melbourne returned to power, Brougham did not re-enter the Cabinet has been much discussed. Brougham himself declared it was because Lord Melbourne knew that in such a case he (the Prime Minister) would be reduced to insignificance. Brougham never forgot or forgave an injury, and deep was the contumely which, in letter after letter to the long-suffering Editor, he poured upon the Whig Premier, and on his 'underlings,' who cared not a farthing for reform of any kind so long as they could keep their places. He was furious because the Review would not denounce the more moderate men of the party 'for trimming ' and waiting to see how the cat jumped.' He (Brougham) was the only true Reformer, almost the only honest man, and he had no patience 'with the vermin who were basely ' and meanly looking to some junction with the Stanleys ' and Grahams, and want to throw the honest and single- ' hearted Reformers overboard the moment they have helped ' us to turn the Government out.' He complains (April 4, 1835) that his articles had not been printed, and declares that they must have been intercepted. Yet surely he had little cause of complaint, for the April number of the Review contains no fewer than six articles from his pen, on the following subjects: 'The British Constitution—Recent Political ' Occurrences,' ' Thoughts upon the Aristocracy,' ' Newspaper ' Tax,' ' Memoirs of Mirabeau,' ' French Parties and Politics,' ' State of Parties.' Nevertheless, in June Brougham actually has the face to write to Napier that ever since his Editorship had begun, 'I have found that my assistance was ' reckoned, justly God knows, a very secondary object, and ' that one of the earliest friends of the Journal, and who ' had (Jeffrey will tell you) enabled it to struggle through ' its first difficulties as much as any one or two of the ' contributors, was now next thing to laid upon the ' shelf'!

Nothing is more exasperating to a statesman who has been left out in the cold, than the faithful party loyalty with which a chief so deficient in the discrimination of personal merit is still regarded by others. The Whiggism of the 'Edinburgh Review' was never more rigidly orthodox in the party sense than during the period of

Macvey Napier's Editorship. The days were long past since a few briefless advocates and a young clergyman in want of a living had set the world on fire by sheer ability and dash, and by their evident determination to maintain their critical independence against every external influence. The Review was now in the closest relations with the Whig leaders. When, for instance, Nassau Senior wrote on the Irish poor laws, his articles were revised and modified by Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell. In the middle of the century, says Bagehot with dry humour, it was difficult to imagine that there had ever been anything incendiary about the 'Edinburgh Review.' Its appearance quarter by quarter had now, he says, become a great event, and it was believed that its contributors were confined to the Privy Council! In sober truth it was supported and largely written by men of the greatest position in the world of politics and letters. Their names would have made the fortune of a modern 'monthly.' But the 'Edinburgh' was always anonymous, and both Jeffrey and Napier were aware that it was possible for men of great distinction to be dull. The former pronounced (1829) that Sir William Hamilton's article on Cousin's Cours de Philosophie was 'the most unreadable thing that ever appeared in 'the Review.' And Sir James Mackintosh, the philosopher of 'Whiggism,' agreed with Napier's predecessor, that though the writer might be a very clever man, he was quite unfit to write on topics such as these for English readers. In politics, however, the dangers of a too rigidly official orthodoxy were on the whole avoided. The circulation of the Review, it is true, never again rose to the height it had attained in 1817–20, yet it easily held the first place in periodical literature, and was indispensable reading for all who wished to share in the intellectual life of the day. Here is the list of subjects and writers in the April number, 1846, published just before Lord John Russell formed his first administration:—

1. 'Parliament and the Courts,' by Lord Denman.
2. 'Shakespeare in Paris,' by Mrs. Austin.
3. 'Legislation for the Working Class,' by Sir George C. Lewis.
4. 'Religious Movement in Germany,' by Henry Rogers.
5. 'Lyall's Travels in North America,' by Herman Merivale.
6. 'European and American State Confederacies,' by Nassau Senior.
7. 'Scottish Criminal Jurisprudence,' by Lord Cockburn.
8. 'Political State of Prussia,' by R. M. Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton).
9. 'Earls Grey and Spencer,' by Lord John Russell.

Napier had aimed at nine or ten articles per number when he first undertook the Review, and by his agreement with Longmans each number was to contain sixteen sheets—*i.e.*, 256 pages. The number of pages has varied at different periods from about 260 in early days to 300 or so in the middle of the century. The ordinary length was from 200 to 280 pages. The public, Napier held, did not like long articles. But Editors' rules and wishes must bend like other people's to circumstances. Macaulay's article on Lord Bacon, when sent to the Editor, ran to 120 pages, and the latter naturally consulted Jeffrey as to the course he should adopt.

'What mortal,' writes Jeffrey in reply, 'could ever dream of cutting out the least particle of this precious work to make it fit better with your Review? It would be worse than paring down the Pitt diamond to fit the old setting of a dowager's ring. It is altogether magnificent —*et prope divinum*. Since Bacon himself, I do not know that there has been anything so fine. I have read it not only with delight, but with emotion—with throbbings of the heart and tears in the eye.'

Macaulay, when despatching his MS. from Calcutta, had described it as 'of interminable length'; and it was ultimately found possible to reduce it without material injury till it absorbed no more than 104 pages out of the 282 which made up the July number of 1837. Even so it was thought right to add an Editorial note to the first page of the article, asking the indulgence of intelligent readers 'for so wide a 'departure from our general practice.' In 1840 the 'Clive' article, which drew down Brougham's wrath on Macaulay for praising so 'bloodthirsty and cruel a man,' consumed sixty-six pages in a number which contained eight articles. In October, 1840, the essay on Warren Hastings ran to ninety-six pages, and left space for only five other articles!

Macaulay's essays on the foremost statesmen, warriors, poets, and thinkers of an earlier day hold an absolutely unique place in English literature. Not only do they constitute standard works, of which men speak with respect, they are the favourite reading of multitudes wherever the English language is known. 'Every school boy,' as the author would have said, has rejoiced in the glowing pages in which Macaulay has brought home to his countrymen the history of great deeds and the characters of great men.

After Macvey Napier had taken over the Editorship from Jeffrey, though the latter retired completely from the direct management of the Review, it was only natural that his successor should constantly recur to him for advice. By

the terms of the agreement of 1829 between Napier and the Longmans Jeffrey was to decide between them in case of any differences as to its meaning which might arise. For Jeffrey's services in this way there was no occasion, as the relations between publishers and Editor were and always have been down to the present day most harmonious; but the advice given by Jeffrey to Napier as to the conduct of the Review was abundant, and the correspondence between the two throws an interesting light upon the responsibilities incidental to the editorial management of anonymous journalism.

'There are three legitimate considerations,' writes Jeffrey in 1837, 'by which you should be guided in your conduct as Editor generally; and particularly as to the admission or rejection of important articles of a political sort:—1. The effect of your decision on the other contributors upon whom you mainly rely; 2. Its effect on the sale and circulation, and on the just authority of the work with the great body of its readers; and 3. Your own deliberate opinion as to the safety or danger of the doctrines maintained in the article under consideration, and its tendency either to promote or retard the practical adoption of those liberal principles to which, and *their practical advancement*, you must always consider the journal as devoted. . . . This discretion you cannot, I think, delegate to another, who would not share your responsibility.'

In Jeffrey's view the 'Edinburgh' represented a body of opinion directed to the attainment of certain definite and practical ends; not the personal views of this or that individual, or even the special fancies of the Editor himself. Several times in its history circumstances have arisen when it has been necessary for the Review to act firmly upon its own considered judgement against pressure which has been attempted from outside on the part of those who claimed for one reason or another to be entitled to its indiscriminating support, and in every case the principles laid down by Jeffrey have successfully been vindicated.

The frank manner in which in their confidential letters to Napier the contributors criticised each other's productions must have afforded to the Editor reading no less useful than entertaining. There is something very naif, moreover, in the occasional comments of contributors on the sort of literary distinction suitable to the Review. Jeffrey had found Carlyle, whose genius he recognised, and to whom he rendered great assistance, a difficult writer to manage; and he had felt forced before admitting his articles to do a little cutting off and patching up, doubtless much against the grain. Carlyle, as he complains to Napier, had felt it due to

'his literary conscience' to rebel. 'Editorial hacking and 'hewing' he would not stand. Surely Napier might trust him, for he strongly held 'that one can and should ever '*speak quietly*; loud hysterical vehemence, foaming, hissing, 'least of all becomes him that is convinced, and not only '*supposes* but *knows*.' One wonders whether Napier found this convincing as to the reposeful style of contributions which Carlyle hereafter might offer him!

During the first half-century of its existence Jeffrey and Macaulay were the two men whose character was most deeply impressed upon the whole political tendency of the Review. There is some truth in Bagehot's observation that Whiggism is not a creed but a character, and this character he sketches in not too flattering terms. 'Perhaps as long 'as there has been a political history in this country there 'have been certain men of a cool, moderate, resolute firm-'ness, not gifted with high imagination, little prone to 'enthusiastic sentiment, heedless of large theories and 'speculations, careless of dreamy scepticism; with a clear 'view of the next step, and a wise intention to take it; a 'strong conviction that the elements of knowledge are true, 'and a steady belief that the present world can, and should, 'be quietly improved. These are the Whigs.'

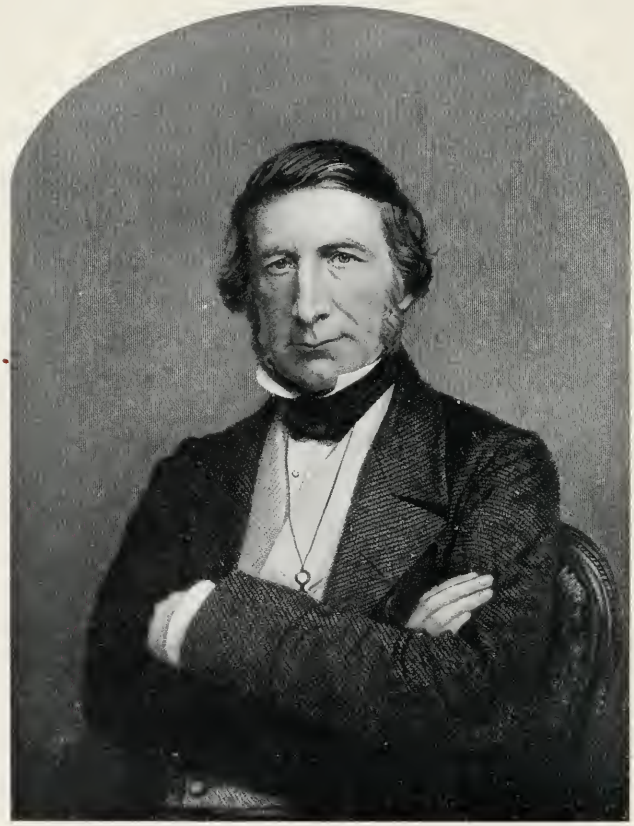
Macaulay struck right and left with equal vigour. At one time (1829) he was pouring a heavy broadside into the Radical philosophers, headed by Bentham and James Mill, who were fiercely attacking, in the pages of the 'Westminster 'Review,' the moderation of Whig statesmen, and of the Whig organ. At another time, ten years later, he was turning his attention to the obscurantist views of the ultra-Tory party, in that famous article on Mr. Gladstone's book on Church and State, whose first paragraph the events of the following fifty years were to render for ever remarkable. In the April number of 1839 we wrote as follows:—

'The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow reluctantly and mutinously a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England. But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanour have obtained for him the respect and goodwill of all parties.' Mr. Gladstone, the article goes on, 'appears to be in many respects exceedingly well qualified for philosophical investigation. His mind is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give

his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called dry light. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passion and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and, indeed, exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate.'

It must have given not a little satisfaction to Jeffrey and Macaulay, after their fierce war with the Utilitarians and the 'Westminster,' to find in 1841 John Stuart Mill and the best of his coadjutors in the latter journal offering their services to its great and successful rival. Mill felt that these heated differences between Liberals were doing harm to their common cause. He had failed, he says, after a long trial, to induce the Radicals to maintain an independent position, 'and there was no room for a fourth political party in this 'country—reckoning the Conservatives, the Whig Radicals, 'and the Chartists as the other three.' Why, he asks, should he keep his little rivulet distinct, instead of merging it in the great and steady stream of Liberal opinion? In the October 'Edinburgh' of that year Mill reviewed Tocqueville's 'De-'mocracy in America.' Perhaps, were Jeffrey and Macaulay alive to-day, they might consider that the accession of strength their principles had won from amongst their Tory foes was no less remarkable than their triumph of earlier years over the successors of James Mill! If we consider causes and principles, rather than mere party names and badges, where to-day shall we find the representative either of extreme Radicalism or of old Toryism? Individuals, of course, there still are, and will always be, of extreme views, but political power is not with them; and for practical purposes the moderate reformers have won along the whole line.

After rendering eighteen years' splendid service to the Review, Macvey Napier died (1847); and Messrs. Longman appointed as his successor in the Editorship Mr. William Empson, professor of the 'Polity and Laws of England' in the East India College at Haileybury, who had married Lord Jeffrey's only daughter. Empson had been for many years a valued contributor on political, legal, and literary subjects. At school at Winchester he had made friends with Arnold, afterwards headmaster of Rugby. Their friendship continued through life, Empson sharing warmly Arnold's views on all matters of educational and ecclesiastical interest, matters which in those days were largely occupying men's thoughts,



G. C. Lewis

EDITOR, 1852-1855.

and the discussion of which has bulked very largely in the Review. His Editorship only lasted five years, for in 1852 he died suddenly, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, M.P. for Herefordshire, lately Financial Secretary to the Treasury under Lord John Russell, was appointed in his stead.

The Russell Government had fallen in February, 1852, and with its fall Cornewall Lewis, of course, lost his place. In July he lost his seat also, and a few months afterwards he accepted Messrs. Longman's offer of the vacant Editorship of the Review. A scholar of high repute, a deep political thinker, and a trained statesman, intimate in social life with the eminent literary men of his day, the publishers had chosen wisely. He describes his new employment as bringing upon him official correspondence akin to that with which he had been acquainted in a public department, with the drawback that he had no secretaries to help him, but with the countervailing advantage that he could do all the business of the Review in his own house. Cornewall Lewis soon found another seat in the House of Commons, but this ultimately led to his resigning the Editorship of the Review, for in 1855, on Mr. Gladstone leaving the ministry, Lord Palmerston offered to Sir George the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. On accepting it the latter, of course, resigned his connexion with the Review, and Messrs. Longman nominated the late Mr. Henry Reeve as his successor.

The late Editor of the Review continued to manage and direct it till his death, only seven years ago. As years proceed Editors and contributors change. In the world of politics new situations arise, new forces come into play, new measures are proposed and contested, questions never contemplated by our ancestors have to be answered. Reeve made it his endeavour to face the problems of the day as they arose in the firm, moderate, calm-judging spirit which Bagehot attributes to the Whig character. In his eyes the Review represented a great tradition. And a believer in political principle himself, he disliked the opportunism bred of the pressure of momentary conditions as much as he condemned the substitution of mere personal devotion to a great leader for a firm and ardent attachment to a great cause. His notion of true wisdom in statesmanship was that of the late Poet Laureate:—

> 'to maintain
> The day against the moment, and the year
> Against the day.'

As a very young man, owing to his exceptional familiarity

with French and German, and the confidence which men felt in his character and judgement, he had become intimate in a very unusual degree with the statesmen of the Continent. For many years practically directing, under the superintendence of the Editor of the 'Times,' the foreign policy of that great journal, he had obtained a close insight into the relations between our own and other nations, between our statesmen and theirs. With the late Editor of the Review—the new Chancellor of the Exchequer—and Lord Clarendon he was on terms of close friendship. His post at the Privy Council brought him into constant intercourse with all the great lawyers of the day, and his tastes led him to see much of the diplomatic world of London. A man of wide reading and general culture, he was deeply interested in English and foreign literature; but as he lived an active life amongst men of action, it was clear that in his time, as before it, the Review would escape the danger of getting into the hands of the small literary coteries and cliques so obnoxious to the soul of Jeffrey.

If space permitted, it would be interesting to trace the gradual developement of ideas and of feeling amongst the thinking part of the community in reference to that 'State 'and Church' controversy on which Macaulay and Gladstone had taken different sides. In Roman Catholic times ecclesiastical pretensions conflicted often enough with the temporal power of the State, and our ancestors knew how to vindicate their civil liberties. Since the Reformation in England and Scotland Anglican and Presbyterian 'highfliers' have at times asserted claims which, whatever their abstract merits, are entirely incompatible with the maintenance of a State Church. Three years before Macaulay had reviewed Gladstone, Arnold of Rugby had denounced in the Review in the severest language the aims and motives of that extravagant High-Churchmanship of Oxford, which was to lead so many Anglicans into the Papal fold. The 'Oxford Malignants' seemed probably to the Editor a happy title to bestow on Arnold's paper; but it was one which not unnaturally gave additional offence to those who fell under its scourge. The trustees of Rugby School invited Dr. Arnold to acknowledge the article, and the dismissal of the most distinguished schoolmaster of the nineteenth century was actually in contemplation. Arnold, however, maintained his ground; and in later years in the Review the fight against sacerdotal ascendency was maintained in a wider spirit of charity, but with no less force and courage, by his great disciple Dean

Stanley. Henry Rogers, in the same pages, from a somewhat Puritanical standpoint, frequently discussed matters of theological or ecclesiastical interest, whilst Sir James Stephen, Permanent Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office (whom his colleague Henry Taylor used to nickname 'Over 'Secretary' and 'King Stephen'), out of a very large number of articles, contributed over a long series of years, had in many papers lent his weight to the same side. The names of the articles contributed by the late Dean of Westminster recall the fierce controversies of the latter half of last century. 'Essays and Reviews,' 1861; 'Ritualism,' 1867; 'The Pope and the Council,' 1871; 'The Bennett Judge-'ment,' 1872; 'Religious Movements in Germany,' 1881, are a few of these. With Dean Stanley's wide spirit of toleration, and his dislike to ecclesiastical pretensions, Reeve was entirely in accord. The latter's article of July, 1868, on 'The National Church,' is a noble plea for

'enlarging the boundaries of the Church of England, so far as is consistent with the maintenance of the essential truths of Christianity; for endeavouring to make her more and more the Church of the people; for surrendering those trifling grounds of difference which, however inconsiderable in themselves, and in no degree essential to our own faith, are stumbling blocks to the faith of others, where they are unconditionally enforced; and thus rendering the Church more comprehensive, more tolerant, and therefore more national.'

Mr. Gladstone in 1867, leading, like Lord John Russell in 1846, the Liberal Opposition on the eve of its return to power, like him contributed a noteworthy article to the Review. In 'The Session and its Sequel'* Mr. Gladstone reviews the remarkable events of the session just concluded. Mr. Disraeli had induced the Tory party, which two years before had triumphantly thrown out the moderate Reform Bill of Lord Russell's Government as being far too democratic, itself to pass a measure far more extreme than any statesman had advocated—conduct which, though it bought a few months' success in the House of Commons, destroyed for a time the credit of his party with the country. Authority, urged Mr. Gladstone, can never long be severed from public esteem and confidence, and of these the session of 1867 had, he asserted, robbed the Tory party. The day of retribution was near, and 'the moral of the session lay in fresh proofs 'that parties, like individuals, can only enjoy a solid

* Edinburgh Review, October, 1867.

'prosperity by building on the rock of honour, truth, and 'the confidence which they alone engender.'

Two months later the country had pronounced against Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone's ministry was in power. The great Government of 1868 opened its first session with a majority of 120 at its back in the House of Commons. It used well the power it had won, and it has left a record of work done which certainly no later ministry has surpassed. The disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, the Irish Land Act, the Abolition of Purchase, and Army Reform, the Education Act, the Judicature Act, and the Ballot Act were measures of the very first importance. Many other minor but useful measures became law, before the sudden dissolution of 1874 brought about the fall of the Liberal ministry. The Review, which had rejoiced at the wide composition of the ministry of 1868 and at the introduction of Mr. Bright and other 'new men' into the Cabinet, and had heartily supported all its great measures, in an article in April, 1874, sounded a first note of warning. The wide experience and cautious spirit of the Editor had taken alarm. In the past the Whig party, said the Review, had been in alliance at one time with Irish Roman Catholics to put down Protestant bigotry and religious intolerance in Ireland, at another time with Protestant nonconformity in fighting the battle of the Test Act. But the Whig party did not on that account become either Roman Catholic or nonconformist, and in each case the alliance was formed in order to bring about an event which Whig statesmanship held dear—the triumph of civil and religious liberty. For certain great purposes Whig statesmanship and the 'Manchester School' had worked together, but for all that Whig statesmen and Whig principles had never been identified with the Manchester School, any more than Whigs had become Repealers after having been for a time allied with Daniel O'Connell. 'We hold, and have ever held,' wrote the Review, 'that in 'the Whig party lies the centre of gravity of Liberal politics 'in England.' To alter materially the centre of gravity would upset the ship. The spirit of English politics was moderation, and the recent elections had shown that, let candidates label themselves as they would, what the country wanted was government on lines of steady progress, not Radical changes on the one side, or Tory opposition to all advance on the other. In Mr. Gladstone's conduct there was reason to fear that the direction of the Liberal party was about for the first time to fall into the hands of

EDITOR, 1855-1895.

extremists, and, if so, that party would very soon lose the public confidence which since 1832 it had so preponderantly enjoyed.

These views implied a distrust of Mr. Gladstone which was certainly not at that time shared by the younger and more energetic members of the Liberal party. Mr. Disraeli's government proved unfortunate. Small wars which brought little of honour or advantage had been entered upon, and though the nation had kept out of the Russo-Turkish war, it was by no means clear that its thanks for that great service were due to its ministers, who at times of trial and difficulty had shown themselves hopelessly vacillating and divided amongst themselves. On the eve of the General Election the Review returned to the charge ('Plain 'Whig Principles,' January, 1880), quoting, with approval, a private letter from Earl Russell, written after the Liberal *débâcle* of 1874, expressing the conviction that whenever the Liberal party was reconstituted it would be on a Whig basis. In that party there must, of course, always be individuals who hold extreme and eccentric views. 'Men of 'patriotic and benevolent minds may think it desirable to 'ask the sanction of Parliament to the Permissive Liquor 'Bill, the female franchise, or even the propagation of small-'pox and other diseases.' But the Liberals, as a party, can only be strong by union, and this can only take place if the cardinal principles common to the whole party are upheld. Could Mr. Gladstone be trusted to refuse firmly to yield to demagogues and fanatics the guidance that should belong to statesmen, backed as they were sure to be in the long run by the solid opinion of moderate Englishmen of all classes of the community? *This* was the question, implied rather than expressed, which ran through the whole article. Even then Home Rule was a cry not without effect in English constituencies where Irish voters were numerous.

'On a question of vital importance to the existence of the State, it is a mean and treacherous action to disguise an opinion, or to court popularity by supporting a measure because it cannot be carried. A seat is purchased too dearly at such a sacrifice of honour and of truth. The people of England and Scotland will never consent to abandon Ireland to the revolutionary passions of a separate legislature, and whatever may be the equivocal language of the timid and weak in the Liberal camp, this is a principle on which we are convinced that the leaders of the Whig party immovably stand.'

The great mass of Liberals, however, placed implicit trust in Mr. Gladstone, and the majority by which, in the spring

of 1880, he was returned to power seemed to the party at large to promise for the country such an era of peace abroad and steady progress at home as had rendered his first ministry for ever famous. It was not long before troubles and difficulties arose—some inevitable, others clearly attributable to weakness and vacillation in high places. As regards Ireland, legislation not merely of a far-reaching character, but founded on entirely novel principles, was passed. 'Free trade in land' had been a Liberal principle, if ever there was one; specially favoured, moreover, by Radical reformers and eminent members and writers of the Cobden Club. State regulation of the land was the panacea of Mr. Gladstone's government for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's vehement advocacy of the new policy differed very considerably from the weighty reasons alleged in its support by Lord Hartington. By the former the old teachings and tried principles of political economy were lightly dismissed. Only establish the new system, he declared, and the secular wrangling between landlords and tenants in Ireland would for ever cease. By the Whig leader it was urged with much truth that, as a mere matter of fact, a deadlock existed between rent-receivers and rent-payers; for the time, free contract was at an end, and some system of compulsory arbitration must take place in the interest of both, so as to provide a *modus vivendi*, till natural forces again came into play. Even more responsible than his Land Bill for alienating moderate men from Mr. Gladstone's following was the weakness of his administration in Ireland. The events of 1881–1882, the tyranny established by the Land League, the inability of the constituted authorities to defend the rights of law-abiding men, caused the deepest dissatisfaction amongst a large number of Liberals, who were beginning to fear that Mr. Gladstone, in accordance with the specious phrase—conciliation before coercion—was neglecting the first duty of all civilised government—the maintenance of the law. Men who knew anything of the feeling of the Liberal side of the House of Commons during the years 1881–1884 fully realised the danger to the party, as well as to the country at large, which a surrender on the part of Liberal statesmanship to Irish disaffection was bound to produce.

The Review from early days had shared these fears. It would tolerate no combination with those who were avowedly aiming at the disintegration of the kingdom, and who, in the meantime, were arrogating to themselves in Ireland

an authority superior to the law. In 1886 the final crisis came. The General Election was no sooner over than Mr. Gladstone made known his conversion to the project long advocated by Mr. Parnell of establishing a separate Parliament and Government in Ireland. This policy, which he had hitherto denounced, he now declared to be the fundamental principle of the Liberal party; and he called upon all Liberals, notwithstanding their recent utterances to the contrary at the General Election, to declare for Home Rule! A new position was thus created, which those who had long advocated the cause of Liberalism had to face. Lord Hartington was a Liberal, so were John Bright, Sir Henry James, Lord Selborne, Mr. Peter Rylands, and many others in both Houses of Parliament and in the country, who had spent their energies for many years in the service of the party. The Review was the oldest and most constant Liberal of them all; but it had always maintained in political controversy that party should be based on fundamental principles, not on mere personal allegiance to leaders, however eminent. In former days its relations had become strained with a far truer exponent of Liberalism than Mr. Gladstone—viz., with Lord John Russell, who in 1857 had thought it his duty to combine with the Conservative party against the Liberal ministry of Lord Palmerston. An article in the Review, written by Mr. Lowe, then Vice-President of the Board of Trade, far too much, it must be owned, in the spirit of an official subordinate, whose place had been in danger, savagely attacked Lord John. The latter's friends brought the matter before Mr. Thomas Longman, the son and successor of the original publisher of the Review, complaining that the article was inconsistent with its Whig character. He thought it right to intimate to Lord John his regret for the personal attack that had been made upon him; for great had been the wrath of the Whig statesman that he, the embodiment of true Whiggism, should have been censured by a Review which wore 'the uniform of Charles James Fox.'* And we may add this little incident shows that the publisher of a political periodical is at times called upon to exercise both tact and judgement.

In January, 1886, in the opinion of those who guided the Review, the party, headed by Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, joined a few months later by Mr. Chamberlain,

* Letter from Lord John Russell to Mr. Longman.

represented far more truly than the Home Rule Alliance, that was now formed between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, the principles dear to the Whig party. In article after article, for more than eighty years, the duty of moderate reform had been urged—of resistance to obstructive Toryism on the one hand, and, if need be, to reckless Radicalism on the other. The time foreseen had arrived. The moderating influence was withdrawn from what still called itself the Liberal party; but *its centre of gravity had changed*, with the natural consequence that since then it has not been able to stand upright!

History will never forget the great services rendered to the State by Mr. Gladstone; though it is natural that for a time the fatal error of his declining years should obscure in men's eyes the high qualities of his earlier statesmanship. As an ardent free-trader his name will live with that of Sir Robert Peel as the founder of the commercial system under which the country has for the last half-century grown and prospered to an extent without precedent in our history. To a journal of which in their day Francis Horner and McCulloch were pillars, it was inevitable that the transcendant financial genius of Mr. Gladstone, his sound economic doctrines, his firm faith in the merits—commercial and political—of free trade, would strongly appeal. And when, after much consideration, Mr. Gladstone, in 1859, enlisted under the Whig banner of Lord Palmerston, and became Chancellor of the Exchequer, there was every reason to hope that the Liberal party had received an accession of strength which would be beneficial both to themselves and the country. And for many a long year these hopes were fulfilled.

The strong sympathy for freedom abroad shown by Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, and the services they were able to render to Italian nationality, received the warm approval of everything that was best in the Liberal party. As regards domestic affairs, after Lord Palmerston's death, the younger and more energetic members of that party, who had borne with some impatience the postponement of reform during the Palmerstonian *régime*, welcomed Mr. Gladstone's succession to the lead of the House of Commons, and the formation of a more advanced ministry by Lord Russell. The Reform Bill of 1866 was the result. In no period of our parliamentary history have speeches more eloquent, more worthy of a great subject and of a great statesman, been delivered than those

of Mr. Gladstone in 1866 and 1867. They roused to a high pitch the enthusiasm of the country, which at the General Election at the end of 1868 gave him overwhelming support. To Mr. Gladstone's first ministry we have already referred. The many reforms it carried were thought out, and thorough, and their merits are now recognised by many of those who at the time opposed them. Amongst the greatest of the measures of that time was Mr. Forster's Education Act, the great foundation of our system of national education. It is sad to call to mind that amongst the bitterest opponents of Mr. Forster were Liberals who attached more importance to sectarian controversy than to the promotion of national education. Their attention was solely concentrated upon the famous 25th clause; and when the dissolution came the discontent of a large portion of the Nonconformist wing, always, and most deservedly, an important section of the Liberal party, was one of the principal causes of what was called the Conservative reaction of 1874.

It must be admitted, however, that the close of the career of Mr. Gladstone's first ministry was marked by unfortunate occurrences. And the suddenness and manner of the dissolution itself, now known to be largely due to circumstances connected with Mr. Gladstone's peculiar position in regard to his own seat in the House of Commons, were almost an outrage on decent constitutional usage. The principal 'plank in his platform,' to use an American expression, was the abolition of the income tax—a proposal about which he had not even consulted his colleagues in the Cabinet. This was not the way in which hitherto great political changes had been introduced to the British people. The electorate apparently resented electioneering tactics over which no veil of decency had been thrown. Mr. Gladstone received an overwhelming defeat at the polls, threw up the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and left it to Lord Hartington to hold together the Liberal party in the time of its adversity, and to repair its strength. Patriotically, ably, and wisely this duty was performed; but it was recognised on all hands that the great majority of 1880 was due principally to the vehemence and burning zeal of Mr. Gladstone, who, after some two years of retreat, had again thrown himself into the political fray.

Mr. Gladstone once said, with a smile, that in the course of his life he had been called many names, but no one had ever ventured to call him a Whig. And there was in his

conduct throughout, even when he was doing excellent work in the eyes of good Liberals, something that jarred with Whig instincts. As Lord Justice Bowen, as long ago as 1878, said to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, 'opinion with 'Mr. Gladstone was a zymotic disease.' There was something unhealthy—almost feverish—in the way in which he treated great political subjects: such, for instance, as income-tax repeal, Bulgarian atrocities, and Home Rule, to mention three only out of many examples that might be given. Where, again, on the many occasions when the politics of the day seem to trench more or less on matters arousing religious controversy, he might always be trusted to sympathise with the ecclesiastical view of the situation. In this also he was no Whig. Great leader of the Liberal party as he was, these things raised in the mind of no small number of the thinking men amongst his followers a doubt whether they and he would always be able to work together.

In 1886, as we have said, the final crash came. The Liberal party—Whig and Radical—at the dissolution in the winter of 1885 stood together under Mr. Gladstone's leadership for the last time. Mr. Parnell ordered the Irish vote in England to be thrown on the side of the Conservatives. But the Liberal leader had, nevertheless, the support of a large majority of the constituencies of Great Britain. In the House of Commons the Liberal members were now equal to Conservatives and Nationalists together. In these circumstances Mr. Gladstone, without thinking it necessary to gain the approval of his colleagues, embraced Home Rule, and declared it to be the central doctrine of the Liberal creed.

It was no light matter to break with such a leader as Mr. Gladstone. Those who knew him recognised the absolute sincerity of his conviction that the policy he was pursuing was for the good of his country. But what responsible men had to ask themselves was no question as to Mr. Gladstone's motives, but simply whether they could any longer look upon him as a safe guide. The greatness of his qualities, his ascendency over lesser men, his deep earnestness, only rendered him the more dangerous. If Mr. Parnell's policy was a wise and sound one, Mr. Gladstone's whole political career, so far as it concerned Ireland, down to January, 1886, was a mistake. In the most dangerous crisis of recent times Lord Hartington's action saved the State. With Mr. Bright and Mr. Goschen he stood firm against all solicitations to join Mr. Gladstone in preparing a measure for the establishment of an Irish Parliament and executive

Government in Dublin. From January to April Mr. Gladstone's assurances that Home Rule meant true union drew over to his support many weak-kneed men. But the situation hardened on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, which made it necessary for members, with their eyes opened to Mr. Gladstone's real policy, to take sides definitely for or against it. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan now joined Lord Hartington. The Bill was rejected, nearly a hundred Liberals voting against it. The country supported the House of Commons, and the 'Dissentient Liberals' rapidly contituted themselves into a powerful 'Liberal Unionist party.'

These events of half a generation ago have decided the subsequent course of English politics. The Liberal Unionist action of 1886 has been completely justified. It has been proved that the Union can be maintained, that law and order can be upheld in Ireland, that the British House of Commons is not at the mercy of the Irish Nationalist members, and bound for the sake of its own peace and efficiency to accept the disintegrating policy which Mr. Parnell or his successors would force upon it. Events have also shown that the rejection of Home Rule, and the defeat of the Home Rule alliance, have not condemned the country to a period of 'Tory stagnation.' The Unionist administrations that since the General Election of 1886 have been in power have carried measures of wide reform which would have brought no little credit to any purely Liberal ministry. The statutes establishing representative local government in counties, and in London, and for providing free education, have taken away all reality from the taunt that Unionist is a new word signifying Old Tory. In simple truth the Liberal Unionist party has accomplished almost to the letter the arduous task which in 1886 Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain advised it to undertake. Thus 'plain 'Whig principles' are still in the ascendant, denounced, no doubt, as heretofore by extremists of both the great parties, but forming nevertheless the ground-work of English political feeling amongst the large majority of educated, responsible men.

The triumph of the Unionist party, Conservative and Liberal, has in truth been so complete that their adversaries now hardly venture to keep the Home Rule flag flying. What, then, is to divide parties, if, by general consent of English politicians, the policy for which Mr. Gladstone fought is abandoned? For our part we should gladly see the Opposition rid itself of the millstone that has so long

hung round its neck. As yet it remains to be proved that it has so freed itself or can so free itself; and till this is shown, the country can put no confidence in the unionism of the Liberal party. No statesmen will get the support of the country, however they may label themselves or their followers, who cannot be trusted to maintain the parliamentary union of England and Ireland. Lord Rosebery is not the only leading Liberal who has come to recognise that with the electorate of Great Britain unionism is a *sine qua non.*

Circumstances and conditions have greatly changed with the political, literary, and scientific world since first

. . . . '"The Review"
Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue.'

The functions of a quarterly critical journal in 1902 are not precisely those which it was the mission of the 'Edinburgh' to perform a hundred years ago. There is certainly to-day no lack in quantity of criticism. Journalism has become the profession of a very large number of highly cultivated men and women, who justly pride themselves on their marvellous literary facility, and their readiness to turn to account the results of their own extensive reading. There probably never was a time when there was more ability of this kind available. Reviewing has, in recent years, become one of the regular functions of the daily press, and it is even the fashion for newspapers to publish reviews of books likely to interest the public on the very day that they appear! The monthly reviews, whatever the reason, do not concern themselves very largely with the discussion of general literature, and the weekly papers, which, as a matter of course, notice all the new books of any importance, though they often contain conspicuously able reviews, yet, from the necessary limitations of space, leave a wide field of usefulness open to quarterly critics. Books that have taken able and learned men years to write deserve to be pondered, not merely to be read, by those who would give a really adequate account of them, and would *criticise* them in the old and true sense of the word. It is one great advantage of the quarterlies, that even in these days of electricity they have time to think!

In the regions of science, and in the study of Nature, it is needless to refer to the gigantic strides that have been made. In a later article we discuss at length some of the results that have flowed from the life-long researches and patient investigations of Darwin. It is not without interest

that in one of the very earliest numbers of the Review * we comment in the following words upon the theories of his father, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, as disclosed in his poem the 'Temple of Nature.' 'Darwin seems to think himself 'warranted in concluding that there are no fixed or in-'surmountable barriers between the different species of 'animals.' Half a century later came the epoch-making 'Origin of Species'; and now after another fifty years we are able to take stock of the manifold results, direct or indirect, that have followed from the developement of the Darwinian theory. A third generation of Darwins has now made its mark in the study of natural phenomena, and already takes a front rank amongst those who are driving back the limitations of human knowledge.

Still, when all is said and done, no approach has been made to laying bare the great secrets of Nature. The heavens are not rendered less mysterious by the discovery that the heavenly bodies conform to rigid laws; nor is humanity more intelligible because in the animal and vegetable world fixed rules appear to regulate the variation of species. In the great controversies of the century both sides—the men of science and the men of religion—have learned something. The former have begun modestly to admit that their knowledge only carries them a certain way, and that beyond the large area in which they operate, they are no better qualified than others to lay down the law. 'They didn't know *everything* down in Judee.' On the other hand, if we may say so with all respect, the protagonists of supernaturalism have in these same controversies learned to lay greater store by common sense. They are learning to regard as friends the reasoning faculties of the human brain. They are ceasing to be afraid of every increase to our stock of demonstrated truth, and even to find in the highest exercise of 'the reasoning powers divine,' additional cause for their belief in a region above and beyond this material world.

For the greater part of the first half of last century several of the great Whig magnates took an interest in literature and the arts, second only to their interest in politics. The names of Holland House, Lansdowne House, and Bowood, recall to every one a time when Whiggism and literature went hand in hand, and a society where Edinburgh reviewers were as much in their element as when enjoying

* Edinburgh Review, July, 1803.

further north the more modest but not less hearty hospitality of the 'Duke of Craigcrook.'* The move southwards of the headquarters of the 'Edinburgh Review' was, in truth, but the formal recognition of facts. Modern facilities of travel and communication have tended to establish in the capital of the United Kingdom whatever influences are intended to operate in more than local spheres. As Brougham, and Horner, and Sydney Smith, and many another of the early Edinburgh reviewers were drawn south, so it happened ultimately with the Review itself. Under modern conditions it was found that its energies could be best directed and its influence most widely exerted from London.

It is impossible without breaking through that rule of anonymity which has always been observed by the 'Edinburgh Review' to show how closely the early advice of Lord Jeffrey has throughout been followed—viz., to keep its criticism as free as possible from the influence of mere literary cliques. As has been said, its contributors have always been very largely drawn from amongst those who are not exclusively men of the pen. Lord Houghton, who himself made known the authorship of many of his articles, is a typical instance of a man of literary distinction, who mixed, nevertheless, in political life and practical affairs, and who contributed largely to the Review. To his lot it fell to review 'Atalanta in Calydon,' 'The Spanish Gypsy,' and 'Lothair,' as well as to contribute many papers discussing European and general politics. Elsewhere in the present day the rule of anonymous writing may no longer be observed. Here the old tradition prevails. In every profession and in every walk of life the most distinguished men have ever been ready, and even proud, to give us their help. But we can make no mention in these pages of contributors in the past who have not themselves chosen to disclose their identity, nor of those who in this, the second century of its existence, most ably support the 'Edinburgh Review.'

---

* So Sydney Smith nicknamed Jeffrey.

ART. II.—1. *Helen of Troy.* By ANDREW LANG. London: Bell & Son. 1882.

2. *Völsunga Saga.* Translated by MAGNÚSSON and MORRIS: *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung.* By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1877.

3. *Epics of Ancient India. The Rāmāyana.* Translated and abbreviated by ROMISH CHANDRA DUTT. 1901.

THE jeer of Mephistopheles, when Faust drinks the witch potion of the renewal of youth,

> 'Du siehst mit diesem Trank im Leibe
> Bald Helenen in jedem Weibe,'

illustrates the degree to which the name of Greek Helen became the traditional symbol of a type. The sentence is but one of many kindred references. Helen was and remains the pre-eminent example of those women fair above others, untrammelled by spirituality within, and unshackled by the higher instincts of purity and uprightness, whose beauty sets in flames not Troy Town alone, but that far less impregnable fortress, the City of Mansoul. Fate decreed that, justly or unjustly, her character should be thus interpreted. And thus interpreted she stands as a prototype, evolved by later ages from a remote original; and doubtless here, as elsewhere, the source has been tainted by the streams which flow backward to the fountain head.

The Homeric story, told and retold, of the daughter of Zeus, the wife of Menelaus, the willing, or it may be unwilling, love-mate of Paris, has, from the days of Homer to those of Walter Savage Landor, been retinted and redyed, with colours as many as the fabulous woof of Joseph's raiment, in the legends and traditions which in successive generations clustered around her. From the very first indeed ill words were spoken concerning her, and good also. Mr. Lang, in the note appended to his 'Helen of Troy,' sums up the conflicting testimony rendered by classical authors as they bear witness to her guilt or exonerate her from all blame. The harsh sentences of Euripides, the implied condemnation of Virgil, stand side by side with the plea of Isocrates on behalf of her all-excusing beauty, and the praises of Quintus Smyrnaneus. Every reader may compare for himself the various Homeric phrases which left her fame a riddle hard for alien nations to read aright. Priam's verdict of full acquittal, Helen's own sorrowful confession

may be balanced one against the other; or we may take from the Odyssey Eumæus's angered invocation of destruction on Helen and all her kind, and Penelope's measured dispraise, when, hesitating to recognise in the age-worn stranger the lord of her house, she excuses her wariness with the reflexion that had Argive Helen shown a like caution it would have been well for Paris, for Menelaus, for Sparta and for Troy. Yet even in the Odyssey dispraise is qualified, for in another passage we find, 'Even Argive Helen, daughter of Zeus, 'would not have lain with a stranger, and taken him for her 'lover, had she known that the warlike sons of the Achæans 'would bring her home again to her own dear country.'

But, however doubtful the evidence, her story was against her. And, granted the story, it is the very human custom of literary tradition at large, if the story does not fit the character, to fit the character to the story. The Theban poet, Coluthus Lycopolites, who has found more than one English translator, drew in later days the picture of a compliant Helen following her one-day lover with the dawn of the next morning, and excusing the flight ordained by Cytherea. But whatever such overshadowing of the commands of Venus lingered in Greek poetry, with Ovid, if gods there were in the matter, they had slipped out of the reckoning. And as the story passed into the hands of the great Latin poet of love, the wooing of Paris, shorn of all glamour, becomes the courtship on which a Renascence gallant might model his love-making, and the parleying of Helen, equally bereft of illusion, only a pattern of the denial which surrenders. And it is his Helen of easy conquest who survived in medieval tradition.

Such adaptations of character to fact abound undoubtedly both in actual life and in the re-told tales of former ages. They are the natural refuge of onlookers removed by time or distance, who, ignoring or forgetting that a fact or a deed is as often as not an accident foreign to the true personality of the individual, argue the nature of the tree not from the root but from the graft.

Helen's latest apologist, in the poem where he has popularised the Helen legend for English readers after the fashion of Mr. William Morris in his versified re-telling of the Volsung Saga, has found and followed an alternative course. He has not in truth solved the question of Helen's guilt or innocence—her honour or her shame—but he has evaded the problem. Where Homer himself found, maybe, a riddle, and left, as none can deny, a mystery, Mr. Lang

has claimed the aid of enchantment, and sought in a spell the key to Helen's well kept secret. As Iseult of Ireland is constrained by the partaking of the magic potion to the love of Tristram, so, in the story as here told, Helen by reason of the Venus-spell, and by reason of it alone, loves Paris. A forgetfulness, the fatal enchantment of the goddess, holds her heart from all memory of Menelaus, of her marriage bond, of the child of her wedded years. The past is for her as if it had not been; a mist of oblivion makes of her familiar home a strange land, and the Paris she follows is at least her memory's first and only love. Helen's will is no factor in her doom; she is nothing but the victim—the unconscious victim—of the gods.

It is the 'spell-of-forgetfulness' episode with which fairy tale and romance has familiarised us from childhood onwards. The charmed food, the charmed cup, the performance or non-performance of some trivial action, or whatever the medium may be whereby the charm acts which obliterates faith, and by which true love is blotted out, is the common property of the storyteller of all lands and times. It recurs again and again in all the True and False Bride *contes*; it is hardly possible to open a collection of tales—be they from Grimm or from the sources of the 'Cabinet des 'Fées' series—without finding some man or woman, prince or princess, knight or maiden, separated one from the other in some such manner, bewitched into inconstancy, charmed into infidelity. So frequently has the incident been used that, even allowing for the widespread superstitions of magic potions and talismans, it would almost seem to read as a running excuse for the mutability of human affections, or, looked at from another point of view, it might represent in unconscious allegory the actual potency of an overmastering but transient passion to efface, while it endures, the whole moral nature of its prey—to erase all records, save its own, from the page of life. 'No, he remembered nothing,' says the rajah who has fallen amongst gipsies in one of the best known Indian folk-tales, 'nothing but how to beat the 'drum—he thought he must have beaten it all his life—rub-'a-dub, tat-tat.' And he had married another wife, and forgotten the little bride who was so delicate that her weight was no more than the weight of five white lotus flowers.

And even so after a like fashion Helen forgets her past, and instead of the shadow of a traitor's shame only a great compassion is the award of her unfaith. Helen, true wife

and faithful—doomed by the gods to follow Paris open-eyed, helpless, but irreconcileable—abhorring her destiny, as Brynhild her fated marriage tie to Gunnar, as Sita, in the great Indian epic, her captivity to King Ravan, does not here exist. So far as the first part of the story is concerned she loves Paris in joy and gladness of soul. But with the spell the chiselled sword of the tragedy is blunted. Under the very knife of the gods the victim sleeps. The anodyne of perfect oblivion shields Helen from shame and sorrow, and even in the very hour of reawakening consciousness her shame and sorrow is but the shame and sorrow of one fallen blind into a net. And thus with the spell the whole conception of the supreme power of a tragic doom is emasculated. The gods must chloroform their victim before they can drive her as the wind of destiny blows.

If fate lies on poets, as it has lain on them hitherto, to re-tell the tale, will a third interpreter arise with a third mode of expressing the paradox the Homeric Helen presents? Mr. Lang's moral machinery is distinctly that of the unmodernised conscience. Will the day come when some disciple of M. Maeterlinck will suspend all necessity of judgement with the serene assertion that the soul of Helen walked the streets of Troy unacquainted with the kiss of Paris? Howsoever this may be, so far as regards Helen—the lost Helen of a lost city—

> 'Petitz et grans, et beaulx et laidz,
> Dames à rebrassez colletz
> De quelconque condicion,
> Portant attours et bourreletz,
> Mort saisit sans exception.
>
> . . . .
>
> Et mourut Paris et Hélène'—

and it matters little enough, except as a curiosity of literature, how the scriptures of her life are revised by their ever renewed commentators. With the other Helen, the Helen whose name has become, since the days when Benoît de Sainte-More 'romanced' her history, a proverb in all lands, there is neither doubt nor discrepancy of interpretation possible. She stands by common acclaim as the symbol of those women whose loveliness of form and feature is framed for the undoing of men, whose beauty is a magnet to the more material impulses of men's passions. She destroys, wittingly or unwittingly, the lives she holds in fief. The field of men's hearts is hers to win, but her fairness is like some leopard beast of prey who devastates

the pastures where it feeds. Her name is linked with the royal sisterhood of faithless women—with that of Egypt's great queen, with the queen of King Mark. In Dante's vision of wailing spirits, swept onwards by the storm blasts of hell, after Semiramis and Cleopatra, comes the bane of Troy. 'Elena vidi per cui tanto reo tempo si volse,' and Paris and Tristram—the disloyal guest of Sparta's king betraying the hospitality of Menelaus, the disloyal messenger of Mark stealing the honour of the bride he is sent to guard—are mentioned significantly in one breath. And the same current of association stirs Chaucer, as in his Legend of Good Women he, with a corresponding touch, sets the queen of Cornwall beside the queen of Sparta—'Hide ye your 'beauties, Isoud and Heleine.'

But neither Iseult nor yet Cleopatra has ever quite attained to Helen's pre-eminence of fame, or passed in the same degree into the popular literary tongue. Iseult, with all her sins, the greatest her murderous attempt on faithful Bragwain's life, was yet, in her single devotion to Tristram, in her reckless passion, her fearless gaiety, her surpassing loveliness, an ideal in strict accordance with the medieval conception of a true lover, while the tragic ending of the romance, as, Tristram dead, she dies upon his body, was far more calculated to retain men's sympathies on her behalf than the domestic sequel supplied in the Odyssey to Helen's stormy life, when Menelaus has taken back his queen and she lives an honoured wife in her own land. No less Cleopatra, although she had perhaps forfeited her claim as the ideal lover, in her death might have been accounted worthy to take an exalted place in the saints' calendar of passion. But neither the one nor yet the other, and far less the Cressid of the successive Tales of Troy, beloved of the Middle Ages, can even be quoted as a rival in popularity. It is true that in those tales Cressid occupies a prominent part, and in the earlier version indeed Helen's is a subordinate figure, 'She 'was too puzzling as well as too Greek,' Mr. Saintsbury suggests.* But Cressid, even as Chaucer revivified and Shakespeare remodelled her, is of infinitely slighter and baser, if of more human, clay. Helen may be the victim of one god, but she is the daughter of another; she rules men's passions, and where love has no part in their admiration she still dominates and sways the destinies of her beholders. The worship they paid was an abstract worship rather than

* Flourishing of Romance, &c. Saintsbury. 1897.

a personal affection; it was not Helen but her beauty which reigned. So Marlowe, so the author of 'Troilus and Cressida' recognise the source of her dominion, seeing in her not the loveliness which Paris loved, but the glories of 'the face 'that launched a thousand ships.' Hers was the blood royal of beauty, Cressida's the beauty, pitiful at best, of the bird whose bright plumage marks it out a facile prey for the hawk. If, as it is conjectured, Cressida first existed as Briseis, the radiant-eyed captive, Achilles's mistress, it would seem the slave girl had bequeathed the taint of a servitude not far removed from the servitude of hire to the daughter of Calchas the priest, who receives at length the tragic final wage of her mis-spent beauty.

> 'Lo, faire ladies, Creseide of Troie toun,
> Somtime comptid the floure of womanhed,
> Undir this stone, *late leper*, lyith dedde.'

So while Cleopatra, Iseult, Cressida, with all the added fame bestowed upon them by the greatest amongst great poets who have sung their praises and recorded their loves, with others not a few, stand out by virtue of that especial gift of exceeding beauty amongst the shadows of the shadow land of death, Helen still stands alone and apart in the imaginations and memories of men.

Greek Helen and the hero-women of northern legend are divided by an abyss unmeasured and unmeasurable, and the divergence has been lessened by no later interpretations of either character. For though the ideal of Helen has, after a certain manner, been universalised and denationalised in its adoption by the literary tradition of various countries and peoples, the ideal of Scandinavian epic remains, persistently rooted, a race ideal of a limited area, a distinct and unpliable type, localised firmly in its native surroundings, in the imaginative temperament and mental climate of its birthplace. The three principal women of the 'Völsunga 'Saga' present the Northern ideal in sharpest emphasis.* If Brynhild be taken as the central conception, the tragic and savage figure of Signy in the earlier scenes anticipates one aspect of her character, as in the later section of the story, when Brynhild has passed from the stage, her rival, Gudrun, in the hall of Atli reflects the image, with less royalty and

* 'This is the great story of the North, which should be to all our race what the tale of Troy was to the Greeks . . . to those that come after us no less than the tale of Troy has been to us.'—Translator's Preface.

more womanhood, of the same indomitable persistence of purpose, the same inflexibility of passion, beside which the swift loves and hates of Celt or Latin heroism read but as the fitful loves, the changeful hates, the uncertain vengeances of children at play with life.

Between the stories of Helen and the Brynhild of the Saga there are some crude facts of common elementary episode. It is the fate both of the Greek and of the Northern woman to be held successively by two men as their own. The love of either woman brings destruction with it to the men by whom they are most loved. The love of Paris for the wife of Menelaus brings about the slaying of Paris and lays low the walls of Ilion. The love of Gunnar the Guiking for Brynhild results in even more dire catastrophes, death to Sigurd the Volsung, Brynhild's lover by right, Gudrun's husband by fraud—death to Gunnar the king and to all his house—ruin and wide-spreading misery to Gudrun and to the house of Atli. But, far beyond minor coincidences of circumstance and the general drift towards calamity of the two love stories, they have one deeply grounded point of abstract similarity. Both are, in antithesis to stories of will, essentially stories of fate. They are equally stories of lives foredoomed by an irresistible destiny to actions and catastrophes no foresight can avert, no uttermost striving of human endeavour or human wisdom can in any wise alter. True, the gods in the Greek legend play their parts before our very eyes, overpowering the intentions and ordering the deeds and affections of heroes, men and women, as the marionette master the puppets of his theatre, whereas in the Scandinavian saga the unimaged gods* of idol-less temples are shrouded from human sight. And though it would seem in other stories of the North, blue-cloaked, one-eyed, Odin Allfather walks betimes the earth in mystery, here he too has with his fellow gods withdrawn into invisibility. The veil of Olympus is freely lifted; the gods feast and drink in our presence, and their speech is plainly heard. Valhalla lies in mist, of its gods no speech is audible; in Brynhild's day they strike with long arms and very silently. Men feel the turn of the wheel, but the spinner sits in the dark. 'Who are the Norns, who rule the 'lot of all?' is a question which elicits but a dim response, significant in its vagueness. 'Many there be and far apart.'

* 'The religion was too spiritual, the people too inartistic for graven images of the invisible.'—Corpus Poeticum Boreale, vol. i. p. 426, note.

Yet in no other story is the sense of doom so insistently felt. It shadows every page, inflexible, remorseless, giving to the future the immutability of the past, and to the deed undone the irrevocableness of the deed accomplished. Nor, although critics in this will differ according to their several standards of opinion, can the long-drawn portrayal of the heroine of the 'Nibelungenlied,' Chriemhild (the Germanised and medievalised Gudrun of the Saga), in the stanzas of the great Teutonic epic, rival the conception of the Volsung Saga. The slow ripening of Chriemhild's vengeance against Siegfried's slayer during thirteen years of widowhood and seven years of remarriage, the very fact of that remarriage with Etzel, reluctant, but unenforced, her subsequent not unkindly relationship to Etzel, which contrasts sharply with Brynhild's fierce revolt against her wedded life with Gunnar (and indeed likewise with the hatred borne by Gudrun to Atli in the Saga version of her story), has shorn Chriemhild's sorrow and revenge of the dignity of passion. The epic has lost in some indefinite manner, until the last scenes, the breadth, strength, and sombre impressiveness of the Northern version. With Brynhild moreover the antagonist is life itself. With Chriemhild hatred is narrowed to a single point; it is not life but Hagen who is her enemy.

The chronicle of Brynhild's love and death in the brief condensation of the prose version, compiled, we are told, from fragmentary songs and floating traditions, occupies but twelve out of the twenty-three chapters into which the Saga is divided. Setting aside the plot as made known to most by Richard Wagner's adaptation of it to the exigencies of the opera stage and his own appreciations of the myth, its episodes are few, and in parts not wholly decipherable. Brynhild's divine descent from the father of the gods, her pre-existence as one of the Walkurie, is barely hinted at in her gifts of knowledge and foreknowledge. The cause of her condemnation by Odin, the slumber spell worked by the sleep thorn, the fire wall which shields her from all men save the hero whom she is doomed to follow, are incidents but lightly touched upon. We are told briefly that Brynhild is one of two sisters, daughters of Budli. One, Bekkhild, is a home-abider, skilful in all handiwork. Brynhild is a battle-lover, a forthfarer upon earth, armoured and helmed, a warrior maid of a type far removed from the toy amazons of Renascence romance—from Clorinda, dying gently at Tancred's hands, from Armida, accepting meekly

the succour of her sometime lover Rinaldo, from chivalrous Britomart, with her courtly valour and feminine grace. One brother Brynhild has, Atli, Gudrun's husband in far days to come, and a foster-father, Heimi. At the first meeting between Sigurd and Brynhild, in her hall, she teaches him wisdom. And no wiser woman can he find in all the world. 'Thereby swear I,' so Sigurd spake to her, 'that thee will 'I have as my own.' 'Thee would I choose though I had all 'men's sons to choose amongst,' Brynhild answers him, and their troth is plighted. Again he comes to her. At a high window in the topmost chamber of her foster-father's dwelling she sits working in threads of gold the deeds of Sigurd, those deeds which were past and those which were to come. There Sigurd sees her. 'I will get from her love 'like my love, and give her a gold ring in token thereof,' said Sigurd, unmindful that already it has been foretold to him '*Heimi's foster-daughter, fair to see, shall rob thee of all* '*happiness.*'* And he goes to that high chamber, and she, who never before has welcomed any man, gives him welcome. Then Sigurd cast his arms about her, and he kissed her, saying, 'Thou art the fairest ever born.' Word by word the prophecy is fulfilling itself. '*Thou shalt not sleep or* '*slumber,*' the seer had foreseen, '*nor care for any man,* '*except thou look on that maid.*' But Brynhild is not only the fairest, not only is she a woman unblamed, 'she knew 'no guilt in her life,' but likewise, as Sigurd has said, amongst women the wisest. Fated she is, as was Helen, but with her fate fares differently. She is no blind, passive victim; the blood of the Asir runs in her veins, and what the blood of Zeus never wrought for Leda's daughter the blood of Odin works mightily in Brynhild. No veil of mortal passion can dim her sight; her eyes are clear to see, and the truth is not hidden from her mind. 'It is not fated 'that we abide with each other.' Even in that first moment of union she speaks her joy's death-sentence. But Sigurd questions, 'What fruit of our lives shall be if we live not 'together?' Again her speech is as relentless as her knowledge is perfect. 'I shall gaze on the hosts of the war 'kings, but thou shalt wed Gudrun, the daughter of Guiki.' So seeing and so knowing—knowing that he 'whom I have 'chosen for my well beloved shall go to another'—she takes his love, and renders love to him again. Not with the reckless surrender of an Iseult, nor with the latent repent-

* Lay of Gripir, 'Corpus Poeticum Boreale.'

ance of a Guenevere, the dice-thrower's passion of a Cleopatra, or the acquiescent yielding of a fearful Helen, but with slow scorn of sorrow to be, and with a double security of strength to endure and strength to revenge her wrongs. So each sware oaths to one another, oaths the breaking whereof she beholds in the years to come, and with her own hands she takes part in the welding of her life, grasping undismayed the moment's joy despite all certainty of its swift undoing. '*What comfort is there set for Sigurd?*' Thus had Sigurd questioned the old prophet seer, Gripir, in the saga which prefaces the actual events of the tragedy. '*Tell me this, if thou knowest it. Shall I buy the maid with* '*dowry—that fair king's daughter?*' Gripir: '*Ye shall* '*swear all oaths faithfully, but ye shall hold few.*'

So the short season when Brynhild rejoiced closes. No love pledge save those she holds—a ring of gold and Aslauga, the child born to her of Sigurd's love—will she ever again receive at the hands of the Volsung hero, hers by right of ring and child and oath. No joy shall ever again be hers as from the house of Heimi Sigurd rides forth from her presence upon the road fate has paved with flints for the wounding of the hearts that pass.

In the House of Guiki, the home of Gunnar the king and of Gudrun the king's sister, the magic cup of forgetfulness plays its familiar and well accustomed part. Here—as in the majority, it would seem, of such stories, and it is, if so, a curious consideration—it is the man and not the woman from whose remembrance love is by virtue of enchantment effaced. Possibly the witch potion was not brewed which would have soothed Brynhild's passion into oblivion, or masked, even for an hour, the memories of the days of her love-joy from her heart's consciousness. Be this as it may, and whatever may be the significance we attach to such incidents, Sigurd drinks of the cup the mother of Gudrun has mixed for him. '*When thou hast been Guiki's guest one* '*night thou shalt remember no more the brave foster-daughter* '*of Heimi.*' Sigurd: '*How is it? tell it to me. Seest thou* '*any lack of honour in my mind that I should break my word* '*to the maiden whom I loved with my whole heart?*' Gripir: '*Thou shalt be the victim of another's treason.*' And so it in truth falls out, and all remembrance of Brynhild departs from him, and he beholds Gudrun and sees that she is fair, and he takes her for his wife, and to him her brothers swear brotherhood. Then follows swiftly the betrayal of Brynhild. For the sake of that sworn brotherhood, in Gunnar's sem-

blance and for Gunnar's sake, Sigurd sets forth to woo for Gunnar his own troth-plighted love. Treacherously, it is foredoomed, he must ensnare her 'whom he honours most.' And he rides once more the flames to Brynhild's dwelling. And Brynhild asks, 'What man is this?' 'Gunnar, son of 'Guiki,' Sigurd makes reply. And the treason is accomplished. Bound by vows she may in no wise break, Brynhild submits herself to that semblance of Gunnar. Yet if a mist is on her eyes a doubt is at her heart. To ride those fires was a feat none but Sigurd might achieve, she cries in angered suspicion, 'and he is my troth plight and my well 'beloved.' But doom holds the truth secret, and Brynhild is wedded to Gunnar and Sigurd to Gudrun, and 'the feast 'being brought to an end once more has Sigurd memory of 'all that has been.' Remembers—yet remembering is silent.

Thus Brynhild, as Helen, must pass from one lover to another. But her heart holds its old fealty unstained in all the undeviating truth of an untamed world. Helen, as we seem to see her, vacillates between old loves and new—here kind to Paris, there beset by memories of Menelaus, upbraiding her lover with bitter words, yet, fearful of the goddess, conceding all he demands. Her pre-eminence of beauty is shadowed with flickering lights, with shames, regrets, remorses, till once more, Paris slain, she reigns in peace queen, if not of love, of Sparta. Brynhild, cast in another mould, has neither the capacity for repentance nor any harbourage for those transitional affections which demand contrition. It is not so much that love with her is enduring as that change is impossible. Because of Sigurd's great worth, because he is of all men the noblest, because he is of all men the most fearless, because the words of the soothsayer, '*Comfort thee with this, my prince, that this blessing shall rest* '*upon thy life, that no better man shall ever come upon earth* '*under the seat of the sun than thou, Sigurd, shall be held,*' were words of very truth, she has elected him for her love. He is her soul's ideal as he is her body's worship, and, while honour is his, he is enduringly her love and her lord.

> 'Where I find worth,
> I love the keeper till he let it go
> And then I follow it.'

Had Sigurd, as Paris, been basely overcome, not all the angered goddesses of all nations' mythologies could have driven Brynhild to his side. Not all the winds of destiny, so long

as Sigurd remained unspotted and undegraded, could drive her heart from its anchorage in his love.

'Never loved I Gunnar in such wise that my heart smiled 'on him.' Why may she not love her life? Gudrun in her own bridal happiness enquires—Gudrun, who has yet to learn in Atli's halls the sharpness of loss and the fierceness of love mismated. But Sigurd, wiser than Guiki's child, divines in his lost love one of life's irreconcileables, and knows that, for her, sorrow will sign no armistice with fate. Betrayed doubly, robbed of the hero she loved, wedded to the king she despises, no alternative is hers but grief. 'What redress shall she get?' is Sigurd's mournful acceptance of the indelible injury done, 'since we beguiled her, 'she having my sworn words, none fulfilled, and no happi-'ness?' And Brynhild, true in hate as she has been true in love, speaks openly with Gunnar. 'Never again seest thou me 'glad in thine hall, never drinking, never at the chess play, 'never speaking the words of kindness, never overlaying 'the fair cloths with gold, never giving thee good counsel '—ah, sorrow of heart that I might not get Sigurd to me.' Then again, as the days pass, Gudrun in her folly would propitiate the queen's grief. 'Give her gold, and smother 'her grief and anger therewith.' And again Sigurd, watching, knows surely that no gift but one shall avail to appease her wrath or solace her bitter distress. And that gift he offers. 'I loved thee better than myself,' said the Volsung. 'I sorrowed sore that thou wert not my wife; but as I might 'I put my trouble from me, for in a king's dwelling was I. 'And withal and in spite of all I was well content that we 'were all together. . . .' Brynhild answered, 'Too late 'tellest thou me that my grief grieved thee; little pity 'shall I find now.' Then Sigurd said, 'This my heart would, 'that thou and I should go together; even so wouldst thou 'be my wife.' Said Brynhild, 'Such words may not be 'spoken, nor will I have two kings in one hall; I will lay 'down my life rather than beguile Gunnar the king.' '. . . Rather than thou die I will wed thee and put away 'Gudrun,' said Sigurd. 'I will not have thee,' said Brynhild; 'nay, nor any other.' No compromise exists for her. All things were loathsome to her, both land and lordship, so she might not have Sigurd she will walk loveless, husbandless, sonless. But the having of him is at a price she will not pay. 'I will not set my love on another 'woman's husband'—though that woman be Gudrun, whom she hates—'lo, two men in one dwelling I will not have,'

though the man to be deceived is Gunnar, who won her by deceit. So runs her unswerving, reiterated denial. 'And 'this shall be Sigurd's death,' so she cries to Gunnar, 'or 'thy death or my death.'

Her passion, her truth, her hatred march in absolute unity of purpose. Love never stays her wrath, wrath never slackens her love. Gunnar the hated must slay Sigurd the well-beloved. Her image is wrought in bronze; all men may gaze on her and see her face scarred with its heart wounds. Good or ill her deeds, her thoughts are lived in sight of all; she has no secret hiding-place, no shame; no place for repentance will it be ever hers to seek. Gunnar knows her purpose; the women of Guiki's house know it; Sigurd himself—though the sword that pierces his breast is held by Guttorm, the youngest of the Guikings—knows who is the doer of the deed. 'Lo! this has Brynhild 'brought to pass,' are Sigurd's words as life leaves him, 'even she who loves me before all men.'

Thus the story draws to its end. Sigurd is dead. The wrongs of Brynhild are avenged; she must 'bewail with 'weeping what she had prayed for with laughter.' Nor may any comfort her; her time is come when she must depart hence, nor might any stay her from her long journey. 'Ever was I joyless so long as I lived,' she laments as, clad once more in mail, she bids those around, 'Take the gold 'and be glad thereof.' And the sword is in her hand and her blood is on the white linen of the bed. 'Bury me on 'one side of the king of the Huns and on the other those 'men of mine, two at the head and two at the feet, and two 'hawks withal, and even so all is shared equally; and there lay 'between us a drawn sword, as in the other days, and there 'may we have the name of man and wife, nor shall the 'door swing to at the heel of him as I follow behind.' 'Men and women shall now, as always, be born to 'live in woe. We two, Sigurd and I, shall never part 'again.' The wounds open, her breath flits; she has said sooth.

And so Brynhild passes away from earth and the scenes of earth, bequeathing to Gudrun a legacy of hate, for sake of Sigurd, slain in the house of the Guiking, for sake of the oath of brotherhood betrayed, for sake of her own exceeding loss. Nor is her vengeance fulfilled till in the house of Atli, the brother of Brynhild, to whom Gunnar has re-wedded her, Gunnar is slaughtered in the hall, and Hogni stung to death in the pit of serpents, and till to the slaying

of her children and to the death of Atli Gudrun herself has set her hand.

The Homeric legend leaves Helen, sometime divided from Menelaus, reconciled with her husband, reigning in her old home at peace with life. The Northern saga leaves Brynhild, severed upon earth from Sigurd, reunited, man and wife, all severance ended in the enfranchisement of death. It is left, strangely enough, to the Indian epic to present us with the conception of a final tragedy for which neither life nor yet death can supply a remedy, a tragedy of which the completeness is unrivalled in European literature.

It is a far cry indeed from the heroines of Troy Town and the 'Völsunga Saga' to the heroine of the Rāmāyana, one of the two great Indian epics recently translated and condensed into English verse by Mr. Romish Chandra Dutt. But the claim of Sita, the wife of Rama, to stand as a representative race-ideal of womanhood rests upon an even surer basis than the claim of a Helen or a Brynhild. In a deeper sense than Villon intended it may truly be said that death seized the Homeric lovers, and Brynhild, no less than Helen and Paris, has gone the way of the dead. They are, one and all, except where poets sing their praises or literary traditions transmit their fame, forgotten and out of mind. The Greek worship of beauty, from which the Helen heroine first sprang, the Northern valuation of courage as the crown of all excellence—the groundwork of Brynhild's creation—are things of a far past. But the imaginative conception of Sita, the wife of faith, is the outcome of a national creed which has survived the first commandment of the Saga—'Be brave'—and the law and the prophets of the Greek—'Be beautiful'—and which has conferred upon her name the rare gift of a remembrance not dead but living, and upon the ideal she embodies a vital actuality. She 'holds a place in the hearts of women in 'India which no other creation of a poet's imagination 'holds among any other nation on earth. There is not a 'Hindu woman whose earliest and tenderest recollections 'do not cling round the story of Sita's sufferings and Sita's 'faithfulness told in the nursery, taught in the family 'circle, remembered and cherished through life.'

The race conceived the ideal, and doubtless the ideal has reacted upon the race. 'In no other country has the love 'of the wife for the husband equalled the Hindu.'* The

* Shoshee Chunder Dutt, 'India Past and Present.'

conception is simple and absolute. It is for every woman the total denial of selfhood, the complete abandonment of everything upon earth which conflicts with her devotion to the husband. Her home is her cloister, and he is her cloister's god. She fulfils in a literal sense the commandment of the law. 'Thou shalt have but one God, and Him 'only shalt thou serve.' And—the man being dead—when that service, devotion, and love could find no further expression, the sacrificial rite of suttee, which English dominion strove long in vain to suppress, symbolised in its terrible dramatic actuality the finality for the woman of any remaining motive for existence. 'Greater love hath no man than this,' so the Gospel warrant runs, 'than to lay down his life for his 'friend.' But that love—seldom, if ever, indeed, required of man by human custom or social law—was exacted, and not from unwilling victims, from every widowed wife of a whole nation, and the ideal found its tragic response in the flames of thousands of funeral pyres. In this, as in most things, the levels of East and West are on wholly different planes of thought. Where the West would see nothing but the exceptional extravagance, the disquieting exaggeration of some exotic passion, which in its overplus of self-surrender forfeits for the woman its patent of nobility, which—when translated from romance to real life—is an indignity and a descent from the self-reverence Western imagination demands of love, the East has a widely different standpoint. It regards such passion as the natural outcome of a woman's truest and deepest nature; it is her ladder of ascent, by it she attains to her highest praise and profoundest honour. It is no rare accident of temperament or circumstance. It is the daily bread, as it were, of common life, the habitual affection of every innocent woman for the man to whom custom, religion, and the marriage tie have bound her. Her very devotion to the gods is drawn within the circle; her piety is a vicarious piety; her offerings are—to borrow a phrase of European Christianity—always for his intention. Like the girl page who serves her rival in the old play, each wife might fitly address the god she worships, 'I but serve you to do him service.' Children at heart, children at play, when leisure and wealth allow of play, the Indian wife may remain, and does remain in most cases, a child in mind and in intelligence long after childhood, according to Western creed, is ended and playtime passed. But there are qualities in that childhood the womanhood of the West too often lacks, it is a lamp with a

hidden flame. In its ideals the East dreams while the West acts—but the dreams of the East have fire at their heart.

From such levels of living Sita, the heroine of the Rāmāyana, has become the Madonna of India. Her heroism lies not in deeds, but in thoughts, in her stainless purity, her invulnerable truth. The faithless wife has little or no place amongst the heroines of Indian imagination. The character of the wife of many lovers, dear in various guises and in all ages to Western fiction and romance, would seem to attract neither the interest nor, whatever the extenuating circumstances, the sympathy of the Hindu, and the primitive morality of innumerable storytellers relegates her in most instances to the ranks of the Rakshas.

'The ideal of life was joy and beauty and gladness in 'ancient Greece; the ideal of life was piety and endurance 'and devotion in ancient India'; and whatever may have been the theoretical, theological, or social conception of womanhood in the laws and creeds of Hindu prophet and Hindu moralist, as expressed in sacred books or embodied in national customs and conventions, that ideal of life—with its limitations perhaps only equalled by the limitations of the monastic discipline, with its avenues into moral infinities only perhaps paralleled by those of cloistral aspiration—has century after century become a reality in the great multitude of Indian homes, and has fulfilled itself in myriads of lives, despised and rejected by European educationalists for their ignorance, incompleteness, and servitude.

There is, it is true, a rival epic and a rival heroine in Aryan literature. Draupadi, the central woman's figure of the Mahabharata, is cited by Mr. R. W. Frazer in his 'Literary History of India' as 'typifying the Indian ideal 'of womanhood and as showing from the manner in which 'her sufferings were respected the high place she had ac-'quired.' And Draupadi may indeed stand, as Gudrun by Brynhild, side by side with the wife of Rama. But she never will in like degree impress the reader with a sense of her complete apartness from the heroines of other nationalities, nor, in the same manner, does the epic in which she plays her part produce, in spite of wider variances of custom and episode from Western use and sympathy, the impression of the Rāmāyana as a race product. As deeds are more easily effaced than thoughts, action—the outward life—would seem usually to be antagonistic to the preservation of individualism, to the especial singularities characteristic of a man or a race, whereas thought and emotion—the

inner life—would appear conducive to the intensification of personality in both its narrowest and widest sense. And the Mahabharata is in its essence a poem of action; 'it depicts the political life of ancient India, with all 'its valour and heroism, ambition, and lofty chivalry.' Staked and lost in an hour of madness to the enemy, Draupadi's undying hatred to her wronger is a clearer note in the epic than her devotion to the husband whom she redeems, while 'the deaths owed' to her outraged honour constitute the leading motive of one of the finest battle scenes imagination has ever delineated. The Rāmāyana, on the other hand, 'embodies the domestic and religious 'life, with all its tenderness and sweetness, its endurance 'and devotion,' and while the element of dramatic and war romance, the political strife and intrigue, the rapid succession of active incident, gives even to Draupadi's character, framed in such surroundings, something of cosmopolitan interest, the record *intime* of Sita's relationship to Rama, which constitutes the main feature of the story of the Rāmāyana, puts before our eyes an ideal no other race could have conceived, and whose living tradition no other country could have in like fashion perpetuated.

The impress of the ideal it is intended to inculcate is interwoven with the story from the first page to the last. In every event it is the leading thought. 'As the shadow 'to the substance'—the sentence is the epitome of the whole moral scheme of the poem—is the love of the wife to the husband. Sita, born of the earth, sprung from the furrow as the husbandman-king guided the plough across the field, child of human royalty and daughter of the corn-giving deity, is the exemplification of that indivisible union of perfect faith. The bride of Rama, prince of the Utopia of the East the kingdom of the Kosalas, by the altar with its flower garlands, its fragrance of swinging censors, its golden vases, its cups of sacramental honey, its kindled lights, its strewn grasses, Sita is given to his hands. Humanity stretching its rash promise beyond the bounds of mortality, henceforth she is to be partaker 'in death and in 'life of Rama's weal, of Rama's woe; to be cherished in 'joy and in sorrow; to abide his as shadow to substance.' And greatest of warriors, strongest, gentlest, and truest, Rama lives, in those first scenes of the chronicle, in the Arcadia of her love, compassed and encircled by the love of his father, of the queens, of his brothers, and of a people on the one side righteously ruled, on the other passionately

obedient. So the epic opens. Then the peaceful brilliance, the calm dignities of joy are eclipsed. The ill-doing of a jealous queen effects Rama's banishment. An exile from all those whose love amounts to worship, from father, brothers, and people, for fourteen years he must wander, a beggared vagrant, homeless, in the solitudes of the vast forests. And Sita must remain in the safe shelter of her royal home. The first ring of passion is in her swift refusal. Only the food his lips have touched is sweet to her. Only the water which caresses his feet shall be to her refreshment. In the thorn-covered path her feet shall go before. The wild fruits which feed him shall be her only food. Vagrancy, if he be a wanderer, is her only home, the roadway her abiding-place. Rama is her life, her lord, and her god, and his shadow outweighs the whole weight of worlds. Sita is the saint and confessor of love.

So they pass forth together from the thronging crowds who mourn their going; and the sounds and the sights, the splendours and the festivals of the city of palaces give place to the voices of the plains and the mountains, the rush of wide river waters, and the song of the winds amongst the giant palm stems. Yet in all their wanderings there is no prelude note of the tragedy to be. Pain and toil, weariness of long journeying, the desire of rest when rest may not be found—all these are theirs, it may be. But with Sita, though the heat and the sun steal the colour from her face and leave it as the faded lotus and the thirsty lily, happiness abides. A child's curiosity in the new strange blossoms, in buds and flowers unseen before, in fruits never before tasted, and unfamiliar berries of wild woodland growth, is hers. Rama's young brother, Lakshman, whom no entreaty can part from the wanderers, brings to her new toys for her hands to handle and her fingers to weave. The beasts, the birds, the music of the endless forest with its voices and with its silences are there for her delight. Bees murmur in their honey-quest. The dew diamonds the golden web upon the leaves. The unaccustomed feet of the palace-bred princess find new pleasure in the touch of trodden grasses. Sleep has a new meaning on freshly gathered fern spread for a couch, with a canopy of star-strewn skies. The lamps of heaven hang above the flaming petals and interlaced foliage of tall-stemmed pipuls and asokhs. Palaces may pass away, kingdoms be lost, cities forgotten; Rama is hers—all is well with the world. Never do we forget that Sita is the child of the furrow of the field. Tree, bird, beast, and

flower are her kindred and her fellows, countrymen of her own dear land, children with her of an earth-mother who knows, and loves, and cherishes her own. Fast and penance are duly observed, rites of abstinence and austerity; but her life remains to us a pictured pastoral of forest-cloistered joys, a paradise of serene ascetics to whom wedded love is a consecrated devotion.

So, sylvan-framed, the story approaches its catastrophe. Calamity in the East must be the outcome of sin—and Sita sins, sins in the very excess of love. For once, and, so far as she is concerned, for once only, the common grain of human nature comes to the surface of the fair web of the epic of the Ideal. The evil-doer of the story, Ravan, king of the Rakshas, sees and desires Sita for his own. To compass her capture he must induce the two brothers to leave her unguarded. Rama is prevailed upon to set forth in quest of the fair white stag sent by Ravan to roam the forest walks. Sita, left to the wardship of the faithful Lakshman, hears—the whole episode is one of fairy enchantment—a cry, as if of distress, and the voice is the voice of Rama. Terror-stricken lest some ill had befallen the hunter, she entreats the younger brother to follow the voice and rescue Rama, if so be that he has fallen into peril. And when Lakshman refuses, pleading obedience to Rama's command, to leave her unguarded in her solitude, Sita for one moment falls a prey to unjust suspicion, and upbraids her well-loved companion with fierce accusations of dishonour. Her mistrust works that which her fears for Rama could not effect. Lakshman goes, and in his absence Ravan triumphantly carries Sita a helpless prisoner to his distant kingdom, the island realm of Lanka.

From this point onward wars and the tumult of wars fill the poem as it tells how Rama seeks Sita from land to land till her prison-house is found. Then before the gates and around the walls of beleaguered Lanka the long-drawn contest rages. Episode follows episode. In the early days of battle, before the tide of victory sets for Rama, Rama having fallen wounded almost to death, Sita is brought forth to the very field of slaughter. There, as though dead, Rama lies, surrounded by his band of warriors, and as Sita from her chariot seat, guarded by Rakshas women, beholds him from afar, the mournful faith of the true Oriental finds expression in her lament. 'The will of Fate is changeless. 'Death is mighty. Rama, Lakshman, sleep the sleep that 'knows no day. I weep not for Rama nor for Lakshman—

'they have done a warrior's duty and have found a warrior's 'grave. I weep not for my sorrow; *from my birth sorrow* '*marked me.* Child of Earth, I seek in suffering the breast 'of my mother. . . .'

'Ever was I joyless.' Brynhild's cry of bereavement is significantly close to Sita's. And as it is with the one so is it with the other of the two mourners. For both the memory of past happiness is lost in oblivion. For both the dark night of the soul casts its black shadow backwards upon the sunlights and the rainbows of glad dawns. It is the ingratitude sorrow works, and small marvel is it that the angered gods of joy, indignant at that unbelief in their past gifts, take vengeance on the hearts of men and break the lamps which only needed the replenishment of oil. Sita remembers no more the bridal home-coming, remembers no more the first gladness in the palace, the long days and nights of joy of her woodland wanderings. Because the light is eclipsed she cries that no sun ever arose. And maybe, therefore, for Sita of little faith there waits a future sadder than all severance of dying, a parting more sundering than any barrier of the impotent grave. Yet Rama is not dead. He too is to know all the suffering death can inflict on love. The false image of Sita, a counterpart of the living, is borne into battle, and, as it were, slain with the sword before his eyes, and grief so holds him in its grasp that in his anguish he faints. Yet Sita lives. And round these central figures chieftains on either side re-engage in the fierce combat, and women bewail their dead. Ravan's son is slain. Lakshman, whose love to Rama is as the love of David to Jonathan, is wounded, and lies near unto death, and Rama's lamentation is rivalled in the outburst of his sorrow only by the words of the Israelite king. And still the struggle is protracted. There is desolation in Ravan's kingdom, destruction to his kinsmen, until at length as Sita's ravisher falls stricken to the heart, the wife of the dead monarch cries that once more the sentence is verified, 'Nations perish for a righteous woman's woe.'

Rama is indeed victorious, and the fourteen years of his exile are over. The crown of Ayodhya awaits his home-coming; his sandals lie, the symbolic act of a brother's true allegiance, upon the throne. Sita is released. But the end of sorrow is not come. Again for the second time in the story the sin of unjust suspicion is sinned. As Sita doubted Lakshman, so Rama's trust in Sita is overclouded. Have Sita's fetters left no stain? She has been powerless, a

captive in Ravan's hands. Every allurement of luxury, every temptation of ease, of pleasure, of riches, of ambition had been essayed to estrange her heart from its truth. Had Sita never yielded, never for one hour purchased peace? After long search, after hard strife, after all pain of separation and heart agony of fear—for consummation—a doubt. To seek with tears and with blood the crown of life, and having found to question if the gold be but some base metal, and the jewels but glass—such (if one may read beneath the surface the bitter philosophy of the poem) is the wont of human nature. Better were death than to live dishonoured. Rama is no Menelaus to take back a Helen. Let Sita prove her innocence, let the gods speak and give judgement! Sita's own lips challenge the ordeal; if Rama doubts, what good abides with her? The wood is gathered for the burning, the pyre is raised, the fire is kindled, and the flame, the sacred element of marriage altars, leaps up, and the people, with slander still fresh on their tongues, weep at the eleventh hour for Sita, found, saved, and sacrificed. But the gods are kind. In the flames the watching multitude sees a second figure. One, before whom their heads are bowed, stands beside her in the fire; and she comes back as arisen from the dead unscathed, to those unbelievers in love's immutable truth. No flower of her garland is withered, no hair of her head is singed, no fold of her raiment scorched. Two purities have met, the spirit of the fiery element, the spirit of the woman who has loved, and the flame which consumes has become the fire which protects.

But human joy, for the Oriental, is illusion. 'The cry, the 'incessant cry sent forth by Aryan India was that life was 'pain—pain from the body, pain from the world, pain from 'the heavens and from the gods.' And the Spirit of Fire has only befriended Sita that she may fall into the hands of fate. Rama reigns, just and righteous, in the kingdom of his fathers. But 'as the water-drop lies trembling on the 'lotus leaf so rests our fleeting life.' Unstable as the water-drop, perishable as the leaf, happiness comes but to go; peace is but a tent struck in the desert, where pilgrims tarry but a day. The doubt no miracle can dispel still dogs Sita's steps, and even in her own country ill words are spoken of her. And Rama, the just and the righteous, puts his wife from him. Once again, sad, forsaken, and alone, she lives in the far forest, and Rama's twin sons are born to her in sorrow and pain. In the forest she rears them, and the old poet hermit, 'the mighty saint Valmiki,'

teaches them to recite the deeds and wanderings of Rama and the story of Sita's unspotted truth. So the long years pass till the day comes when, at the king's high sacrifice, Valmiki sends the two boys to sing the Rāmāyana in Rama's own presence. Pierced to the heart with contrition, Rama hears the song, and Sita is summoned to the palace. The scene in which the gods give final judgement between the king and the wife has no parallel in its completeness of conception. And though to English ears the English equivalent to the rhythm of the Sanscrit verse robs the words of their full power, the mere telling of the events, the portrayal of the characters, the developement of the action, produce in themselves a tragic impressiveness not easily forgotten. Rama stands in the full splendour of his royal glories. The woodland-born children are near at hand; and Sita, mother of his sons, wife of his youth, grief-worn, yet fair as of old, is face to face with him who has been the one love of life. But neither her fairness, her constancy, nor her love shall ever again avail to gladden the heart of the king. 'I have 'sinned.' Such is the drift of Rama's open confession. He had bowed his head to the voice of his people; he had held her as guilty who was innocent of all guilt, lest he should be a cause of offence to the incredulous world. Now let the gods hear him and help. Against his people he may not offend; against Sita he will not. Let her once more prove in the sight of all men her unstained honour, and the eyes which were blind shall be opened, and for him and for her sorrow shall be effaced, and the joys which were theirs of old shall be restored.

Then Sita, gentlest of women, but the wife and daughter of kings, mother of princes, looked on Rama and she looked on the assembled princes. For her is no joy left in all years of time or eternity. There are wrongs which are remediless, wounds no salve can heal; deeds are irreparable, and no payment of arrears can obliterate the days when trust failed. Denied, discrowned of hope, through no second ordeal of flame shall her feet win their way to Rama's side. Slowly and sadly she utters her litany of despair:—

'If I from birth have lived unstained in thought and deed, spare thy daughter her shame and anguish, Mother Earth, receive her.

'If in service and devotion I have laboured undefiled, thou who didst bear this woman, Mother Earth, receive her.

'If to Rama I have in truth kept faith, from the burden of life let thy Sita, Mother Earth, be released.'

And the earth parted, and a golden throne arose, and on the golden throne sat the great mother, who has borne in many lands many names, the Giver of corn, queen of the sowing-time and of the harvest; and she folded her arms about Sita, and Sita, born of the furrow, returns to the earth.

No violence of passion with its suggestion of impermanence, no bitterness of resentment for wrong suffered in long silence, no reproach, no upbraiding, stir the deep waters which have passed over Sita's soul. The weight of a heart has been the burden too heavy to be borne of life, and it has sunk the ship in the windless night. Helen, from the arms of Paris, returned to live placid life-days with Menelaus. Brynhild, wedded to Gunnar, Sigurd, wedded to Gudrun, are reunited in death; 'we two, I and Sigurd, shall never part 'again.' But Rama, who has loved one love, and one love only, all the years of his life, sits solitary upon his throne, and Sita, whose love was truth of truth, loyalty of loyalty, passion of passion, whose life to his life was in very deed as shadow to substance—hand loosed from hand, heart broken from heart—passes alone and uncompanioned into the region where only shadows go.

Such, apart from all mystic and mythical interpretation, is, so far as Sita is concerned, the tragedy of Eastern idealism. It is for those versed in Indian literature to tell us how far Sita, as a race type, has influenced the subsequent ideals of Indian drama and Indian fiction down to the more modern school of fiction represented by the novels of Bankim Chandra Chatterji, whose work Mr. Frazer parallels with that of Pierre Loti ('outside the "Mariage de '"Loti" there is nothing comparable in Western fiction'), and those still more recent authors who have followed in his wake. In classical Western literature two figures alone stand out as in any way corresponding to the Sita ideal—the Enid, of Chrestien de Troyes' romance and of the 'Mabi-'nogion' legends, and the Griselda, of which the European popularity, when the story was adopted and framed by Boccaccio, exceeded that of any other of his *novelle*. Both may be cited as incomplete and broken reflexions of some remote, non-Western ideal, yet they are not in any true sense type ideals accepted by their own day and generation. 'Grisilde is dead and eke hir patience,' Chaucer himself tells us with an unbelieving jest at the close of his 'Clerkes 'Tale'; nor is one disposed to think—in view of the majority of Decameronian heroines—the Renascence novelist was more credulous as to the veracity of the character

Dione delineated. And if, as Mr. Ker * points out, the story of Enid, as told by Chrestien, 'has none of the in-'eradicable falsity of the story of Griselda,' it still lacks what is the most characteristic feature of the Indian type—a certain remote dignity, the spiritual vesture and veil of a womanhood which theoretically (to borrow a phrase) 'has 'never seen the sun.' Possibly the type was incapable of Western reproduction; possibly the medieval art-doctrine which regarded the subject of wedded love as inadmissible in romance was too firmly rooted to be lightly supplanted by a type approached from a wholly different standpoint. But whether it were for one reason or for another, Griselda and Enid are practically, in European classics, companionless, and the maid-errants or the wife-errants, as the case might be, of Arthurian legends, medieval romances, and Elizabethan drama are the central women's figures of early Western imagination.

To Helen, to Brynhild, to Sita, each man will render homage according to the bent of his own emotional instincts. Argive Helen, crowned by Greek poets, re-crowned as the symbol of the Renascence in its materialistic idealism, will to the end of time hold her Western devotees captive, a far-off dream of an unrivalled perfection of beauty. Brynhild, armoured and helmed, will appeal to the sympathy of the few. Now, as in her life days, she must be loved greatly to be loved at all. Sita lives for and in the East alone. But while the East is true to itself she will remain loved and worshipped, with all that is to the East most sacred and most dear. 'I reverence thee' (so runs the hymn to Rama where 'the best of all that Hinduism holds is sublimely 'rendered'†), 'the lover of the devout, the merciful, the 'tender-hearted; I worship thy lotus feet, which bestow 'upon the unsensual thine own abode in heaven. I adore 'thee, the dark and beautiful . . . the mine of felicity, the 'salvation of the saints. I worship thee, with thy spouse 'and thy brother. . . . I reverently adore thee, the king of 'incomparable beauty, the lord of the earth-born Sita.' Thus Sita is remembered; and, with all reverence be it spoken, to the Madonna of the Hindu as to the Madonna of the West the angels' salutation might be humbly addressed, 'Blessed art thou, so loved and so remembered, amongst 'women.'

---

* Ideals of Epic and Romance.

† Hymn to Rama, 'Lit. Hist.' Frazer.

ART. III.—1. *Report of His Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject of the Administration of the Port of London and other matters connected therewith,* 1902.

2. *First Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Steamship Subsidies,* 1901.

3. *The German Empire of To-day.* By 'VERITAS.' London: Longmans & Co. 1902.

4. *Commercial Trusts.* By JOHN R. DOS PASSOS. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901.

OBSERVERS of political thought and feeling have seen in this country at the opening of the twentieth century two very differently coloured streams flowing side by side. On the one hand there has been a larger sense than ever before existed of the greatness and possible destinies of the British Empire; on the other a doubt as to the soundness of the heart of that Empire. The way in which the South African war affected the public mind is, as it were, a microcosm of a more general feeling. The national spirits were raised by the exhibition of the solidarity and resources of the different parts of the Empire, but depressed by the revelation of a military system so unprepared to meet the changes produced by new weapons that it was necessary to take costly lessons from the enemy and remodel the art of war during a campaign. The result was a feeling of vast resources inefficiently applied. It is clear to anyone who studies the writing and listens to the talk of the day that many persons well fitted to judge are haunted by a suspicion, stronger in some and weaker in others, that the British Empire may be in the position of a man who has attained to the height of power, wealth, and fame, but finds his tenure of these advantages threatened by an incipient heart disease. Like a gloomy undertone this feeling pervades discussions on military and even naval affairs, on the procedure and condition of Parliament, on the work of public offices, on statistics of population and trade, on education, on industrial methods. It breathes in the exhortation of the Prince of Wales to his fellow-countrymen to 'wake up,' in the stress laid by Lord Rosebery on the word 'efficiency.' It is not, we think, a mere passing recrudescence of the eternal spirit of pessimism, or a fall in the moral temperature. The feeling is derived from a study of facts and figures, and from a rational comparison of ourselves with others.

Just as the art of war is always changing, just as tactics successful in the Seven Years' War broke down in that of the Revolution, and those successful in the Crimea failed in South Africa, so also methods of government and commerce adequate to the facts of one age may, in a changed environment, lead to the ruin of those who fail to adapt themselves. History shows, it is written on the streets of Venice and Cadiz, how swiftly commerce, wealth, and empire can pass from one centre to another, and how specially rapid the process may be when a nation's pre-eminence rests upon maritime superiority. Matthew Arnold, in a fine poem, wrote that

> 'Empire after empire, at their height
> Of sway, have felt the boding sense come on,
> Have felt their huge frames not constructed right,
> And drooped, and slowly died upon their throne.'

Let us hope that in our own case the boding sense may have come in time to permit salutary reconstruction, as the early discovery of a disease may save the life of a patient.

We propose to discuss in this article the conditions which make for success in the modern commercial, maritime, world competition, and to consider whether any modifications of national policy are necessary in order to meet those conditions.

The oldest and most permanent condition of maritime success is that a nation should have ports capable of receiving conveniently the largest ships of the time. From this point of view, and because the whole story illustrates to perfection certain general deficiencies in English methods, we desire to advert at some length to the Report made last June by the Royal Commission on the Port of London.

London has an admirable position for maritime commerce. It is situated at a corner of the English coast, near to the Continent, upon a river not subject to excessive floods, but with tides sufficient to transport traffic with ease; the banks of the river are not steep or rocky, but suitable for dock and canal excavation, for building, and for access by road. These advantages have at all times given to London the position of the leading port in England, and the rise of England has made this port by far the greatest in the world. Already, in 1685, as Macaulay writes, 'London had in the world 'only one commercial rival, now long outstripped, the 'mighty and opulent Amsterdam.' Just at that date London was leaving Amsterdam behind in the race, and since then

her pre-eminence as a commercial port has been uncontested. This pre-eminence was never so absolute, before or since, as it was during the last fifty years of the eighteenth century and the first fifty of the nineteenth. The old maritime rivals were almost extinct, and the new ones had not yet arisen. For a time the only really formidable competitors were the Americans with their fast-sailing Atlantic ships. About the time when the 'Edinburgh Review' was born the Port of London was in a condition which called for remedies, the growth of the trade having outstripped that of the accommodation. There were not then, however, as there are now, formidable rivals, just across the North Sea, well-equipped and ready to take advantage of any weakness of London. The maritime commerce of France and Holland had been ruined during the long wars, and it was long before the birth of the modern German Empire.

In 1799 there were no docks in the Thames, except one small dock on the south side. Ships were loaded and discharged as they lay moored in the stream, or at quays and wharves. When, as was the case in sailing days, large fleets arrived about the same time, the river was so crowded that it was difficult to pass up and down, and there were consequently endless delays and irritations. This state of things was prejudicial also to the interests of Government, as it was difficult, under these circumstances, to prevent frauds on revenue. Committees inquired and reported, and it was agreed that the remedy was the construction of docks. Acts were, therefore, passed authorising the incorporation of dock companies and their encouragement by a system of temporary monopolies. So, for instance, the Act of 1799, constituting the West India Dock Company, provided that, for a period of twenty-one years, all ships in the West India trade should load and discharge exclusively in the docks to be built by the company. Under this system dock construction proceeded rapidly. Companies arose, built docks, fought each other, and, according to the usual law of developement in these matters, often terminated an expensive contest by amalgamation. The East and West India Dock Companies were amalgamated in 1838; the London and St. Katharine Companies in 1864. These two combinations competed ardently, and, in the course of the contest, the latter group built the costly Albert Dock, and the former the still more expensive Tilbury Docks. In 1888 the two combinations ended their 'war of rates' by entering into a 'working union.' The amalgamation was formally

completed in 1900, and the system is now controlled by the London and India Docks Company. This company has almost a monopoly of the large liners trading to London, but in certain special trades, such as corn and timber, the Surrey Commercial Docks Company on the south side, also the result of several amalgamations, and the Millwall Company, do a considerable business, while almost half of the whole tonnage using the port still load and discharge in the stream or at the numerous wharves which line the river for miles.

Till the year 1857 the general control of the river, including maintenance of the channels and regulation of the traffic, was exercised, or was supposed to be exercised, by the City Corporation. Everywhere these were originally municipal functions, but in all our leading ports, except Bristol, they have been during the last fifty years transferred to specially constituted authorities. These and other powers and duties were, by an Act of 1857, vested in the Thames Conservancy. This body governs the river from Cricklade in Wiltshire to a line between Essex and the Isle of Sheppy. It now consists of representatives of the riparian county councils and boroughs, with a few representatives of shipowners, and barge-owners, dock companies and wharfingers. It is not, therefore, distinctively constituted for Port of London purposes.

Other functions in the Port of London are discharged by the Trinity House Brethren, who control pilotage, buoying, and lighting; by the medieval guild called the Watermen's Company, who license and regulate boats and barges; by the City Corporation, who are the sanitary authority; by the Metropolitan Police, who police the river and docks; and by other bodies. Thus there is a wide distribution among dock companies and public authorities of powers which are in most foreign ports, and even at home, concentrated in the hands of a single administration.

The appointment in 1900 of the Royal Commission on the Port of London was immediately due to certain steps taken in Parliament by the London and India Docks Company, but, in a wider sense, it was due to the breakdown of the whole system of the Port of London in face of the revolution which has taken place in recent years in shipping and commerce. A port which does not adapt itself to these changes is lost. The Commissioners point to some signs of evil omen. It is true that the aggregate maritime trade of London, whether measured by value of goods or by shipping

tonnage, has rapidly and steadily increased during recent years. This increase is due to the growth in magnitude and purchasing power of the vast population on the banks of the Thames. But the ancient and considerable portion of London trade, which consists in the import, warehousing, and re-export of goods, has experienced during the last twenty years a singular arrest, and even decline. In the opinion of the Commissioners the decadence of London as the world's central maritime junction is due in part to outside causes, such as the construction of the Suez Canal and the trans-continental American railways, and the efforts of various countries to develope their commercial marine; partly to internal deficiencies, which might be remedied. They point out that, if London becomes less convenient or more expensive for the reception of large ships than Hamburg, Antwerp, or Rotterdam, it is quite possible that the transhipment trade may pass to these ports. It is even possible that goods destined for British ports, and for London itself, should be transhipped from ocean steamers at Rotterdam or Antwerp, and carried across the narrow seas in small steamers, the glory and profit of receiving the great steamers thus departing from London. It takes little to deflect the course of great steamers, to whose owners time is most literally money. 'These considerations,' say the Commissioners, 'point to the advantage of adapting the Thames in every 'way to the requirements of modern ocean-going ships.'

The Commissioners then call attention to the revolution which has taken place in maritime conditions. This is due to two chief causes—first, the displacement of sailing ships by steamships, and, secondly, the great increase in the average size of ships. It is not too much to say that the dimensions of vessels employed in the main liner services have been quadrupled within the last forty years. The construction of ships has also been revolutionised, ships built like rectilineal oblong boxes on keels taking the place of the gradually curved vessels of former times. This fact is of importance because dock entrances built with a view to the older construction of ships have to be reconstructed, even if their depth is sufficient. The largest ship afloat in 1901 was the 'Celtic,' of the now Americanised White Star line. Her gross tonnage is 20,880; her length 680 feet, breadth 75 feet, and depth 45 feet. 'These dimensions,' say the Commissioners, 'give some idea of the possible 'class of ship for whose reception the channels and docks 'of any port which desires to remain in the first rank must

'in future be adapted.' The Commissioners quote in the same connexion a passage from the evidence given to them by a leading shipowner, Sir Alfred Jones, whose experience is wide and varied. He said:—

'If London is restricted in the depth and size of her ships, and Hamburg and Rotterdam—those two ports in particular which are going ahead tremendously—are able to get facilities which we cannot get, it is a tremendous drawback to the British shipowners and British commerce altogether. I might go further, because you may look with certainty to the future producing very much larger ships. The economical ship is the large ship, and unless you can provide for the large ship you cannot compete for the carrying trade. The carrying trade is not protected like a railway. Anybody can come into it who can produce a machine cheaper than his neighbour, and his neighbour is always looking for something that can do it cheaper. Then, again, the Englishman does not care what he ships his goods in, whether under the German flag or the French flag. You do not find that feeling with a German or a Frenchman; he will endeavour as far as he can to ship his goods under his own flag.'

The shipowners and merchants who gave evidence were agreed that, except for its neighbourhood to the greatest market and centre of consumption in the world, the Port of London, under its existing conditions, has every kind of disadvantage. The channels leading up to it are not deep or wide enough to allow the passage of great modern ships without long delays in awaiting sufficient tides; many of the dock entrances are of insufficient size; the berth space is often not sufficient to accommodate the ships, or the quays and sorting sheds to receive cargo; labour is inefficient or badly organised; plant not up to date. Consequently ships cannot enter, clear their cargo, and depart so quickly as they can at other large ports. Shipowners find it difficult to reckon on fixed dates; merchants have to wait days, or even weeks, before they can obtain delivery of goods; there is endless irritation and loss of time and money. The Commissioners observe that the conditions of modern trade and industry, and the increase of railway facilities in various parts of the world, have enabled enormous cargoes to be swept down to the coasts of every continent and to be shipped for London. 'Mechanical invention and 'enterprise,' they point out, 'have provided ships equal to 'carrying these cargoes; and the immense growth in 'population and wealth of London and the country round 'it has afforded a market sufficient to attract and absorb 'them.' While London has grown, and the trade has grown, and ships have grown, nothing except some

'desultory dredging' has been done to improve the channels of the Thames, and little, since the completion of the Tilbury Docks, to extend the dock system or to adapt it to modern requirements. The channels remain inadequate because the Thames Conservancy is an unenergetic and unsuitably constituted body, with a revenue insufficient for more than current purposes. The docks remain inadequate because they are in the hands of several independent companies, none of them possessing sufficient financial strength to execute the works which are necessary. It appears also from the evidence that the Thames Conservancy hesitate to spend money on the channels until the dock entrances are improved, while the dock companies doubt the policy of spending too much on their docks until the channels are deepened.

'Lord Chatham, with his sword drawn,
Stands waiting for Sir Richard Strahan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Is waiting for the Earl of Chatham.'

Meanwhile, in the opinion of the Commissioners, it is necessary that at least two and a half millions should be promptly spent upon deepening and widening the river channels, and at least four and a half millions on extending and improving the docks, if the Port of London is not to lose its position.

We do not propose to discuss the reasons why the London dock companies, notwithstanding the great increase of trade, have, for the most part, hardly been able in recent years to pay dividends to their shareholders. Their enemies charge them with over-capitalisation and bad administration. The companies themselves—and the Commissioners seem to agree to this contention—ascribe their misfortunes to the fact that three-fourths of the goods which enter the docks bring no profit, inasmuch as they are carried off free of charge by barges whose owners have a statutory right, conferred in times when all circumstances were very different, to use the waters of the docks without payment. The attempt of the London and India Docks Company to obtain from Parliament power to tax these goods and barges roused the fierce opposition of the river-side wharfinger interests. The Commissioners summarise the situation thus created as follows:—

'For a period of a hundred years the dock companies have carried on their business under the condition of the "free water clause," which they have endeavoured without success to induce Parliament

substantially to alter. During that period other river interests of importance have grown and developed upon the basis of the same condition, so that London has become a port largely dependent upon the enterprise which has constructed private wharves and warehouses fed by barges. The free water clause has operated detrimentally to the dock companies, but (even assuming that in all their administrative policy the companies have been blameless), the great proportion of the misfortunes which have befallen them must be attributed to trade and fiscal changes for which the other river interests are in no sense responsible. The financial difficulties of the dock companies have prevented them from bringing their docks up to the level of modern requirements. It is admitted on all sides that some remedy should be applied to a state of affairs disastrous to the port, but it is a matter of debate what that remedy should be.

'On the one hand the dock companies suggest the repeal of the free water clause, a measure which, though perhaps not unjust in itself, would disturb the business organisation of the river which has been evolved by the experience of a hundred years. On the other hand, it was in effect contended that, in principle, commercial misfortunes should lie where they have fallen ; that great river interests which have not been unfortunate should not be disturbed in order to assist those which have been ; and that the vital need for financial strength would be better secured by the creation of a new body responsible to the public, than by strengthening, as against other interests, companies responsible to shareholders.'

Thus the administration of the Port of London has, like our education system, grown up in a haphazard, non-rational way, and the history has ended in a deadlock which prevents the execution of essential improvements. It is a good illustration of the sacrifice, too common in our country, of public to private interests.

The Commissioners have proposed a large and thorough measure of reform. They recommend the transfer to a public Port Authority of all the powers exercised within the Port of London by the Thames Conservancy, the Trinity House, and the Watermen's Company. They also recommend that all the property of the three chief dock companies should be vested in this authority, security against loss being given to the shareholders. They suggest that the burden of improving the river, the 'great water 'highway of London,' should be undertaken by the London County Council and the City Corporation. As, notwithstanding this relief, the Port Authority would need a larger revenue than that derived from existing sources, they recommend that it should be armed, like the port authorities at Liverpool and elsewhere, with a power to raise a duty upon all goods which enter the river. This scheme

has met with very general approval, and it is to be hoped that next year the Government will propose to Parliament a measure framed unreservedly upon these lines. The Commissioners conclude their report by saying :—

'Our inquiry into the conditions of the Port of London has convinced us of its splendid natural advantages. Among these are the geographical position of the port; the magnitude, wealth and energy of the population behind it; the fine approach from the sea; the river tides strong enough to transport traffic easily to all parts, yet not so violent as to make navigation difficult; land along the shores of a character suitable for dock construction and all commercial purposes. In addition to these advantages, London possesses docks which, although they are not in some cases upon the level of modern requirements, are yet capacious and capable of further developement. The deficiencies of London as a port, to which our attention has been called, are not due to any physical circumstances, but to causes which may easily be removed by a better organisation of administrative and financial powers. The great increase in the size and draught of ocean-going ships has made extensive works necessary both in the river and in the docks, but the dispersion of powers among several authorities and companies has prevented any systematic execution of adequate improvements. Hence the port has, for a time, failed to keep pace with the developements of modern population and commerce, and has shown signs of losing that position relatively to other ports, British and foreign, which it has held for so long. The shortcomings of the past cannot be remedied without considerable outlay. We are, however, convinced that, if, in this great national concern, energy and courage be shown, there is no reason to fear that the welfare of the Port of London will be permanently impaired.'

It is clear that the evidence left the Commissioners seriously impressed by dangers threatening British maritime trade. After referring to the close German competition in the construction of ships of the largest class, and to the possible American subsidising policy, they say :—

'These are among the signs which show how seriously the maritime superiority of this country is now being challenged. It is clear that any incapacity of the greatest British port, which takes about a fifth of the trade of the United Kingdom, and does so much transhipment and re-export trade, to accommodate the largest modern steamers, may count in deciding the result of the contest.'

The Commissioners point out that on the Continent public ownership of docks and harbours, wharves and quays, is almost universal. They quote a statement made by M. Royers, Chief Engineer of Public Works at Antwerp, who said :—

'So far as I know, private ownership does not exist on the

Continent in regard to wharves, quays, &c.; these are held by the authorities for the benefit of the public. The coast line, the navigable streams and rivers, all belong to the Government, and are under its control. Permission is never accorded to private firms or to public companies to exploit these for their own particular ends or benefit. In all such matters public utility and public convenience alone are taken into consideration. Not only is a navigable river nearly always appropriated to the public service, but the bank, or towing path, is likewise regarded as being Government property. Therefore, speaking generally, it may be said that private ownership does not exist here, either in regard to the stream itself or to the land immediately adjacent thereto. For the same reason, private ownership in docks, wharves, quays, &c., here is unknown, and this could not be otherwise. It might happen that a concession for the appropriation of land, either riparian or on the sea coast, might be granted by the Government to individuals. But this is rarely the case; and, in fact, I know of none which have been important or which have met with success.'

The Commissioners quote also this striking passage from a report made in 1897 by an American State Board of Inquiry into 'docks and terminal facilities': —

'The four continental ports of Havre, at the mouth of the River Seine, of Antwerp, fifty-nine miles up the Scheldt, of Hamburg, seventy miles up the Elbe, and of Rotterdam, on the new Maas, being the main outlet of the Rhine, eighteen miles from its mouth, are all great cities and commercial entrepôts, whose present growth and importance have been largely achieved within the century. They are all connected by systems of waterways with the far interior of Europe, and are great distributing centres, where merchandise changes bulk in transportation to ultimate destination; and all are natural terminals, where barge or river navigation ends and ocean carriage begins.

'At each city are to be found magnificent and costly systems of docks, piers, anchorages, and waterways, under public ownership and control, possessing every facility for carrying immense trade by means of commodious and convenient warehouses, with modern appliances, operated by steam, water or electricity, and all are designed to promote economy and speed in handling at low, uniform and unvarying rates of charge.'

The Royal Commissioners find that the conclusions of the American Board are fully confirmed by the information which they have themselves collected from British Consuls and shipowners. They state that in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France the national and municipal authorities have within the last thirty or forty years executed great works of improvement in their ports and rivers. These Governments have not been deterred by questions of cost; they have not been obliged, like dock companies, to consider

the dividends of shareholders; they have acted rather with a view to securing future than to accommodating existing trade; they have kept in sight the policy of providing for ships of the greatest draught; and, especially at the ports of Hamburg, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, they have already been rewarded by a very rapid increase of business. The Commissioners say:—

'For ships which use the docks—that is, for all large ships—London is a much dearer port, both as regards out-payments and as regards delays, than Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, and for those goods which pass through the docks, it is, taking together dues on goods and ships, cost of labour and pilotage, a somewhat more expensive port, as regards out-payments, than Hamburg, and not nearly so well organised.

'It appears that at Hamburg the port is not worked at a profit, and that the expenditure exceeds the receipts. The State Government, however, consider that the benefit due to the influx of trade compensates the city for the specific loss, and they look to the future, encouraged by the enormous increase in shipping parallel to the increase in expenditure. The low cost of Rotterdam and Antwerp seems to be partly due to the cheapness of labour, but also to the deliberate policy of the Dutch and Belgian Governments, who are closely competing for the trade of the Low Countries, and of that great and flourishing region from which goods come down to the coast by the River Rhine and by the German State Railways.'

They add, and it may be taken as the widest and deepest moral of their report:—

'The power of undertaking large present expenditure, and of working for a long time at a loss with a view to compensation in a distant future, is no doubt, in the keen world-competition, an advantage possessed by undertakings which have the force of an empire, state, or great city behind them. If, in some countries, national and municipal resources are thus employed, it becomes most difficult for private enterprise elsewhere to hold its own against the intelligent, far-sighted, and formidable rivalry thus created.

There can be no doubt that the apprehension in the mind of the Commissioners was chiefly due to the successful advance of Germany all along the commercial line. The German Empire is undoubtedly a dangerous rival. The population of that empire is somewhat larger than that of the whole white population of the British Empire, and more homogeneous. The constitution of the empire is so devised that, if circumstances favoured, small states like Holland and Belgium could be merged in it without losing their monarchies and national institutions. It is quite upon the cards that German Austria may be added to an empire

which would then have an outlet upon the southern as well as upon the northern seas. The Germans have resources enormously greater than those of our old competitors the Dutch. They are a race of a far more strenuous and persevering character than that of our later commercial rivals the French. In the school of adversity at first, and now under the pressure of danger due to a frontier unprotected upon three sides by sea or mountains, the Germans have learned the need of constant vigilance and systematic preparation. After the crushing victories obtained over Austria and France, victories of more over less scientific organisation of war, the Germans did not rest upon their laurels, but directed energy and skill to laying the foundations of a future superiority, as they hope, in trade and commerce, and possibly those of naval hegemony.

The writer, who signs himself 'Veritas,' of the excellent, much-needed, and most valuable little book, called 'The 'German Empire of To-day,' begins it with the following observations:—

'The rise and fall of nations is always an attractive study. This is especially the case when a country is rising to untold fortunes, and is not on the wane like Lord Salisbury's "decaying nations." With Germany it is, of course, a question of ascent not descent. The German Empire of to-day is a solid structure that has stood the test of thirty years of life. Nothing can now shake its *solidarité*. There it stands, an everlasting monument to the ability of its founders and of their illustrious successors. The nation is gathering strength and stature year by year. It is sound, healthy, and vigorous.'

In Germany a vigilant, ambitious, and energetic Imperial Government, its hands freed by the state and provincial system from many details which fall in London upon the central administration, co-operates with a commercial and industrial class formed by an admirable practical system of education. This co-operation is the foundation of German success. There can be no success without both good leading and good following. In France the Government does all that it can; it spends money upon the national ports; it gives subsidies to shipping larger than those of any other government; but it has not been able to instil into a cautious and sedentary people the spirit of adventurous and persevering enterprise in the great fields of commerce. In our own country there is enterprise enough, though less, perhaps, than in some former times, but Government contributes little assistance or leading. In Germany there appears to be a sound balance between

public leading and private energy and enterprise. A witness before the Steamship Subsidies Committee remarked:—

'It is most striking to an Englishman to observe the methodical ways of everybody in Germany with regard to this question of trade. They are convinced that in trade is to be found their future, and they are laying themselves out for it like thoroughly good business men. The Government, from the Kaiser downwards, is helping them to do it in every way possible.'

The President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Turkey, comparing, in a letter to the 'Times,' the working of the German and British Consular services, said:—

'The German system reminds me of an army, specially disciplined, marching with scientific precision, commanded by responsible and experienced chiefs, who know perfectly what they have to do, and the consequences to themselves if they do not do it; whereas the British system reminds me of a horde of irresponsible volunteers, without discipline or efficient chiefs, each one doing what seemeth best in his own eyes.'

This comparison, though it may be made with some exaggeration, cannot be dismissed as the grumbling of a discontented merchant, for it is confirmed by evidence from many quarters and extending to many fields of rival endeavour.

Three dates may be taken as marking important developements in German commercial policy. In 1878 Bismarck declared his adhesion to a policy of Protection, and passed in the following year the new Customs Tariff. In 1879 the Prussian Government commenced the nationalisation of railway lines. In 1885 the first shipping subsidies were given. All these lines of policy are based upon the same fundamental idea, and are interwoven in practice. Rightly or wrongly, the Germans believe that a nation should develope itself as a whole, with the conscious intention of being at once an agricultural, manufacturing, and maritime country, and that if in the pursuit of this aim there should be a loss to the consumer or taxpayer, such loss is to be regarded, like military and naval expenditure, as the temporary cost of a policy essential to permanent national strength and welfare. Our own ancestors had the same idea. By corn laws and navigation laws they directed capital into industries which were, in their opinion, essential to the national interest.

The railways were nationalised by Prussia and other States of the empire at an enormous cost, much exceeding that of the South African war, but it appears that they

return 6 per cent. net profits on the capital. 'Veritas' says truly that 'the relationship of railway policy to the general 'economic policy of any government is a vital one to the 'welfare of the people.' Nationalisation of railways places in the hands of a government the most powerful of instruments, because the whole network of lines can be economically and systematically used to promote the prosperity of the nation as a whole.

In a memorandum of 1882 the Prussian Government expressly stated that preferential tariffs were granted on the State railways in order (1) to assist agriculture and industry by cheap rates for transporting raw or subsidiary material; (2) to assist German manufacturers in competition with foreign importers at home; (3) to assist German in competition with foreign ports; (4) to assist German railways and waterways in competition with those of foreign nations. These principles have been thoroughly carried into subsequent practice. Mr. Gastrell, in his valuable report made to the Foreign Office in 1898, said:—

'In Germany the change to State lines was not only brought about by political, and especially by strategic reasons, but also by the firm conviction that such a system was absolutely needed in order to give full scope to the aspirations of a new commercial and industrial German Empire.' 'A monopoly of the magnitude of the German State railways, extending over 23,384 miles of lines, has an immense power over the destinies of the country from many points of view. And when one considers also the State ownership of 8,647 miles of canals and other inland waterways, the power that can be effectually wielded for the common good of the nation can be to some extent realised.'

Agricultural and industrial undertakings are assisted in Germany by low charges for the transport of materials. Exports by German shipping lines to countries where it is hoped that German trade may be established and rivals ousted are encouraged by special rates given from the interior of Germany. An inland manufacturer can send his goods to Africa or Asia over the German State railways, by subsidised German steamers, and sometimes over railways elsewhere with which special arrangements have been made.* He can send them at low through rates, which he

* For instance, previously to the South African war there was an arrangement with the Delagoa Bay and Netherlands Railways, under which the through rates from the interior of Germany went on to Pretoria and Johannesburg.

can ascertain at his nearest railway station. The national force is in every way behind him to enable him to undersell his foreign rivals. Railways belonging to the State, steamship companies subsidised and controlled by the State, diplomatic agents abroad, are all employed for this purpose. Sir William Ward, the Consul-General at Hamburg, told the Select Committee on Steamship Subsidies that the use of the State railways in order to develope the sea-borne trade of Germany was one of the chief occupations of the German Railway Department. 'These rates are being continually 'changed and reduced and so on; they are continually 'trying to do what they can in the interests of agriculture 'and commerce.'

British railway companies, competing against each other, and bound by their nature to consider in the first place the financial, immediate interests of their shareholders, cannot be used in the same way for national purposes, in pursuit of what the Government may consider to be a far-sighted policy. They are not influenced by the preference of one industry as more important than another to national welfare; they give no preferential rates to goods conveyed by British steamship lines over goods conveyed by German lines; they cannot negotiate through diplomatic representatives for combined arrangements with State railways in other lands. If special companies are poor, in consequence of over-capitalisation and bad administration, they are unable to renew their rolling-stock, or to improve their ways and stations, or to reduce their rates and fares. Some of the arguments used by the Royal Commission to recommend the transfer of the London Docks to a port authority might possibly be applied to justify the nationalisation of British, and certainly of Irish, railways. But this is a wide subject, on which there are, of course, many other considerations that must be taken into account. In the hands of a wise, energetic, able, and zealous government nationalised railways may, perhaps, be used to great advantage. But then governments are not always wise, energetic, able, and zealous, and the concentration of all railways in the hands of a short-sighted, slothful, or popularity-hunting administration might be a social misfortune.

The subsidies given by the German Imperial Government to promote the running of German steamship lines are applied in a well thought out and effective manner. Here as elsewhere the German Government aims at obtaining, and does obtain, the largest possible results for the least

possible expenditure. No subsidies, except payments for carriage of mails, are granted for lines to America, because the natural volume of traffic makes such a course unnecessary. But subsidies are granted for services to Australia, East Asia, and Africa, where trade has to be built up, or conquered from other nations. The total German subsidies, 347,000*l.* in 1900, do not much exceed the payment, 330,000*l.*, made by our own Government to the Peninsular and Oriental Company for postal services. Practically this payment is a subsidy, without which the company could not hold its ground, but the weakness of a purely postal subsidy is shown by the following circumstances. Until 1880 the Peninsular and Oriental Company received a payment from Government for carrying mails beyond Shanghai to Japan. But when it became possible to send mails more quickly to Japan viâ America this payment ceased. The company continued to run a regular service to Japan down to the year 1898, when a subsidised German service from Hamburg to Yokohama was established. The Peninsular and Oriental then retired from this competition, and now maintains no regular service beyond Shanghai. In the opinion of competent observers this change is in a general way detrimental to British and favourable to German trade interests in the Far East. In the year 1899 the North German Lloyd bought the fleets of two minor British companies in the Eastern seas, to serve as feeders to their main line. It is understood that on this occasion increased subsidies were promised, and that pressure was put from headquarters upon all interests to assist in the purchase.* Another German victory was in the trade to Zanzibar. From 1889 to 1892 the British India Company ran a regular service to Zanzibar, receiving 16,000*l.* a year for carrying mails. In 1890 the German East African Company started a regular service to Zanzibar, receiving a subsidy of 45,000*l.* yearly.† The British India Company applied for a larger subsidy, were refused it, and abandoned the regular service, which they were carrying on at a loss. Even with the aid of their subsidy the German Company carried on the trade with difficulty, but the venture seems likely to repay the cost in the end. A consular report observes that 'the 'good influence that this line has had in developing German 'trade is shown in the figures of general export to the

* On this subject see Edinburgh Review for July last (No. 401).

† This subsidy was increased in 1900 to 67,500*l.*

'countries lying on the east coast of Africa.' In another quarter the Hamburg-American Company bought the Atlas line, and was at once able to raise the number of its monthly sailings between Hamburg and the West Indies. These events, the replacement here and there of a British line by a German one, where trade is small, possibly unremunerative, may not be of much immediate importance in relation to the total volume of trade, but may have a considerable effect hereafter. It is the accumulation of small causes, under a fixed policy, that builds up great results.

The German subsidies are not given merely upon condition that mails should be carried at fixed dates and at a certain speed. The German Government stated in a memorandum that the subsidies they grant are not merely for the postal service, but are also looked upon as 'value paid for important interests of the German export 'industry, the requirements of the navy, and of a colonial 'policy, &c.' Strict conditions are attached. The crews of the subsidised ships must be Germans, naval reserve men, or otherwise under obligation to serve in the Imperial navy; the steamers must be constructed and fitted and, when possible, repaired in German yards, and made, so far as possible, of German materials; the coal must, in German, Belgian, or Dutch ports, be derived from German sources; the plans of the steamers have to be submitted to the Government for approval. No agreement can be made with foreign governments without sanction, German goods are to take precedence in being forwarded over foreign goods shipped at the same time. In short, there is a whole code intended to promote German interests by means of these ships. One important and, as events have shown, far-seeing provision in these contracts forbids the sale or hire of ships to foreign countries, or any disposal of the line, without the permission of the Imperial Chancellor. It must be observed that if on one side assistance is given to German manufacturers by preferential through rates for their export goods over the State railways, on the other an indirect subsidy is given to the German shipping companies by the monopoly of such goods given to their vessels. The German system also subsidises the shipbuilding industry, and may, indeed, be said to have founded it. Before 1885 all large ships for German lines were ordered in England. Now they are all built in Germany, and the yards of Kiel and Stettin turn out some of the finest and fastest ships in the world.

Britannia's 'rule of the waves' in the commercial sense,

and perhaps therefore, in the long run, in the military sense, is also threatened in the North by subsidies given by the Norwegians, in the Far East by those given by our ambitious and 'up-to-date' Japanese allies. In the West a formidable attack by the Government of the United States has long been pending. The total annual subsidy of $9,000,000 proposed by the latest Bill before the Senate leaves far behind the most ambitious efforts of other countries. This Bill contains elaborate provisions facilitating the transfer to the United States registry of foreign-built ships owned by corporations the majority of shares in which are held by American citizens. Interest in this Bill has been for a time eclipsed by the stronger interest taken in the victorious strategy of a great American capitalist combination, but it indicates an impending policy most dangerous to the British carrying trade both in the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The attention of a public then deeply absorbed in South African questions was not much aroused by the transfer of two or three minor British lines to German companies, but a transaction which had the appearance of the annexation of an appreciable proportion of the total British tonnage, including the two largest steamers then afloat and many other first-class vessels, by a Trust having its headquarters in the United States, caused real alarm. Apparently the directors and shareholders of the White Star and the other annexed companies were presented with the choice between prosperity and destruction: Either transfer your lines upon terms of great profit, or look to see a rival fleet started, supported by the most powerful financiers in America, by the group of great American railways which own most of the ports and can direct cargo as they please, and probably also backed by heavy subsidies out of the overflowing surpluses of the United States Treasury. Sell to us now on excellent terms, or wait a few years and then be driven off the sea and ruined. Human nature could not resist the argument, skilfully blended of prospects of gain and loss. Five British shipping companies have been brought beneath the *summum imperium* of an American syndicate; the great shipbuilding firm of Harland and Wolff has also been virtually annexed; and a pooling arrangement and division of spheres of operation has been effected by the Trust with the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American line. The terms of this last-mentioned arrangement seem to be favourable to the Teutons, since their

companies have secured a guaranteed dividend of 6 per cent., a monopoly of their own ports, so far as relates to vessels of the Trust, and maintenance of their existing extensive connexions with British ports, such as Southampton. The directors of the Hamburg-American Line, in a circular to their shareholders, stated that, on the one hand, they could not ignore so powerful a combination, and that, on the other, 'it was out of the 'question that we should entertain proposals which were 'calculated to affect even indirectly in any form or shape 'the nationality and independence of our company.' The resultant of these conflicting reasons was that the company has entered into a combination 'intended to represent a 'defensive and offensive alliance (*Schutz- und Trutzbündniss*),' so that 'the syndicate and the two German companies 'accordingly undertake to support one another against 'the encroachments of outside competition.' This agreement is made for a period of twenty years. It is a most formidable alliance.

How was it that the British companies were absorbed by the Trust, while the German companies were able to conclude an alliance upon favourable terms? Why was it 'out 'of the question' for German, but not for British, lines to entertain proposals calculated to 'affect even indirectly in 'any form or shape the nationality and independence' of the companies. The answer is that, although these German lines to America receive no direct subsidy from the State except for postal services, yet the whole German system and the direct or indirect power of the Government control their action. The 'Times' observed with sarcastic truth:—

'People say now that the whole thing might have been prevented had this country pursued a different policy. Perhaps it might, but what chance was there of a different policy? Suppose the White Star Line had gone to the Government and said, "Unless we are subsidised on the American scale we must be run off the ocean in a very few years," what would have been the answer? A string of beautiful cut-and-dried free-trade maxims, with a few easy generalities about individual initiative and British enterprise thrown in as seasoning.'

The difference between Germany and Great Britain—one well understood by the able men who rule the Trust—was that in the one case they had to deal with a Government behind and in close touch with the companies, and ready to use the national force if necessary; in the other, they had to deal with companies not so supported.*

* The two preceding paragraphs were in print before Mr. Gerald

In these circumstances the inquiry of the Select Committee on Steamship Subsidies attracted more attention when it was resumed in 1902 than it did when it commenced its proceedings in 1901. It is startling to find a veteran Free-trader, Sir Robert Giffen, who appeared before it, advising not only the giving of subsidies upon conditions, after the German model, but a return, or threat of a return, to part of our old navigation laws, so as to reserve to British ships all trade between one part and another of the British Empire. This is the present law of France and the United States, and would, no doubt, if our Colonies assented to it, be a powerful diplomatic weapon to use, but the last, we should hope, to be used, against hostile barriers. Lord Brassey also declared himself in favour of subsidies judiciously employed. Sir Spencer Walpole, on the other hand, in the weighty evidence which he gave to the Committee, opposed subsidies on the ground that they had a generally enfeebling effect, so that any advantage might be dearly bought in the long run, and because they would lead to favouritism to certain lines. The Committee have also received protests from representatives of small lines against subsidies to special existing lines, or to lines to be called into existence. Indeed, the effect that Government patronage might have on British traders who are not patronised seems to have received as yet too little attention. We cannot subsidise everybody. It is maintained by many that the greatness of the postal subsidy enjoyed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company has been productive of some ordinary bad consequences of an artificially favoured position.

In this, as in other fields, we think that war, though always an evil in itself, may sometimes be necessary. It is, we think, obviously legitimate, if there is sufficient proof that existence of trade is at stake, that a nation should grant shipping subsidies in order to secure a position in a new market against a subsidising rival, or to defend against such a rival a position already established. We do not say that this state of things has as yet in our own case been reached. It is, of course, far better that no subsidies, except for postal

---

Balfour, in his speech at Sheffield on September 30, announced the agreement which the Government had come to with Mr. Morgan, the head of the Atlantic Shipping Combination. This agreement ensures the continuance of the British character of the ships, crews, and subordinate directorates. This does not affect the comparison between the previous action of the British and German companies.

services at the lowest obtainable rate, should be given by any nation. Subsidies given to defend British commerce should be regarded as a means of war used to compel others to lay down, together with ourselves, their arms. In this respect a modern American Trust must be regarded in the same light as a rival Power. If it be found that a capitalist combination of railway, manufacturing, and shipping interests is using its enormous strength to drive all competitors off the sea, and is establishing a monopoly which may eventually be used to tax the British consumer, it may become expedient that national strength should be brought into action to protect the citizen. If it were found that an important railway line, such as the Canadian Pacific, was passing, by the purchase of its shares, into the hands of a foreign capitalistic combination, with special interests to serve, it might become desirable that its control should be taken over by national authorities. It makes a vast difference by whom the shares in a company are held, but not much by whom Government stock, issued to replace shares, is held. A German railway can no more be annexed by the predatory capital of United States millionaires than a picture once lodged in the National Gallery can be carried off to America. These considerations are the more important inasmuch as we are only at the beginning of an era of colossal capitalistic combinations, aggregations of an imperial kind, *communitates communitatum*, in which companies, not individuals, will be the units. It were vain to found much hope upon the anti-Trust legislation occasionally threatening these institutions in America. As Mr. Dos Passos has shown in the lucidly written book referred to at the head of this article, history is strewn with the wrecks of statutes directed against commercial combinations and operations, from the earliest statutes against forestallers and regraters down to the latest against trade unions and trusts.

These trade questions are not those alone which have recently called the attention of the British public to the subject of State action in its connexion with the efficiency of the realm in the keen world competition. A German writer, Dr. Bonn, who has an intimate knowledge of our country, has recently pointed out in a Berlin review that the use, so frequent here of late, of the word 'Zollverein' is but 'one of many signs of the continentalising of England.' He adds that the more England is compelled to compete against other nations in spheres where she had formerly an

uncontested superiority, the more natural is it that her statesmen should study the methods of our rivals. The book by 'Veritas' to which we have referred is at once a proof of this desire and an assistance towards its satisfaction. Dr. Bonn adds :—

'The purely empirical England, the England of traditional self-help, is measuring itself against rationally organised States with a technically educated officialdom. The State as power-holder (Machthaber), which England of the nineteenth century always regarded as only Oppressor, appears now at once as Educator and Promoter, and out of a thousand clumsy mediocrities drills on all sides useful work-tools, against which England can only put a limited number of individuals, certainly distinguished, but not to be increased at will.'

Men fall, a French writer has said, by the same qualities as those by which they rose, and so it may be with nations. In one era reliance upon individual energy may be justified, but in a world of organised, regimented, and drilled masses individual energy may fail in commerce as did the undisciplined valour of Gaul and German against the legions of Cæsar. Still, Englishmen are not yet convinced that an advance on the lines of German officialdom would in the long run promote the interests of British trade and commerce. Is it certain, however, that the energy is what it was a century ago, and that it has not been impaired by success and the rewards of success? It is true that the Englishman, like the Roman of old, possesses the gift of succeeding with less of that governmental superintendence and control without which in some countries it seems that enterprise cannot flourish. But one difference between the often compared Roman and British Empires is that the former did not, like the latter, have to meet the competition of other states or empires of a strong and highly organised character. If they were to hold in the modern world the position held by Rome in the ancient, the English ought to have absorbed not only Ireland and Scotland, but France and Germany, and to have retained the whole of the North American population.

The danger to England lies in the incessant activity of the modern Continental State in connecting education with active life, and turning to good use the talents of each subject. We can war down subsidies by means of a larger purse, but much more than this is required if we are to hold our place in the world against the Germans. Here and there the Germans may oust a bit of English commerce by skilful application of their railway and shipping policy, but

apart from this we learn from every book of travel and consular report that they are succeeding by the application of better educated intelligence, and more persevering industry. Even if we grant subsidies, nationalise or control our railways, improve our ports, reorganise on a more rational system the distribution of work between our public departments, and their methods, the most essential thing will still be wanting if we have not also built up a system of education adapted to the needs and conditions of the modern world. It would be dangerous if the noise made about special matters like shipping subsidies caused us to forget where lies the real strength of our German kinsmen and rivals. We may fight subsidies by subsidies, but it is still more important to meet education by education, and keenness in work by corresponding keenness and industry.

ART. IV.—1. *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin.* By FRANCIS DARWIN, F.R.S. London: John Murray. 1887.

2. *Darwinism.* By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.R.S. London: Macmillan. 1889.

3. *History of Botany.* By JULIUS VON SACHS, F.M.R.S. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

4. *Collected Essays.* By the Right Hon. THOMAS H. HUXLEY, F.R.S. London: Macmillan. 1898.

5. *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley.* By LEONARD HUXLEY. London: Macmillan. 1900.

THE circumstances, however trivial, which attend an historical event are always interesting, and may be important. They are interesting because we like to feel that it touches, at any rate, the plane of our ordinary life, and is not wholly aloof; they may be important in so far as they may throw light on its causes and consequences.

The publication of the biographies and scientific correspondence of Darwin and Huxley have put us in possession of a complete account of the path by which Darwin was led to his great discovery, and of the difficulties which its acceptance met with. The story is sufficiently well known, but a brief summary will be useful.

Darwin went up to Cambridge as a young man of independent means, and, like many before and since, with a keen pleasure in the healthy enjoyment of life, especially when it took the form of fox-hunting and partridge-shooting. His career might have been a purely conventional one if he had not come under the influence of Henslow, the University Professor of Botany. Through him he received the offer of the post of unpaid naturalist on board the 'Beagle.' The problem which became the principal occupation of his life was first suggested to him by observations made in South America during the voyage. On his return he began to study it systematically, and found the first clue to its solution in 1838 in 'Malthus on Population.' He pondered over it for some twenty years, and in 1856 began to write out his views on a scale which was never completed, for in 1858 Wallace, who was then in the Malay Archipelago, sent him an essay which 'contained exactly the same theory'; and, to make the coincidence even more complete, it was the

recollection of Malthus which had suggested it, when he was prostrate with fever at Ternate, in the Moluccas.*

The Linnean Society was founded for the encouragement of natural history studies, and though its work attracts little public attention it is of sufficient importance to be provided with official quarters by the Government. In 1858 these were in the old Burlington House, in rooms now occupied by the Royal Academy. Here on July 1 a joint paper by Darwin and Wallace was read. It was communicated by Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Joseph Hooker. Darwin's share included extracts from a sketch written out as long ago as 1844. The title was 'On the Tendency of Species to form 'Varieties; and on the Perpetuation of Varieties and 'Species by Natural Means of Selection.' Never, perhaps, was a theory of momentous importance launched in a more modest way. 'Our joint productions,' said Darwin, 'excited 'very little attention.'† According to the account given in Darwin's 'Life and Letters,' there was 'no semblance of a 'discussion.' Both Lyell and Hooker were present; the latter wrote, years afterwards, 'the interest excited was 'intense, but the subject was too novel and too ominous for 'the old school to enter the lists before armouring.'‡

Darwin's hand was now completely forced, and perhaps in the interest of science it was well that it should have been. In November of the following year he published the 'Origin 'of Species.' This was only an abstract of the vaster and more detailed work which he had long laboured upon, but, looking at his uncertain health, might never have finished. And probably in its abbreviated form it attracted more attention and more readers than had the argument been overlaid with detail and treated more diffusely. He had, at any rate, the advantage at Cambridge of studying good models. 'The logic of this book' (Paley's 'Evidences'), he tells us in his autobiography, 'and, as I may add, of 'his "Natural Theology," gave me as much delight as 'did Euclid.'§

He was satisfied with the result, at any rate, from a literary point of view. It was, he says, 'no doubt the chief 'work of my life,'‖ and, 'from the first highly successful.' The clamour which it raised was in curious contrast to the silence with which the first promulgation of the theory was

---

* Essays, p. 20.
† Life, vol. i. p. 85.
‡ L.c. vol. ii. p. 126.
§ Vol. i. p. 47.
‖ Vol. i. p. 86.

received. Perhaps this measures the difference between an appeal to a public of wide and varied prejudice and emotion and a more apathetic, if instructed, audience. The storm of opposition, sometimes reasoned and critical, more often very much the reverse, gathered strength, as such storms are apt to do. The history of the campaign which followed may be read in the 'Life and Letters' of Darwin on the one hand, and those of Huxley on the other. All this has lapsed into the silence of historic calm. Some quarter of a century after, Charles Darwin was buried with the approval of his countrymen in Westminster Abbey, the resting-place of illustrious Englishmen. The elevation of his character perhaps reconciled some who would still have demurred to his scientific teaching. His grave is a few feet from that of Sir Isaac Newton. It was a happy circumstance that brought together the ashes of Cambridge's two greatest sons. For 'it is doubtful,' writes Huxley, 'if any single 'book, except the "Principia," ever worked so great and so 'rapid a revolution in science, or made so deep an impression 'on the general mind.' *

Huxley proceeds to remark, and with perfect justice, 'that 'although the "Origin" has been close on thirty years 'before the world, the strangest misconceptions of the 'essential nature of the theory therein advocated are still 'put forth by serious writers.' The fact is that the popular impression which Darwin's work produced, though sound as far as it goes, by no means measures the depth of the revolution which he effected in scientific thought. It may, indeed, be asserted that this has been appreciated more thoroughly in foreign countries than at home. If so, this but illustrates the principle that things are perhaps best seen in their true proportions in perspective at a distance than near at hand.

The explanation of how this has come about may be deferred for the moment. It will be most instructive for the present to look at the problem which both Darwin and Wallace sought to solve as it presented itself to their minds. Darwin formulated this with admirable precision in the title which he deliberately chose for his memorable book—'The 'Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection.' To apprehend the full significance of this a digression is necessary.

Suppose we take a number of organisms at random—say,

* Essays, vol. ii. pp. 286, 287.

for example, that we go into the fields and gather an armful of plants as they come to hand, and then proceed to sort them, what do we find? It scarcely needs the experiment to assure us that we can throw the contents of our parcel into groups, each of which is composed of a larger or lesser number of *individual* specimens. But a little close inspection will show that our first sorting has by no means disposed of the business. Some of our groups will give us no difficulty; although the individuals composing it are not as absolutely identical as if they were cast in the same mould, yet they so closely agree that we have no difficulty in associating them. A closer scrutiny of other groups will show that they are by no means so homogeneous. We have probably a group of buttercups, which, when we come to scrutinise it carefully, turns out, notwithstanding their general resemblance, to be composed of at least three distinct sorts. The distinctions are tangible and definite, but require careful scrutiny for their recognition. Our primary group has therefore to be broken up into subordinate ones. When we have carried discrimination till it is exhausted, we may survey the result. We shall be struck by the inequality of the differences which separate our groups. Some will appear to only differ in inconsiderable details; others not to have a single point in common. It is clear, then, that we have groups of two very different kinds.

If—as we may obviously do, without altering the essential nature of the problem—we substitute for the limited area from which we have drawn our material the whole field of Nature, we are face to face with a problem which has occupied science, as far, at any rate, as plants are concerned, since the sixteenth century—the classification of living things.

The study of botany developed out of medicine, and the first attempts of botanical writers were to enumerate and group plants which were useful in pharmacy or the arts. Such attempts, based on their properties, were soon seen to be inadequate. A scrutiny of the plants themselves led to classifications, more or less imperfect, resting on structure. It is interesting to observe that while Chinese botanical literature still remains in the stage corresponding to that of the fifteenth century in Europe, that of Japan, even before it came under European influence, in so far as it accurately discriminated native plants, was two centuries in advance. The explanation is in each case the same: the method in the one case was purely literary, and relied on tradition; in the other it went to Nature for its facts.

It is obvious that classification would soon need a formal terminology. For this it went to logic, with the result that it borrowed trammels which clung to it like a shirt of Nessus down to the time of Darwin. Naturalists adopted for a group of individuals which resembled each other more closely than any other individuals the term *species*; similarly, for groups of resembling *species*, the term *genus*. As Mill remarks, these terms are 'used by naturalists in a technical 'acceptation, not precisely agreeing with their philosophical 'meaning.' And he adds :—

'It should be observed that, in ordinary parlance, not the name of the class, but the class itself, is said to be the genus or species; not, of course, the class in the sense of each individual of that class, but the individuals collectively and considered as an aggregate whole; the name by which the class is designated being then called not the genus or species, but the generic or specific name.' (System of Logic, vol. i. p. 134.)

And this is common sense; unfortunately it took naturalists two hundred years to arrive at it.

Although Kaspar Bauhin (1550–1624), the first great botanical systematist, had practically carried out in his writings the distinction between genus and species, and so anticipated Linnæus in the principle of binary nomenclature, it was another illustrious son of Cambridge—John Ray (1628–1705)—who formally introduced the terms, which he perhaps adopted, with much else, from a little-known writer, Jung (1587–1657), who was the founder of modern botanical terminology.

With the terms, naturalists derived from logic a good deal that was far less useful. Not satisfied with using the word species as a designation for the totality of individuals differing from all others by marks or characters which experience showed to be reasonably constant and trustworthy, as is the practice of modern naturalists, they required that it should receive a formal definition. Biological science thus hampered itself with scholastic fetters which it has not completely shaken off even at the present day. Ray, who may be taken as practically the father of 'species,' at any rate as far as the vegetable kingdom is concerned, found a criterion in the *distincta propagatio ex semine*. In other words, he was satisfied if species 'came true from seed.' But this would raise to specific rank every bean or cabbage we cultivate in our gardens, and therefore fails. Another criterion was what has been termed 'the rash generalisation that distinct species are to be recog-'nised by their incapacity to produce fertile hybrids.'

Darwin dealt with this at great length; but it was re-asserted by Wagner, and remained a stumbling-block even with Huxley to the last. It was, however, the doctrine of the 'constancy of species,' and the consequent denial of the existence of variation in Nature, which ultimately proved one of the greatest obstacles to the acceptance of the Darwinian theory. It was really implied by Ray, but expressed in the most extreme form by Linnæus. 'We reckon so 'many species as there were distinct forms created *in prin-* 'cipio.' As a necessary corollary to this, he denied the possibility of the appearance of new species. These, as Lange says, are 'the traditions of Noah's ark.' * All this was mere assertion; but Darwin himself has told us that 'when I was on board the "Beagle" I believed in the per- 'manence of species.' †

But the dogma assumed its most definite form in a different way. Mill's 'ordinary parlance,' unfortunately, did not govern the use of the terms genus and species. They were not applied to the aggregate of individuals included in them, but to the distinctive marks or characters by which they are defined. Such a definition is an abstraction, but under the influence of the scholasticism with which Linnæus was himself imbued it came to be regarded as having a real existence. And the same principle was applied to the higher groups into which genera were collected. Thus we have the Swedish botanist, Elias Fries, in 1835, maintaining that each division *ideam quandam exponit.* 'Every natural species,' says Shadworth Hodgson, 'in fact, seemed to owe its exist- 'ence to an idea or conceived type, existing as an idea or 'conception previously to the existence of the individuals 'of the species which realised it, and determining the indi- 'viduals to be what they were, in order to realise it.' ‡ We shall see to what monstrous growth this sort of idealism ultimately attained, and how powerful was its influence in retarding the growth of progress in biology. We may well agree with Lange that 'There is in the whole of modern 'science, perhaps, no such instance of so empty and, at the 'same time, so crass a superstition as that of Species, and 'there are probably few points in which men have gone on 'rocking themselves with such baseless argumentations into 'dogmatic slumber.' §

---

* History of Materialism, vol. iii. p. 27.

† Huxley, 'Essays,' vol. ii. p. 275.

‡ Metaphysic of Experience, vol. ii. p. 275. § L.c., vol. iii. p. 27.

If the scholastic fetters of the constancy of species hindered naturalists from seeing facts as they are, the necessity of doing so was nevertheless thrust on their notice in another way. If species had been created, as Linnæus assumed they had been, it might be supposed that they would differ pretty uniformly. But it is a matter of common observation that this is not the case: they are separated into groups, and the different kinds of roses, for example, are much more like one another than they are like brambles. As has been seen, the formation of genera for groups of species which had many points in common was accomplished very early. When, however, it was attempted to repeat the grouping process on genera, and collect them into groups of a higher order, great difficulties presented themselves, which, even to the present day, have not been wholly surmounted, and perhaps never will be. But the demand for a classification of some kind has always been an imperious necessity, if only to make the detailed knowledge of natural productions, as it accumulated, available for use. The examination of a 'Post Office 'Directory' will show that a classification may proceed on widely different principles. It may be either purely arbitrary, or more or less rational. An alphabetical arrangement relies on a circumstance which has no sort of significance, and is an example of the former; an arrangement by streets or occupations proceeds on a definite principle, which, though imperfect, illustrates the latter. In utilising the material for purposes of economic inquiry more instructive methods might be devised.

L'Obel (1538–1616), who spent much of his life in England, and died here, did not occupy himself with genera, but was the first to recognise, as we do still, certain large groups of plants, such as Grasses, Umbellifers, Papilionaceous Plants, and Labiates. He laid down the fundamental principle which systematists strive to this day to follow: 'Ordo utique sibi similis et unus progreditur ducitque a 'sensui propinquioribus et magis familiaribus ad ignotiora 'et compositiora.' Kaspar Bauhin, the real founder of systematic botany, followed on the same track. Our own countryman Ray was a century in advance of his time in his attempts at a real classification, and he laid down the true principle: 'Methodum intelligo naturæ convenientem 'quæ nec alienas species conjungit nec cognatas separat.' Linnæus was deterred from the task by the pressing necessity of introducing some merely practical method into the chaos into which nomenclature had fallen. He, therefore,

invented what was avowedly an *artificial* system, which had the immense practical merit of enabling those who used it to name their plants with little difficulty. But he never lost sight of the unsolved problem of the construction of a *natural* system, which should exhibit the true relationships of the members of the vegetable kingdom. The intellectual indolence of mankind is incorrigible. The Linnean system, which its founder avowedly proposed as a mere provisional expedient, came to be regarded in Germany and England as final. But France, whose quicker imagination has often saved the situation in science, was never enthralled by Linnæus, and the developement of a natural system was in the main finally achieved by the labours of Jussieu.

That Linnæus, great as his powers were of co-ordinating facts, was deterred from the task is not surprising. For, though the homogeneousness of such groups as L'Obel marked out almost 'jumps to the eyes,' the discovery of true relationships becomes more and more difficult as we proceed. One cause of this was first clearly pointed out by Auguste de Candolle. The true marks in any living organism which indicate relationship are often overlaid by superficial characters which only have relation to the, so to speak, accidental mode of life of the individual species: such characters we now call 'adaptive.' De Candolle distinguished the former as morphological, and the others as physiological. An illustration will suffice. One of the largest and most widely distributed genera in the vegetable kingdom is that of *Senecio*, of which the common weed, groundsel, is a representative in this country. Yet another species of *Senecio* has been mistaken for ivy: some are succulent, like cacti; others are shrubs or trees. They masquerade in every possible guise; but the perplexed novice may console himself with the knowledge that they have entrapped even the most astute botanists. Yet they are betrayed by easily detected, though less obvious, characters, notwithstanding the bravery with which they sometimes flaunt, and are inevitably brought down to the level of the humble groundsel.

But we owe to Robert Brown, the greatest botanist whom Britain ever produced, the last clue to the mysteries of a natural system—the study of developement. In some cases everything that meets the eye will only put one on the wrong track: it is only, as it were, in 'becoming' that the structure of species reveals their true relationships.

The historical developement of the natural system has

been briefly traced in the case of plants because the story is more easily told and is fairly free from technicalities. But it might be paralleled from the animal kingdom. It was the result, as has been seen, of a slow process of induction. As with species, it ended in receiving an idealistic explanation. As late as 1853 we find Lindley adopting the dictum of Fries: 'Systema naturæ . . . est quoddam supra naturale, 'cujus clavem manibus v. ingenio humano non prensandam, 'summus tantum tenet naturæ auctor.' As Sachs points out, this practically amounts to saying that the 'natural 'system is a representation of the plan of creation.' * The fatal objection to this view is the fact that the physiological or adaptive characters of organisms have usually nothing to do with their position in a natural classification, and indeed disguise it. Fortunately in botany it remained little more than a pious opinion. Cuvier, however, in zoology maintianed the absolute invariability of species and attributed the identity of structure throughout large groups of animals to the plan of the Creator.† This was, however, little more on his part than an Agnostic attitude, which he opposed to Geoffroy S. Hilaire, who—following Schelling, Goethe, Oken, and the 'Naturphilosophen'—saw in the series of living beings but the individualisation of one common life, the *anima mundi*.‡ This was an evolutionary conception, but, being based on *à priori* reasoning, failed to carry conviction.

A theory explanatory of the diversity of vegetable and animal organisation which, though equally *à priori* and destitute of experimental foundation, has possessed a greater vitality is that of Lamarck. It had, at any rate, the merit of bringing into prominence an important feature common to all organisms, that of *variation*, which the belief in the constancy—or, rather, stability—of specific forms had kept out of sight. Linnæus could not shut his eyes to the fact, but he disposes of it very summarily. 'Naturæ opus semper est species: culturæ sæpius varietates.' Varieties are, he says, produced by accidental causes: climate, soil, temperature, wind. With him the species differs intrinsically, the variety only superficially. Finally, he says that varieties are superfluous 'in foro botanico.'

All this only proves that Linnæus, though a great codifier,

---

* History of Botany, p. 153.

† Lankester, 'Advancement of Science,' p. 330.

‡ Lewes, 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' p. 597.

was not a practical naturalist. The case of Lamarck was very different. A close observation of Nature brought him to the same position in which Darwin afterwards found himself. The insight, from what we are accustomed to regard as a purely modern point of view, of observations recorded a century ago is almost startling. Two passages must suffice:—

'In the same climate a great difference of situation and exposure causes individuals to vary; but if these individuals continue to live, and to be reproduced under the same difference of circumstances, distinctions are brought about in them which become in some degree essential to their existence.'

'Is not the cultivated wheat a vegetable brought by man into the state in which we now see it? Let anyone tell me in what country a similar plant grows wild, unless where it has escaped from the cultivated fields. Where do we find in Nature our cabbages, lettuces, and other culinary vegetables in the state in which they appear in our gardens?'

Such statements, and much else that Lamarck states with absolute accuracy, were destructive of the old dogma of the constancy of species; but they fell for the most part on deaf ears—a fact which can only be accounted for by the deafness being correlated with blindness to observation. At any rate, the fundamental fact of variation was established. The old definitions of species given by Ray and Linnæus were disposed of. Lamarck substituted for them the following:—

'A species consists of a collection of individuals resembling each other, and reproducing their like by generation, so long as the surrounding conditions do not alter to such an extent as to cause their habits, character, and forms to vary.' *

The most orthodox Darwinian can find nothing in this to which he could take exception. Variation is an empirical fact accepted both by Lamarck and Darwin. To the former, however, it was a direct and adaptive response to the action of the environment; to the latter it was arbitrary and indifferent, and adjustment to changed conditions was accomplished by the selective preservation of such modifications as were suited to them.

Lamarckism deserves some respectful attention, apart from its historical interest. It underlies the remarkable attempt to construct a system of philosophy on evolutionary lines which we owe to Mr. Herbert Spencer. It has for

* This and preceding quotations are borrowed from Lyell, 'Principles of Geology,' vol. ii. pp. 247–250.

that reason, possibly, influenced in a remarkable degree the whole trend of biological research in the United States; and it may be suspected that a rigid investigation would find its influence lurking in many of the projects for social amelioration in our own country.

The most important factor in the production of new forms, according to Lamarck, was the 'inheritance of acquired 'characters.' This was expressed in his fourth law:—

'All which has been acquired or laid down or changed in the organisation of individuals in the course of their life, is conserved by generation and transmitted to the new individuals which proceed from those which have undergone these changes.'

But the attempt to sustain this hypothesis either by observation or experimental evidence has entirely failed. Such cases as the occurrence of blind animals in caves, which seemed at first sight to be explicable on Lamarck's theory, prove to be better explained by the Darwinian principle; and if the *à priori* arguments will not stand the test of examination, the results of direct experiment supply no confirmation. As Lankester has observed:—

'No case of the transmission of the results of an injury can be produced. Stories of tailless kittens, puppies, and calves born from parents one of whom had been thus injured are abundant, but they have hitherto entirely failed to stand before examination.' (L.c., p. 375.)

In such a case one may almost say the wish is father to the thought. There is no more pathetic feature in human experience than to see descend into the grave, to pass away for ever, all those endowments with which genius and labour have adorned individual human beings. The cunning hand of the artist, the entrancing skill of the musician, the song of the poet, the eloquence of the orator—all perish with their possessors and 'leave not a wrack behind.' Were it otherwise, the toil of education would have been mitigated, and there would have been no bounds to the mental acquirements of the race. But when our first parents tasted of the tree of knowledge, the tree of life was denied them, and knowledge perishes with its possessor.

The brief historical sketch which has been given might have been much extended; but it will suffice to show that as soon as men began to study living organisms they recognised the existence of some principle in their ordering. This is equally true in the field of zoology as in that of

botany. As Lankester has observed, what 'collectors and 'anatomists, morphologists, philosophers, and embryologists 'had been so long striving after' was *the* natural classification based on the Theory of Descent.*

The labours of systematists have often provoked impatience and sometimes ridicule, and this more especially perhaps in the case of botanists. Yet it was a careful study of the peculiarities of the flora of the Galapagos Archipelago which Darwin regarded as 'especially . . . the origin 'of all my views.' † It would be difficult to give a more striking illustration of the impossibility *à priori* of deciding on the utility or even intellectual importance of any subject of scientific inquiry.

The 'Origin' was published in October, 1859. Haughton, a clever Irish mathematician, had already declared that the principle of natural selection was not new. This turned out to be so far true that it had suggested itself to Wells in 1813 and to Matthew in 1831, as indeed it had also done to others. But it is one thing to throw out a suggestion, and another to devote the best part of a life to working out a theory in all its bearings. Writing to Huxley in November, 1859, Darwin said :—

'When I put pen to paper for this volume I had awful misgivings, and thought perhaps I had deluded myself, like so many have done; and I then fixed in my mind three judges on whose decision I determined mentally to abide. The judges were Lyell, Hooker, and yourself.' (Life, vol. ii. pp. 232, 233.)

In truth, they were more than judges; they were each and all either accessories before or after the fact. They can never be dissociated from the history of the theory, and were a monument ever to be consecrated to it their effigies would be its appropriate tripodal basis. Hooker had long been in Darwin's confidence, and the rational theory of the geographical distribution of plants which we owe to him was indispensable to Darwin's theory.

'The mutual relations,' he observes, 'of the plants of each great botanical province, and, in fact, of the world generally, is just such as would have resulted if variation had gone on operating throughout indefinite periods, in the same manner as we see it act in a limited number of centuries, so as gradually to give rise in the course of time to the most widely divergent forms.' (Lyell, 'Principles,' vol. ii. p. 283.)

The part which Lyell played is of peculiar interest, both

* L.c., p. 342. † Life, vol. i. p. 276.

in its historical aspect and as an illustration of the working of a scientific temperament of the finest kind. But in truth the Darwinian theory was precisely what was required to give completeness to Lyell's own task. This is admirably expressed by Huxley:—

'I have recently read afresh the first edition of the "Principles of Geology"; and when I consider that this remarkable book had been nearly thirty years in everybody's hands, and that it brings home to any reader of ordinary intelligence a great principle and a great fact—the principle that the past must be explained by the present, unless good cause be shown to the contrary; and the fact that, so far as our knowledge of the past history of life on our globe goes, no such cause can be shown—I cannot but believe that Lyell, for others, as for myself, was the chief agent in smoothing the road for Darwin. For consistent uniformitarianism postulates Evolution as much in the organic as in the inorganic world. The origin of a new species by other than ordinary agencies would be a vastly greater "catastrophe" than any of those which Lyell successfully eliminated from sober geological speculation.' (Darwin's 'Life and Letters,' vol. ii. p. 190.)

Lyell himself summed up his own earlier position:—

'In former editions of this work [the "Principles"], from 1832 to 1853, I did not venture to differ from the opinion of Linnæus, that each species had remained from its origin such as we now see it, being variable, but only within certain fixed limits. The mystery in which the origin of each species was involved seemed to me no greater than that in which the beginning of all vital phenomena in the earth is shrouded. . . . I pointed out how the struggle for existence among species, and the increase and spread of some of them, must tend to the extermination of others; and as these would disappear gradually and singly from the scene, I suggested that probably the coming-in of new species would in like manner be successive, and that there was no geological sanction for the favourite doctrine of some theorists, that large assemblages of new forms had been ushered in at once to compensate for the sudden removal of many others from the scene.' (Principles, vol. ii. pp. 267, 268.)

Lyell was therefore on the same track as Darwin, and, but for the old stumbling-block of the 'constancy of 'species,' might have arrived at the same goal. Like Darwin, he rejected the views of Lamarck because they 'rested upon an assumption of a law of innate progressive 'developement which could not be shown to be in 'accordance with natural facts.' But he was, though not without some hesitation, ultimately converted to the views of the former. As Wallace remarked:

'The history of science hardly presents so striking an 'instance of youthfulness of mind in advanced life as is

'shown by the abandonment of opinions so long held and so 'powerfully advocated.'*

The developement of Huxley's views is scarcely less instructive. He tells us:—

'I remember, in the course of my first interview with Mr. Darwin, expressing my belief in the sharpness of the lines of demarcation between natural groups and in the absence of transitional forms, with all the confidence of youth and imperfect knowledge. I was not aware at that time that he had been many years brooding over the species question, and the humorous smile which accompanied his gentle answer, that such was not altogether his view, long haunted and puzzled me.' (Huxley's 'Life and Letters,' vol. i. p. 169.)

How Huxley gradually emancipated himself may be told in his own words:—

'I think I must have read the "Vestiges" before I left England in 1846, but, if I did, the book made very little impression upon me, and I was not brought into serious contact with the "Species" question until after 1850. At that time I had long done with the Pentateuchal cosmogony, which had been impressed upon my childish understanding as Divine truth, with all the authority of parents and instructors, and from which it had cost me many a struggle to get free. But my mind was unbiassed in respect of any doctrine which presented itself, if it professed to be based on purely philosophical and scientific reasoning. It seemed to me then (as it does now) that "creation," in the ordinary sense of the word, is perfectly conceivable. I find no difficulty in conceiving that, at some former period, this universe was not in existence, and that it made its appearance in six days (or instantaneously, if that is preferred) in consequence of the volition of some pre-existing Being. Then, as now, the so-called *à priori* arguments against Theism—and, given a Deity, against the possibility of creative acts—appeared to me to be devoid of reasonable foundation. I had not then, and I have not now, the smallest *à priori* objection to raise to the account of the creation of animals and plants given in "Paradise Lost," in which Milton so vividly embodies the natural sense of Genesis. Far be it from me to say that it is untrue because it is impossible. I confine myself to what must be regarded as a modest and reasonable request for some particle of evidence that the existing species of animals and plants did originate in that way, as a condition of my belief in a statement which appears to me to be highly improbable.

'And, by way of being perfectly fair, I had exactly the same answer to give to the evolutionists of 1851–58. Within the ranks of the biologists at that time I met with nobody, except Dr. Grant, of University College, who had a word to say for Evolution—and his advocacy was not calculated to advance the cause. Outside these ranks, the only person known to me whose knowledge and

* Darwin, 'Life,' iii. pp. 114, 115.

capacity compelled respect, and who was, at the same time, a thoroughgoing evolutionist, was Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose acquaintance I made, I think, in 1852, and then entered into the bonds of a friendship which, I am happy to think, has known no interruption. Many and prolonged were the battles we fought on this topic. But even my friend's rare dialectic skill and copiousness of apt illustration could not drive me from my Agnostic position. I took my stand upon two grounds: Firstly, that up to that time the evidence in favour of transmutation was wholly insufficient; and, secondly, that no suggestion respecting the causes of transmutation assumed, which had been made, was in any way adequate to explain the phenomena. Looking back at the state of knowledge at that time, I really do not see that any other conclusion was justifiable.' (Darwin's 'Life and Letters,' vol. ii. pp. 187, 188.)

Nor was it; the objection was absolutely fundamental, and deserves the most attentive consideration. Huxley's first difficulty was the old one of the constancy of species. His second was that, waiving the first, how was the production of new species effected? The two were so far tied together that, if the second proved insoluble, the first was not worth fighting about. Now, as Huxley himself said later, 'Observation proves the existence among all living 'beings of phenomena of three kinds, denominated by the 'terms heredity, variation, and multiplication.' * Of these, heredity had been recognised by Ray; variation in a limited degree by Linnæus, and in a fuller degree by Lamarck; multiplication and its consequence—the struggle for existence —by Malthus and Lyell. These were the elements of the problem. Darwin added natural selection, and solved it. To quote Huxley in after-years:—

'Every variety which is selected into a species is so favoured and preserved in consequence of being, in some one or more respects, better adapted to its surroundings than its rivals. In other words, every species which exists, exists in virtue of adaptation; and whatever accounts for that adaptation accounts for the existence of the species.' (Essays, vol. ii. p. 287.)

The question of variation now became of primary importance. Darwin's intention to publish his theory in a large work, of which the 'Origin' was only an abstract, was never fulfilled. 'Though considerably added to and corrected in 'the later editions,' he tells us, 'it has remained sub-'stantially the same book.' † But in 1868 he published the

* Essays, vol. ii. p. 287.
† Life, vol. i. p. 86.

detailed evidence relating to 'The Variation of Animals and 'Plants under Domestication.' In this he wrote:—

'The initial variation on which man works, and without which he can do nothing, is caused by slight changes in the conditions of life, which most often have occurred under Nature. Man, therefore, may be said to have been trying an experiment on a gigantic scale; and it is an experiment which Nature during the long lapse of time has incessantly tried. Hence it follows that the principles of domestication are important for us. The main result is that organic beings thus treated have varied largely, and the variations have been inherited. This has apparently been one chief cause of the belief, long held by some few naturalists, that species in a state of Nature undergo change.' (Animals and Plants under Domestication, vol. i. p. 3.)

The fact is that the principle of the constancy of species had been a somewhat hasty generalisation from a totally different phenomenon to which the term 'specific stability' may be applied. And that it is so has been abundantly brought out by experiment under artificial conditions. Species are stable, but not necessarily permanently so; and their stability may be sooner or later broken down.

One of the most remarkable instances of stability is that afforded by the flora and fauna of Egypt. It has been repeatedly brought forward as an argument in favour of the constancy of species. The French army of occupation in Egypt from 1797 to 1801 was accompanied by a body of scientific men. Amongst other matters they occupied themselves with the careful collection of the remains of animals and plants buried in the tombs. It was a singular incident in a military campaign, characteristic of the intellectual sympathy which the French nation, to its credit, has always exhibited for things not obviously of utilitarian value. Lyell remarks:—

'Those who have never varied their conceptions of the import of natural history beyond the admiration of beautiful objects, or the exertion of skill in detecting specific differences, would wonder at the enthusiasm expressed in Paris at the beginning of this [the nineteenth] century, amidst the din of arms and the stirring excitement of political events, in regard to these precious remains.' (Principles, vol. ii. p. 264.)

They afforded an opportunity of comparing plants and animals as they existed two thousand to three thousand years before with their living representatives. Had the latter changed this would have afforded a measure of the fact. But they had remained unaltered.

More recent discoveries have afforded even more con-

clusive evidence. The kings of the twentieth dynasty were buried with their bodies invested with wreaths woven from the native plants. These remains have been made the subject of investigation by the distinguished botanist Schweinfurth,* and a series of examples were sent by him to the Kew Museums, where they may be seen.

'The fragility of these objects is only due to the extreme state of dryness they have reached during the thirty to thirty-five centuries they have lain in the tombs. It is at the same time the principal factor in their wonderful preservation.'

With care they may be relaxed, however, in water, and then return to something like their original condition. We may then recognise the blue tint of the petals of the Egyptian water-lily (*Nymphæa cærulea*), which still floats in the Nile. The florets of the safflower equally retain their tint. 'In 'water the colouring matter is rapidly excreted, and we 'behold these flowers of some thirty to thirty-five centuries 'intensely colouring the liquid in the phial containing 'them.' One may regard with some emotion the silent testimony of these offerings of sorrow laid in tombs, 'at 'least contemporaneous with the time commonly assigned 'to the Trojan war, if not several centuries more ancient.'

Lamarck's comment on the facts as he knew them was unanswerable:—

'The animals and plants referred to had not experienced any modification in their specific characters, because the climate, soil, and other conditions of life had not varied in the interval. But if the physical geography, temperature, and other natural conditions of Egypt had altered as much as we know they have done in many countries in the course of geological periods, the same animals and plants would have deviated from their pristine types so widely as to rank as new and distinct species.' (Lyell, 'Principles,' vol. ii. p. 265.)

An even more striking illustration is afforded by the history of standards of weight. From Professor Ridgway's researches it appears that these were originally based on seeds. He finds that 'the Troy grain is nothing more than 'the barley-corn.' Further, 'in 1280 (8 Edward I.) the 'penny was to weigh 24 grains . . . which . . . was as 'much as 32 grains of wheat.' The ratio still obtains.

'"In September, 1887," he says, "I placed in the opposite scales of a balance 32 grains of wheat, 'dry, and taken from the midst of the ear,' and 24 grains of barley taken from ricks of ears grown in the same field at Fen Ditton, near Cambridge, and I thrice repeated

* Nature, vol. xxviii. pp. 109–114.

the experiment; each time they balanced so evenly that a half-grain weight turned the scale.'" (Origin of Currency and Weight Standard, pp. 180–182.)

The vast majority of organisms are, in truth, not only very closely adjusted to their environment, but exhibit a certain inertia in adapting themselves to any change in it. The recent remarkable investigations of Brown and Escombe show that plants, for example, are 'accurately "tuned" to 'an atmospheric environment of three parts of carbonic acid 'per 10,000.' They add, it is not too much to say that 'a 'comparatively sudden increase in the air to an extent of 'but two or three times the present amount would result in 'the speedy destruction of nearly all our flowering plants.'*

It is obvious that while Nature is able to preserve the evidence that supports 'stability,' it inevitably destroys that which would demonstrate variability. In order to establish the latter fact rigorously, Darwin was obliged, therefore, to have recourse to the evidence afforded by the effect of the change of conditions implied in 'domestication.' He concluded 'that organic beings, when subjected during several 'generations to any change whatever in their conditions, 'tend to vary.' † As far as plants are concerned, the universal experience of cultivators is that, under artificial conditions, stability is destroyed in the course of a few generations. The departure from the type may easily be so extreme as to perplex the botanist. It is then, subject to limitations to be discussed hereafter, plastic in the hands of the cultivator. A great master of the art, Henri de Vilmorin, is quoted by Darwin as laying down the principle—'the 'first step is to get the plant to vary in any manner what-'ever . . . for, *the fixed character of the species* being once 'broken, the desired variation will sooner or later appear.' ‡ So far Lamarck and Darwin were in agreement. A change in the environment *stimulates* variation. But beyond this they diverge, and the divergence is fundamental. According to Lamarck, the variation called out is a direct response to the stimulus, and adjusted to it. With Darwin the variation is indifferent, and natural selection has to be called in to effect the adjustment. The mode in which this is achieved is even to the present day much misunderstood. It will not be superfluous to examine it somewhat closely.

* Proc. R. S., vol. lxx. p. 408.

† Animals and Plants under Domestication, vol. ii. p. 250.

‡ Origin, 6th ed., p. 262.

It is a matter of the most ordinary observation that no two individuals of the same species are exactly alike. All organisms vary. And Professor Karl Pearson has shown that 'variability is a primary factor of living forms, and is 'not in any way dependent on sexual reproduction.' * Darwin himself suggested that all varying organisms obeyed the beautiful law which we owe to Quetelet. He observed:—

'It is known from the researches of Quetelet . . . that men may be grouped symmetrically about the average with reference to their height. . . . We may presume that this is the usual law of variation in all the grades of every species under ordinary conditions of life.' (Nature, vol. viii. p. 432.)

Professor George Darwin put the same idea in another shape: 'We may assume with some confidence that, under 'normal conditions, the variation of any organ in the same 'species may be symmetrically grouped about a centre of 'greater density.' † A well-known illustration is a marksman shooting at a target. The distribution of his shots will follow the same law; they will be grouped round a centre of greatest density, which is easily ascertained, as it is the centre of gravity of the circumscribed figure. We may picture the aggregate individuals constituting a species as grouped with respect to any discriminating character, like the shots on a target. If we desire a tangible representation of the abstraction we call a species, we may choose that individual which comes as near as possible to the centre of greatest density, and this we may distinguish as the *mean specific form*. If now some new condition is introduced which is relatively favourable to some, but unfavourable to others of the variations, the arrangement will be disturbed. The favoured variations, by inter-crossing, will get the upper hand. The result will be to shift the centre of density; the mean specific form will undergo a corresponding change.

But, as Darwin tells us, 'Changed conditions generally 'induce mere fluctuating variability.' ‡ By doing so they increase variation, give natural selection a wider field to work upon, and accelerate a fresh adjustment which in time may acquire a new stability. The importance of this point of view is that it enables us to see clearly that what is operated upon by natural selection is not isolated individuals of a species, but their aggregate; and that the measure of its effect is to be sought in their *mass-mean*.

---

* Phil. Trans., vol. cxcvii. p. 163.

† Nature, vol. viii. p. 505. ‡ Origin, 6th ed. p. 131.

In any discussion of the influence of the Darwinian theory at the present time, it is more than ever necessary to restate what has been said about natural selection. The whole tendency of modern biological speculation has been to minimise its effect, and to more or less return to the Lamarckian position. It is contended that Darwin himself wavered and admitted that he had not given sufficient weight to the direct action of the environment. But this is to take unfair advantage of Darwin's scrupulous honesty. While insisting on the dominance of natural selection, he refused to shut his eyes to the possibility of the co-operation of auxiliary agencies. It is by no means inexpedient to quote from the last edition of the 'Origin' which received the revision of Darwin's own hand, after the attentive consideration of all that had been urged by his critics, his deliberate judgement on the efficiency of natural selection :—

'It may metaphorically be said that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinising, throughout the world, the slightest variations; rejecting those that are bad, preserving and adding up all that are good; silently and insensibly working, *whenever and wherever opportunity offers*, at the improvement of each organic being in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life. We see nothing of those slow changes in progress until the hand of time has marked the lapse of ages, and then so imperfect is our view into long, past geological ages that we see only that the forms of life are now different from what they formerly were.' (Origin, 6th ed. pp. 65, 66.)

Natural selection was, to use the words of Helmholtz, 'an essentially new creative thought.' * Wallace expressed the same idea in other words, but with a singular grace, coming from the hands of the joint founder of the theory, when he wrote :—

'We claim for Darwin that he is the Newton of natural history, and that, just so surely as that the discovery and demonstration by Newton of the law of gravitation established order in place of chaos, and laid a sure foundation for all the future study of the starry heavens, so surely has Darwin, by his discovery of the law of natural selection and his demonstration of the great principle of the preservation of useful variations in the struggle for life, not only thrown a flood of light on the process of development of the whole organic world, but also established a firm foundation for all future study of Nature.' (Darwinism, p. 9.)

The comparison of the two men and of their work might be carried even farther. It is to the eternal fame of an illustrious University that it has given to the world, in the

* Huxley, 'Essays,' vol. ii. p. 120.

labours of two of its sons, principles which penetrate the very arcana of Nature, and which, in their far-reaching generality, in some sort resemble one another, illuminating as they do on the one side the order of the physical, on the other that of the organic world. And it may be observed that the Darwinian, no less than the Newtonian, theory is essentially a mathematical conception. This is not the less true, though Darwin, like Faraday, was no mathematician. The verification of Newton's work is daily accomplished in every observatory. The work of Darwin will find its final justification in the application of the statistical method. A beginning has already been made by Professors Karl Pearson and Weldon, and the beginning of the century has seen the starting of a new journal, 'Biometrika,' devoted to this method of treating the problem.

It is the privilege and safeguard of science to have little regard for the authority or opinions of any worker, however eminent. Those who follow it may claim the credit, at least as far as their occupation is concerned, of bearing in mind the injunction of St. Paul: 'Prove all things; hold 'fast that which is good.' It is not to be supposed that the injunction would be lost sight of in face of anything at once so daring, so novel, and so far-reaching as the Darwinian theory. The lines of attack were numerous; they opened fire from the most different quarters; they have not ceased even to this day, though the strategic methods have changed.

Some of these may be briefly touched upon. The venerable Lord Kelvin, who is as intrepid in his theories on the physical side of Evolution as he is conservative on the organic, raised the difficulty that the drafts of biologists on time could not be met. If organic Evolution required a practically indefinite period for its accomplishment, the demand could not be conceded. But we live in the halcyon period of the world's history; man is the only disturbing element; the organic world has almost everywhere reached its equilibrium. We are not justified in assuming that the rate of change, almost imperceptible now, is that which always obtained. Darwin therefore, who neglected nothing, replied that it was probable, as Lord Kelvin himself insisted,

'that the world at a very early period was subjected to more rapid and violent changes in its physical conditions than those now occurring; and such changes would have tended to induce changes at a corresponding rate in the organisms which then existed.' (Origin, 6th ed. p. 286)

In the early half of the last century the English biological world was dominated by Sir Richard Owen. A disciple of the school of Cuvier, he was through Oken imbued with the transcendental conceptions of the 'Naturphilosophie.' A man of true scientific enthusiasm, he was gifted with a singular personal fascination and grace of exposition. But his work was marred by a subtlety of mental operation which constantly led him to grasp the shadow while the substance eluded him. His influence, notwithstanding his powers, on biological progress in this country was, on the whole, injurious. He was the last exponent of the idealistic school. Organic forms were traced back by him to 'archetypes' which, in so far as they were not abstractions, were figments of the imagination. Of these, actually existing organic forms were the outward expressions or variants. This semi-mystical interpretation of Nature was, as will be understood from what has been stated earlier, the last survival of an ancient method. At any rate, it was antipodal to every conception that Darwin entertained. There was bound to be a sharp conflict between the two men.

Now, it is one of those singular coincidences which might almost lead to the persuasion that the evolution of scientific thought had something about it of an automatic character that the very year of the publication of Darwin's first sketch was that in which Huxley delivered his celebrated Croonian lecture at the Royal Society 'On the Theory of the Vertebrate Skull.' This demolished Oken's equally celebrated theory that the skull was only a portion of a modified vertebral column, and with it 'fell the superstructure raised 'by its chief supporter, Owen, "archetype" and all.'* This cleared the ground. But Owen, like the 'Naturphilosophen,' was an evolutionist of a kind; and when in the following year the 'Origin' was published he was at first disposed to fall into line with it. In fact, he even went so far as to claim priority for its fundamental principle. In his account of the gigantic wingless bird of New Zealand Owen in 1850 wrote as follows:—

'In proportion to its bulk is the difficulty of the contest which, as a living organised whole, the individual of such species has to maintain against the surrounding agencies that are ever tending to dissolve the vital bond and subjugate the living matter to the ordinary chemical and physical forces. Any change, therefore, in such external

* Huxley, 'Life and Letters,' vol. i. p. 141.

agencies as a species may have been originally adapted to exist in will militate against that existence in a degree proportionate, perhaps in a geometrical ratio, to the bulk of the species. If a dry season be gradually prolonged, the large mammal will suffer from the drought sooner than the small one; if such alteration of climate affect the quantity of vegetable food, the bulky herbivore will first feel the effects of stinted nourishment; if new enemies are introduced, the large and conspicuous quadruped or bird will fall a prey, whilst the smaller species conceal themselves and escape. Smaller animals are usually, also, more prolific than larger ones.

'The actual presence, therefore, of small species of animals in countries where larger species of the same natural families formerly existed is not the consequence of any gradual diminution of the size of such species, but is the result of circumstances which may be illustrated by the fable of "the oak and the reed"—the smaller and feebler animals have bent and accommodated themselves to changes which have destroyed the larger species.'

All this is admirably sound, and Darwin himself would not have put it more clearly. It is an excellent example of the way in which natural selection acts in the struggle for existence. The passage is quoted in an article, in which it not difficult to see the hand of Owen, in Brande's Dictionary, to which he was a contributor. It is given as an instance of the principle of 'natural rejection,' of which it is stated Darwin 'seems not to have been aware.' But the distinction is one without a difference. The historian of science may therefore add the name of Owen to the list of those who, like Wells and Matthew, stumbled on the Darwinian principle, but who, from incapacity or indolence, failed to develope its consequences.

Those who have had the patience to read the preceding pages may, perhaps, have wondered for what purpose the speculations of so many preceding writers have been passed in review. They all ran out, so to speak, into 'loose ends.' All science, however brilliant the performance of those who illuminate it, is built on the foundations of those who have laboured earlier. And no adequate appreciation of Darwin's work is possible which does not take this into account.

Huxley traces to Descartes the modern doctrine 'that the 'physical world and all things in it, whether living or not 'living, have originated by a process of Evolution, due to 'the continuous operation of purely physical causes.' * As regards lifeless matter, the demonstration of the fact began

* Essays, vol. ii. p. 206.

with Newton, and we may quote the authority of Helmholtz for saying:—

'It was Kant who . . . seized the masterly idea that the same attractive force of all ponderable matter which now supports the motion of the planets must also aforetime have been able to form the planetary system from matter loosely scattered in space.' (Popular Lectures, p. 174.)

Darwin was the first to give an intelligible mechanical explanation of how the diversity of the organic world had come about. He thus made intelligible scientifically the Theory of Descent. This solved at once the problem of a natural classification for which everyone had been striving. It proved to be that arrangement which followed the pedigree of living forms. Down to the time of Lamarck systematists had engaged in the fruitless attempt to arrange organisms in a linear series, the *scala naturæ*. It is, as Lankester tells, the merit of Cuvier, by recognising four distinct and divergent branches or *embranchements*, to have

'laid the foundation of that branching tree-like arrangement of the classes and orders of animals which we now recognise as being the necessary result of attempts to represent what is practically a genealogical tree or pedigree.' (Advancement of Science, pp. 326, 327.)

It is curious that this part of his theory gave Darwin almost more trouble than all the rest; for, as Huxley says, 'It 'seems obvious that the theory of the origin of species by 'natural selection necessarily involves the divergence of the 'forms selected.' * And it is not the least singular feature about the whole business that systematists had been unconsciously in the habit of using language which implicitly assumed the Theory of Descent. Its establishment was

'followed,' says Sachs, 'almost as a matter of course by the true conception of that which had been figuratively called affinity; the degrees of affinity expressed in the natural system indicated the different degrees of derivation of the varying progeny of common parents; out of affinity taken in a figurative sense arose a real blood-relationship, and the natural system became a table of the pedigree.' (History of Botany, pp. 11, 12.)

The construction of the pedigrees of plants and animals is now one of the main problems of biological science. Huxley lays it down that 'in a natural classification the 'things classified are arranged according to the totality of 'their morphological resemblances, and the features which 'are taken as the marks of groups are those which have

* Essays, vol. ii. pp. 280, 281.

'been ascertained by observation to be the indications of 'many likenesses or unlikenesses.'* The problem, then, which confronts the systematist is to ascertain what marks or characters are the most trustworthy guide to affinity. Now, every organism inherits from its ancestors not merely a plan, but details of structure which arose because they were useful to their original possessors, though now for the most part they have ceased to be so. Such characters we term morphological. But organisms, besides such ancestral characters, are endowed by the operation of natural selection with others which are in direct adjustment with the necessities of their actual existence: these we term physiological or adaptive. As already pointed out, it is to the elder De Candolle that we owe the first recognition of this all-important distinction. But it is essential to observe that the two kinds of characters do not in any way run parallel. To return to an example already given: a groundsel may resemble an ivy, but the structure of their respective flowers shows their real affinity to be very remote, however close their superficial resemblances. Darwin, indeed, tells us that 'it may be even given as a general rule that 'the less any part of the organism is concerned with special 'habits the more important it becomes for classification.'† Adaptive characters, then, enable us to discriminate species, but are for the most part useless for defining higher groups.

In the developement of an organism the adaptive habit is assumed last of all: the early stages are more generalised, and therefore more common to larger groups. This important principle of the progression from the general to the special we owe to Von Baer. Its acceptance gave an immense impulse to embryological studies as soon as we received from Darwin an intelligible Theory of Descent.

The appearance of Huxley's 'Life and Letters' has furnished an almost complete account of the gradual acceptance of the Darwinian theory. This deserves the more careful study as Huxley himself never completely accepted it. No one, Darwin observes, has a 'right to 'examine the question of species who has not minutely 'described many.'‡ Huxley, on the other hand, said: 'Species work was always a burden to me,'§ and to the end of his life he never had a firm grasp of the species question. But in this he was frank enough. 'We wanted,'

---

* Encycl. Brit., vol. iii. p. 683.
† Origin, 6th ed. p. 365.
‡ Darwin, 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 39.
§ Essays, vol. i. p. 7.

he said, 'not to pin our faith to that or any other specula-'tion, but to get hold of clear and definite conceptions 'which could be brought face to face with facts and have 'their validity tested. The "Origin" provided us with the 'working hypothesis we sought.'* Darwin, in fact, assisted by Lyell, succeeded where Herbert Spencer had failed in converting Huxley to Evolution. Huxley, however, from the first insisted that the Darwinian theory was wanting in rigorous proof; for this he demanded the production of species sterile to one another by selective breeding. But sterility is a physiological fact, and, like others of that class, in no way runs parallel with the morphological series, as Darwin took great pains to point out in the ninth chapter of the 'Origin.' It is not a specific criterion, nor is it practically useful in throwing light on questions of affinity. Huxley's difficulty, however, probably inspired Romanes, who accordingly launched a new theory, which was to supersede that of Darwin, and to which he gave the name of 'physiological selection.' He credited natural selection with the production of adaptations, but not of species. The latter he attributed to the isolation brought about by the occurrence of mutual sterility. It is sufficient to observe that as adaptations are the means by which we discriminate species,† the efficiency of natural selection was not seriously impaired.

Huxley warned Darwin: 'I will stop at no point as 'long as clear reasoning will carry me further.'‡ The latter, though he did not thrust it into the foreground, never flinched from recognising that man could not be excluded from his theory. In the first edition of the 'Origin' he frankly stated: 'Light will be thrown on the 'origin of man and his history.'§ Owen's evolutionism was not ready to go so far. In his Rede lecture, delivered before the University of Cambridge, he endeavoured to save the position by asserting that man was clearly marked off from all other animals by the anatomical structure of his brain. This was in actual contradiction to existing knowledge, and Huxley had little difficulty in showing 'that the dif-'ferences between man and the higher apes were no greater 'than those between the higher and the lower apes.'‖ 'The case for the Evolution theory was now complete.

---

* Life, vol. i. p. 170.
† See Huxley, 'Essays,' vol. ii. p. 288.
‡ Life and Letters, vol i. p. 172.
§ Origin, 1st ed. p. 488.
‖ Life and Letters, vol. i. p. 192.

This 'monkey damnification' of mankind was forgiven with difficulty by Carlyle. It is almost superfluous to remark that no competent evolutionist ever contended that man was descended from existing apes, but only that both had common ancestors. Yet we may agree with Darwin when he tells us that the conclusion 'that man is descended 'from some lowly-organised form will, I regret to think, be 'highly distasteful to many persons.' But he adds, and the argument admits of no reply: 'He who has seen a savage in 'his native land will not feel much shame if forced to admit 'that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his 'veins.' *

On another point Huxley's views were sharply differentiated from those of Darwin. He thought 'transmutation may 'take place without transition.' † This view has been ably sustained by Bateson. It is now, with little sense of humour, described as the 'saltatory' theory. Taking a series of forms genetically connected, he writes: 'In propor- 'tion as the transition from term to term is minimal and 'imperceptible, we may speak of the series being *continuous*; 'while in proportion as there appear in it lacunæ, filled by 'no transitional form, we may describe it as *discontinuous*.' ‡ Huxley observed: 'I always took the same view, much to 'Darwin's disgust.' § It cannot be contested that though the acceptance of discontinuous variation is compatible with Evolution, it is not with Darwinism. That large or sudden variations may occur in Nature, as they do under natural conditions, is not improbable. But the chance against such a variation being advantageous is enormous. And Huxley was ready to admit that 'it was a perfectly fair deduction 'that even the most complicated adaptations might result 'from the summation of a long series of simple favourable 'variations.' ‖ To Huxley, Darwinism was little more than a bridge which landed him in the Evolution territory which he had long prospected. Having arrived there, he discovered that there were other ways by which it might be reached. In 1892 he wrote: 'The doctrine of Evolution is no 'speculation, but a generalisation of certain facts . . . classed 'by biologists under the heads of embryology and

* Descent of Man, vol. ii. p. 404.
† Life and Letters, vol, i. p. 173.
‡ Materials for the Study of Variation, p. 15.
§ Life and Letters, vol. ii. p. 372.
‖ Essays, vol. ii. p. 280.

'palæontology.'* Earlier (in 1881) he had asserted even more emphatically that if the hypothesis of evolution 'had 'not existed, the palæontologist would have had to invent it.'†

In some degree it is the measure of the value of a theory that it suggests more problems than it solves. The explanation of the paradox lies in the fact that the existence of the problems would not have been known unless the theory had revealed them. Opening one door, we see before us many others, still closed, of whose existence we had no knowledge. Darwin had no illusion on this point. 'No one,' he says, 'ought to feel surprise at much remaining as yet un- 'explained in regard to the origin of species and varieties.... 'Much remains obscure and will long remain obscure.'‡

We need not wonder that many competent persons have met with perplexities concerning the theory. These may arise from want of apprehension, lack of imagination, or the resurgence of idealistic conceptions. But it is impossible to overlook the significance of the fact that the Darwinian campaign has ceased to be an affair of pitched battles, and has passed on to the stage of guerilla warfare. No one now seriously contests the validity of the Theory of Descent; few probably who are competent to form any opinion on the subject hesitate to admit that man must be included in it.

It may be useful, and at any rate it will be candid, to dwell briefly on a few of these perplexities. The late Duke of Argyll was an accomplished controversialist, and he chose with judgement two points of attack. Both have been repeatedly raised, and both deserve consideration. Admitting the Darwinian principle, he urged that the initial steps in advantageous variation could not be actually so in many cases in any appreciable degree. How, then, is the existence of 'prophetic germs,' as he termed them, to be accounted for? The most probable answer is to be found in the principle of correlation. The parts of a complex organism are known to be so linked together that a variation in one involves some variation in the rest. A 'prophetic germ' may thus be sustained in the early stages of its existence by the support of a correlated variation which is actually efficiently useful. The argument has been also urged against the early stages of protective resemblance. But, unless in the almost impossible case of an organism being actually exterminated by a destructive agency, it is impossible

* Essays, vol. v. p. 42. † Ibid. vol. iv. p. 44.
‡ Origin, 6th ed. p. 4.

to deny that the smallest change in the desired direction will not have some differential effect, if the number of individuals be large. And if this be so, the protection will rapidly increase with each successive generation.

An objection more difficult to bring within the scope of scientific discussion was that which the Duke brought against evolutionary theories on the ground that they relegated everything to chance. It, however, is obvious that chance only concerns the individual and not the aggregate. A man may be choked by a fish-bone, and yet the death-rate of the city in which he had lived would still be a quantity practically invariable.

The unwillingness to accept a mechanical explanation of the phenomena presented by living things, it need hardly be said, lay at the foundation of the Duke of Argyll's criticisms. It has been shared by many other distinguished men whose sincerity commands our respect. Nevertheless, there are few who will now deny that 'the hypothesis of 'special creation' is, as Huxley said, 'a mere specious mark 'for our ignorance.'* Nor is the anthropomorphic argument from design in much better plight.

The old idealistic theories have reproduced themselves in a new shape, and as they have found many supporters amongst American scientific men they require some notice. The fallacy which, if one may be permitted to say so, lies at the bottom of all of them, depends on a misconception of the nature of variation. Admitting the Theory of Descent, it is asserted that natural selection is unable to account for this, without, at any rate, the assistance of an internal directive force. Variation on that view would never make any progress at all unless it were directed. The idea has taken various shapes. Its first form was perphaps due to Nägeli, who saw in organisms an innate tendency to progressive developement. The distinguished American botanist Asa Gray, who was one of the earliest converts to Darwin, still believed that 'variation had been led along 'certain beneficial lines,' like a stream 'along definite and 'useful lines of irrigation.'† The American naturalist Cope invokes a 'growth-force' which acts independently of 'fitness,' as well as a 'law of polar or centrifugal growth,' to produce symmetry. Weismann has generalised all such

---

* Life and Letters, vol. ii. p. 302.

† Darwin, 'Animals and Plants under Domestication,' vol. ii. p. 432.

theories as an attempt to set up a 'phyletic vital force,' and he points out—what is, of course, true—that if we accept anything of the kind 'we should at once cut ourselves off 'from all possible mechanical explanation of organic 'Nature.' *

The fundamental misconception which underlies all such views is that variation is unlimited and undirected, and even with the aid of natural selection would make a hopeless mess of things. But the wildest evolutionist has never contended that 'any type can be reached from any point.' † The character and range of variations are necessarily determined by the nature of the organism that varies. Other possibly conceivable variations are by the nature of the case impossible.' ‡ As Weismann puts it, 'under the most 'favourable circumstances a bird can never be converted 'into a mammal.'

Even if some of the subsidiary problems which flow from the Darwinian theory still await a complete solution, the fact in no way militates against the theory itself. Much supplementary discovery was required before Newton's work was able to satisfy the rigid requirements of practical astronomy. And to this day the motion of the moon has not been completely adjusted to theoretical calculations. As Weismann tells us, 'natural science can never close her 'account, since she will never be in a position to solve all 'problems.' § Wallace observes with justice that Darwin 'did his work so well that descent with modification is now 'universally accepted as the order of Nature in the organic 'world; and the rising generation of naturalists can hardly 'realise the novelty of this idea, or that their fathers con-'sidered it a scientific heresy to be condemned rather than 'seriously discussed.' || A more striking illustration could hardly be afforded than the generous, if half-reluctant, approval of Darwin's work given by Lord Salisbury in his address as President of the British Association at Oxford in 1894. A smaller man might have felt the restraint of high position. But Lord Salisbury, though standing at the high-water mark of Conservative feeling, possesses a singular open-mindedness and an almost cynical contempt for obsolete illusions. And this is his deliberate judgement:—

'A lasting and unquestioned effect has resulted from Darwin's

---

* Studies in the Theory of Descent, vol. ii. p. 638.

† Weismann, l.c. vol. ii. p. 652. ‡ L.c. vol. i. p. 361.

§ L.c. vol. ii. p. 641. || Darwinism, vol. v.

work. He has, as a matter of fact, disposed of the doctrine of the immutability of species. Few now are found to doubt that animals separated by differences far exceeding those that distinguish what we know as species have yet descended from common ancestors.'

The dignity of the occasion was worthy the importance of the decision. The Chancellor of our most ancient University dismissed the dictum of Linnæus, and accepted the validity of the Theory of Descent. But on the principle of natural selection he spoke with a more uncertain voice. And for this he gave two reasons—which, if not surprising, are certainly not convincing. The first is the inadequate response by physicists to the assumed demand of biologists for time. This is not insuperable, and has already been touched upon in preceding pages. The other was based on a singular application of a remark of Weismann's, that if we reject natural selection we must fall back on the principle of design. 'There,' he added, 'is the difficulty. We cannot 'demonstrate the principle of natural selection in detail.' But the following year Professor Weldon pointed out the answer. In a paper communicated to the Royal Society he says: 'The questions raised by the Darwinian hypothesis 'are purely statistical, and the statistical method is the only 'one at present obvious by which this hypothesis can be ex-'perimentally checked.'* He then gives an instance of an investigation in which 'the observed phenomena imply a 'selective destruction.'

Lord Salisbury finally preferred to shelter himself 'behind 'the judgement of the greatest master of natural science 'amongst us, Lord Kelvin.' And he quoted from him the striking words which the latter had used in the same chair more than twenty years before:—

'"I have always felt that the hypothesis of natural selection does not contain the true theory of Evolution, if Evolution there has been in biology. . . . I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoological speculations."'

The argument of design is simply the reproduction of the idealistic principle which, like the constancy of species, has been shown in the preceding pages to have in one shape or another reappeared at intervals in biological speculation. It substitutes for the explanation of phenomena by intelligible causes the realisation of an idea external to our possible knowledge. No one would have repudiated the conclusion

* Proc. Roy. Soc., vol. lvii. p. 381.

at which Lord Salisbury arrived more decisively than Weismann himself :—

'"For what is investigation," he says, "in natural science but the attempt to indicate the mechanism through which the phenomena of the world are brought about? When this mechanism ceases science is no longer possible."'

And he quotes the well-known dictum of Kant :—

'"Since we cannot in any case know *à priori* to what extent the mechanism of Nature serves as a means to every final purpose in the latter, or how far the mechanical explanation possible to us reaches, natural science must everywhere press the attempt at mechanical explanation as far as possible.'" (L.c., vol. ii. p. 638.)

No one would demand, certainly no one exercises, a more complete liberty in the field of physical science than Lord Kelvin. It is difficult to see why he should impose limitations upon his fellow-workers in other fields to which he would be unwilling to submit himself. As he observed in an earlier passage of the same address :—

'"Science is bound, by the everlasting law of honour, to face fearlessly every problem which can be fairly presented to it. If a probable solution consistent with the ordinary course of nature can be found, we must not invoke an abnormal act of Creative Power."'

The purpose of this retrospect has been to show that during three centuries the human mind has been slowly striving to arrive at an intelligible explanation of the order observable in the field of living Nature. In truth this chapter of scientific history is not very different in substance from any other. The problems to be solved first assert themselves gradually, till the day arrives when they are ripe for solution, and only await the man whose patience, gifts, and insight are adequate to the task. Such a man is in some sort himself the product of Evolution, though his inevitableness in the abstract in no way detracts from his personal merit. And in the present case who would not echo the eloquent praise of Lord Salisbury?—

'The equity of judgement, the simple-minded love of truth and the patient devotion to the pursuit of it through years of toil, and of other conditions the most unpropitious—these things endeared to numbers of men everything that came from Charles Darwin, apart from its scientific merit or its literary charm.'

Such an appreciation of the man and his work would not have fallen from a great political leader unless he had known that Darwin's theory had become part of the common stock of ordinary thought. On the scientific side it

will still afford material for fresh investigation and perhaps of controversy. How will it influence that larger field of opinion which is indifferent to its technicalities, and accepts it merely in its broader aspect?

As might have been expected, the influence of the principle of natural selection and of the Theory of Descent on biological studies has been profound. In this respect it has been in marked contrast to Lamarckism, which was comparatively sterile in this respect. A new life has been infused into our museums; it has ceased to be sufficient that they should be mere repositories for what is rare, strange, or beautiful. The study of the variation of specific forms is no longer regarded as superfluous, and the importance of ascertaining the precise geographical distribution of species is never lost sight of. Fossil remains are not looked at as mere marvels, exciting our wonder and curiosity as to the inhabitants of the earth in a past age, but are prized as authentic and important documents for establishing the pedigree of those which are contemporary with us. In well-equipped laboratories all over the world skilled investigators vie with one another in studying the embryology and working out the developement of every accessible living form. Even the science which the Japanese have borrowed from Western civilisation has already in their hands achieved some notable additions to our knowledge. The method has been everywhere fruitful in detecting those latent and generalised inherited characters which are obscured in the adult. Few observers have accomplished more brilliant work in this field than Kowalevsky, whose recent death we deplore. We owe to him the remarkable discovery that the lowly ascidian must be assigned a place in the ancestry of man.

Perhaps the most remarkable result of the Darwinian theory is the developement of teleology. When we look on the face of Nature our eyes are opened to the fact that every detail has a meaning and a purpose, without which it would be speedily suppressed. The Principle of Design led to the recognition of the more obvious adaptations. It is a singular revolution which has enabled science to draw its illustrations from such works as Derham's 'Physico-Theology.' But without natural selection the interpretation of structure would not have gone very far. A minute knowledge of the physiological requirements of organisms is needed before the corresponding adaptations become intelligible. This has opened and stimulated an immense field

of research. Darwin himself showed the way in many of the works which occupied the latter portion of his life; several of these have been the subject of review in our own pages.

Wallace believed that man had 'escaped natural selection,'* and Darwin wrote to him: 'I differ grievously from you, 'and am very sorry for it.'† But mankind can no more escape from its influence than from that of gravitation. As Professor Karl Pearson says, it is 'something we run up 'against at once, almost as soon as we examine a mortality table.'‡ As far as the struggle for existence is concerned, its influence in its broader features on the fortunes of mankind can hardly be denied. Europeans have exterminated the natives of Tasmania, and in turn have been expelled from Hayti by the negro. The races of Central Asia were pressed into Europe, and the descent of the Northern hordes on the South wrecked the Roman Empire. There have been those who have seen in the 'yellow peril' a similar menace to our own. On the other hand, we may hold tropical possessions in India and Africa, but we cannot people them. Huxley has laid it down that when in a society every member is secure 'in the possession of the means of existence, the 'struggle for existence, as between man and man, within 'that society, is *ipso facto* at an end.'§ He might have pointed as an example of such a society to the colony of Seychelles, in which three-fifths of the population exist without any manner of employment. It is perhaps a measure of the intelligence of the whole that only two individuals return themselves in the census as 'freethinkers.' In contrast to this is the city of York, which has been investigated by Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, with the result that 10 per cent. of the inhabitants had not sufficient income to live up to the standard of food allowed to paupers. Huxley thinks 'the

---

* Essays, p. 182. † Life, vol. iii. p. 116.

‡ Biometrika, vol. i. p. 76.

§ Essays, vol. ix. p. 36.—But one may permit oneself to wonder whether Huxley would have thought the struggle for existence in abeyance in such a case as this, which is clipped at hazard from a current newspaper:—'An elevator will drop from the twenty-eighth storey to the floor with no halt unless there is a signal to stop. The descent makes you feel the bottom had fallen out of the world. The constant rising and dropping affects the elevator men. They generally have to cease the work because of shattered nerves—that is, if they do not die suddenly from heart disease. Every elevator man gets disease of the heart.'

'struggle for existence in society is a struggle not for the means of existence, but for the means of enjoyment.'* This may be so in such a country as France, but it would be cynical to apply the statement to such a case as York. And if we consider the fact that the population of France is all but stationary, it will be seen that the effect of the one agency may be as restrictive as that of the other.

No one can deny that the principle of natural selection suggests grave problems to the social reformer. 'Poverty,' Darwin tells us with truth that cannot be contradicted, 'is 'not only a great evil, but tends to its own increase by 'leading to recklessness in marriage.'† He continues: 'On 'the other hand, as Mr. Galton has remarked, if the prudent 'avoid marriage, whilst the reckless marry, the inferior 'members will tend to supplant the better members of 'society.' It has been asserted, though the evidence would require careful scrutiny, that something of the kind is actually taking place in some parts of France. Another quotation must be made from Darwin, because it would be impossible to state the argument in more pregnant words:—

'Man, like every other animal, has no doubt advanced to his present high condition through a struggle for existence consequent on his rapid multiplication; and if he is to advance still higher he must remain subject to a severe struggle. Otherwise he would soon sink into indolence, and the more highly gifted men would not be more successful in the battle of life than the less gifted. Hence our natural rate of increase, though leading to many and obvious evils, must not be greatly diminished by any means. There should be open competition for all men; and the most able should not be prevented by laws or customs from succeeding best and rearing the largest number of offspring.' (L.c.)

It is scarcely necessary to emphasise the fact that the verdict of natural selection is absolutely opposed to those who would seek social amelioration in a dead level of average comfort, from which the best could not rise and the worst would not sink.

Wallace, however, hit the truth when he stated‡ that 'man . . . is actually able to take away some of that power 'from Nature which before his appearance she actually 'exercised.' Man can never escape from natural selection, which will remorselessly punish all his errors, while it will support his best endeavours. But we are between the upper and the nether millstones: how are we to escape from the

* L.c., p. 40. † Descent of Man, vol. ii. p. 403. ‡ L.c.

effects of the indolence of the Seychelles on the one hand, and of the poverty of York on the other? All that can be said is that a race which is at once prolific and intelligent must in the long run, other conditions not being adverse, oust all other races.

Man is no doubt largely master of his own destiny. The general duty of the State would seem, in the light of what has been stated, to be limited to the restraint, in so far as is practicable, of the undue increase of the most degenerate class of the proletariate, and to the removal of restrictions which would operate against capacity and originality having a free chance, not merely for themselves, but for their offspring. Darwin thought that primogeniture was 'a scheme '. . . for destroying natural selection.' * Direct interference may in theory be practicable, but in practice it would be hopelessly repugnant to general sentiment. The experiment of the Oneida community is little likely to be imitated, even if we could place confidence in anyone who would undertake the unenviable responsibility of directing it. Frederick the Great is said to have seriously attempted to create a race of giants. Theoretically the thing might be done; but it would require many generations to establish a stable race, and it would require a Methuselah to carry it through. Darwin justly thought all 'such hopes . . . 'Utopian'; † but Mr. Galton has boldly launched a scheme by which he thinks the State might actually deal with the problem.

Indirectly and in detail the Darwinian principle has in several directions forced itself on public opinion. Mental disease and crime are to a large extent hereditary, and it becomes a pressing problem how far it may be necessary to segregate those who exhibit those aberrations from the community like lepers, and prevent their continuing their race. What is to be done with the 'professional criminal' of whom the Prison Commissioners report, 'His crime is 'not due to special causes such as sudden passion, drunken-'ness, or temporary distress, but to a settled intention to 'gain a living by dishonesty'? For such 'moral cripples' Huxley thought 'there is nothing but shutting up or extirpation.' ‡

And disease itself offers a wide problem. In any one case it is certain that, owing to the action of variation, all

---

* Life, vol. iii. p. 91.

† Descent of Man, vol. ii. p. 403. ‡ Life, vol. ii. p. 306.

individuals are not equally liable to become its victims. Two men may sleep in the Himalayan Terai, and one will die and the other escape. If any epidemic disease were allowed to run its own course, the most susceptible would be exterminated, and the disease itself would either disappear for want of anything to prey on or assume a mitigated form. It can hardly be doubted that this was the case with many of the scourges of the Middle Ages. The natives of tropical Africa exist in the face of malarial fever, which decimates European officials. Measles, which in Europe is only a moderately fatal disease, operated like a pestilence in Fiji. It has even been surmised that a common 'cold' is the last attenuated form of a disease which was once lethal. The severe mortality from influenza has perhaps increased the immunity of future generations. The recalcitrance of the unvaccinated may in this aspect have a patriotic side. Sentiment precludes the State from regarding excessive mortality with philosophic indifference, and science has placed at its disposal means of mitigating its ravages. But it must be remembered that these are only a shield, and their very existence imposes a greater risk on those who do not avail themselves of them.

Darwinism has something to say also about education. 'If,' as Lankester states correctly, 'pure Darwinism is to be 'accepted, then education has no value in directly affecting 'the mental or physical features of the race, but only in 'affecting those of the individual.'* Its object, then, must be to fit human beings for their social existence; in other words, to make them good citizens, and to afford those with gifts above the average the opportunity of developing them. By improving the standard of conduct the indirect influence of education is not inconsiderable. Drink, betting, and ignorant or careless housekeeping are more potent causes of poverty than a low wage. Education, by restraining self-indulgence, may do much to remedy its effects and raise the power of wage-earning. That it has actually done something the orderliness of our vast crowds is a conspicuous testimony. A well-nourished population supplies one of the conditions for the perpetuation of a vigorous race. An aristocratic structure of society has at least the merit of presenting us with standards of excellence, both physical and mental. As Lankester remarks, 'It is not a little 'remarkable that the latest developement of zoological

* Advancement of Science, pp. 378, 379.

'science should favour that respect to breeding which is 'becoming less general than it was, and should tend to 'modify the current estimate of the results of popular 'education.'*

The questions of genius and the exhibition of exceptional talent have been the subject of much speculation. Weismann points out that 'Gauss was not the son of a mathematician; 'Handel's father was a surgeon, of whose musical powers 'nothing is known; Titian was the son and also nephew of 'a lawyer.'† He adds that such cases prove 'that a high de-'gree of endowment in a special direction cannot have arisen 'from the experience of previous generations.' Talents, then, must be regarded as analogous to 'sports'; thus Huxley says: 'Newton was to all intents and purposes a "sport" of a dull agricultural stock.'‡ But it is to be observed that the families in which talent appears are often found to have varied in the direction of a higher average intelligence, which shows itself from time to time in special ways; that of the Cavendishes is an obvious example. And it may be conjectured that special gifts will be more apt to manifest themselves in a race which is not subsiding into a condition of stability, but is vigorously responding to the struggle for existence. This consideration may throw some light on the extraordinary outburst of talent in Italy in the Middle Ages. Huxley thought that the 'conditions of our present social 'existence exercise the most extraordinarily powerful selective 'influence in favour of novelists, artists, and strong intellects 'of all kind.'§ And this is true; but the inference is not that there will be races of novelists, but only of 'strong 'intellects.' But natural selection does not stop even at man; it extends to the products of his activity. As Lange observes, 'Even the great discoveries and inventions, which 'form the basis of higher civilisation and intellectual pro-'gress, are still subordinate to that universal law of the 'conservation of the strongest, while they are at the same 'time tested by the most delicate methods of science and art.'‖

In a sense Darwin accomplished a larger task than he proposed to himself, or even had foreseen. He left the theory of Evolution a completed generalisation. And this has no doubt influenced and impressed many who troubled

* L.c., p. 379.
† Essays, p. 96.
‡ Life, vol. i. p. 240.
§ Essays, vol. ii. p. 178.
‖ History of Materialism, vol. iii. p. 67.

little about the details of the Darwinian theory. In its broadest aspects evolutionism has become a commonplace of ordinary thought. The effect, paradoxical as it may seem, has been on the whole conservative. The recognition of the fact that in every detail the present is built on the past has invested the latter with a new title to respect, and given a fresh impulse to the study of its history. *A priori* methods have everywhere fallen out of favour, and no serious investigation has any chance of acceptance which is not based on a critical examination of all preceding documents which would throw light upon it. This may be traced in part to a growing confidence in the trustworthiness of the scientific method, and to a belief that, if it errs, it possesses in the long run the means of correcting its own errors. A notable instance is the subsidence of the terror at the results of Biblical criticism. There is a tacit acknowledgement that if in this and other matters the truth can be ascertained it has to be faced. On the other hand, it is perceived that the demands of science are not necessarily arrogant, and that its conclusions are at the best tentative, and subject to correction in the light of fresh knowledge.

The fundamental principle of Evolution is continuity, and this falls in with the innate conservatism of the British race. Our legal system is the despair of the scientific jurist because it cannot be deduced from symmetrical principles, but is an organic growth, still possessing an inherent elasticity which enables it, if in a cumbrous fashion, to adapt itself to new conditions. But we have refrained from enforcing it on countries under our rule which possess a jurisprudence of their own, and no tribunal has ever been called upon to administer such varied systems of law as our Privy Council. In the coronation of our sovereigns we still preserve the form of popular election, and their assent is given to the Acts of our legislature in Norman-French.

In the preservation of such forms our action has been rather instinctive than reasoned. We have, in fact, unconsciously obeyed the laws of organic Nature, which suppresses nothing till its further preservation proves injurious, and replaces nothing till changed conditions demand a new adjustment. When we dress for dinner we equally conform to them. The articles of clothing we put on are not devised on abstract principles, but are a mass of obsolete survivals of adjustments to past habits. Our coat has tails because the skirts were once buttoned back for convenience in

riding; it has buttons at the back because it was once gathered in at the waist; and the collar is notched because it once stood up and had to fit the neck.

An absolute creative power is denied to man equally with Nature. Either can only accomplish the extended developement of something which has preceded. It is often the practice to speak of art as creative; but this is far from being the case, and Mr. Walter Crane has recently given a perfectly accurate account of the limitations under which the artist works:—

'There appears to be a law of evolution working in the arts of design quite as inevitably as in the Natural world. Certain germinal motives, derived from forms in Nature or art, are combined by the fancy of the designer. A conflict for pre-eminence, a struggle for existence, takes place in the mind of the artist, as his hand records the stages of the evolution of his design either on paper or in some plastic material. In view of his ultimate purpose—the use and destiny of the design—certain lines, certain forms, prevail over others as the most fitting; the design sheds inessentials and takes final shape. It may closely follow the principle of its inception, or it may, passing through a multitude of complex stages, finally be involved in some very different shape; but in either case its developement proceeds much as the developement of a plant from its seed germ to its full completion and flower, always strictly adapted to its environment.'

Nor does Evolution necessarily imply progress. Nature is self-regarding, and simply adjusts the organism to its conditions. In that aspect degeneration not merely may, but does, become a necessity of existence for its victims. Huxley pointed out that there is an ambiguity in the expression 'fittest.' That 'which survives in the struggle 'for existence may be, and often is, the ethically worst.'* This is a profound truth fraught with political consequences of the deepest moment.

The brief history which has been given in the preceding pages is one of perpetual conflict between what may be called roughly the mechanical and the idealistic explanation of the methods of Evolution. It is not to be supposed that it is at an end when we deal with the higher aspects of man's nature. Darwin almost alone in this country has pushed his theory to its logical conclusion. Wallace remarks:—

'Although, perhaps, nowhere distinctly formulated, his whole argument tends to the conclusion that man's entire nature and all his

* Essays, vol. ii. p. 303.

faculties, whether moral, intellectual, or spiritual, have been derived from their rudiments in the lower animals, in the same manner and by the action of the same general laws as his physical structure has been derived.' (Darwinism, p. 461.)

The theory of Evolution probably leads to the same conclusion. It would, however, be premature to dogmatise on a subject for which the materials for an accurate judgement are still confessedly insufficient. Mr. Andrew Lang has recently drawn attention to the remarkable fact that so practical a body as the United States Government has created means for ethnological study to which no parallel exists in this or perhaps any other country. Wallace dissents from Darwin's views; and his general discussion, as well as the more detailed studies of the subject which we owe to Weismann, must be weighed with all the consideration due to those distinguished men.

The remarkable pronouncement by Huxley in his Romanes lecture on the origin of the ethical principle is not inconsistent with Evolution, but is not reconcilable with the Darwinian theory. It is frankly pessimistic, while the latter is not. 'Since,' Huxley says, 'thousands of times a 'minute, were our ears sharp enough, we should hear sighs 'and groans of pain like those heard by Dante at the gate 'of hell, the world cannot be governed by what we call '"benevolence."' But to Wallace, as to Darwin, the whole aspect of Nature is joyous; and, as the former points out, we are not justified in projecting into it what only exists in our imagination. Huxley thought that 'the ethical process is in opposition to the cosmic process,'* to which the struggle for existence belongs. The latter Huxley identified with evil; the former with good: the two are in necessary conflict. The cosmic process in the long run will get the best of the contest and 'resume its sway'† when Evolution enters on its downward course. But that it will ever do so is a wholly illegitimate assumption.

The relation of Evolution to religion is one which it would be in no way profitable to discuss, briefly or even at all, with our present knowledge. That it will ultimately be embraced in a complete theory is wholly probable. Meanwhile in this, as in other fields, Evolution makes for tolerance, and cannot regard without reverential respect any system which gives expression to man's hopes and fears. Darwin has told us that 'for myself I do not believe there ever has been any

* Essays, vol. ix. p. 31. † Ibid. p. 45.

'revelation.'* This was written to a correspondent as a mere dictum. It can only be construed to mean that there has been no specific revelation in the ordinary sense. He would not, perhaps, have refused to extend the term to the process by which our knowledge of all that is cognoscible is gradually opened to us, and in that sense revelation is continuous and inexhaustible. Finally, we must agree with Weismann that

'It would be a great delusion if anyone were to believe that he had arrived at a comprehension of the universe by tracing the phenomena of Nature to mechanical principles. He would thereby forget that the assumption of eternal matter with its eternal laws by no means satisfies our intellectual need for causality.' (Studies in the Theory of Descent, vol. ii. p. 710.)

Here we arrive at a point beyond which science can carry us no further, however wistfully we demand of it a guide. Many will be content to follow Darwin in thinking that 'the safest conclusion seems to me that the whole subject is 'beyond the scope of man's intellect; but man can do his 'duty.'†

Yet we are the sons of the ages; and they are wholly mistaken who fear that the cold abstractions of science will necessarily deprive us of our heritage. If the intellect is silent, the emotions will not be dumb.

'In a certain sense,' writes Lange, 'the ideas of religion are imperishable. Who will refute a Mass of Palestrina, or who will convict Raphael's Madonna of error? The "Gloria in Excelsis" remains a universal power, and will ring through the centuries so long as our nerves can quiver under the awe of the sublime. And those simple fundamental ideas of the redemption of the individual man by the surrendering of his own will to the will that guides the whole; those images of death and resurrection which express the highest and most thrilling emotions that stir the human breast, when no prose is capable of uttering in cold words the fulness of the heart; those doctrines, finally, which bid us to share our bread with the hungry and to announce the glad tidings to the poor—they will not for ever disappear in order to make way for a society which has attained its goal when it owes a better police system to its understanding, and to its ingenuity the satisfaction of ever fresh wants by ever fresh inventions.' (History of Materialism, vol. iii. pp. 360, 361.)

---

* Life, vol. i. p. 307. † Ibid. p. 307.

ART. V.—1. *An Account of the Campaign in the West Indies in the Year* 1794. The Rev. COOPER WILLYAMS. London: 1796.

2. *State Papers* (Public Record Office). *Colonial Correspondence: War Office, Original Correspondence.*

PROBABLY there are few names which have recurred more frequently in the pages of this Review than that of the Greys of Howick. From the day in 1787 when Mr. Grey, subsequently Lord Howick and second Earl Grey, delivered the speech on Pitt's commercial treaty with France which raised him at once to the first rank among living debaters, down to this present year 1902, it may truly be said that the Greys have made themselves felt in the councils of the nation. And this they have achieved not through the influence which arises from great wealth or vast territorial possessions, still less through the mere courting of popularity, but through sheer strength of character, force of intellect, and integrity of principle. It is true that neither the second nor the third earl enjoyed the reputation of being the easiest or most conciliatory of colleagues, but the political services of their family were not confined to them during the period covered by their long and eventful lives. For, together with the third earl, his cousin Sir George Grey entered Lord John Russell's Cabinet in 1846, and for twenty years, with little interruption, reigned over the Home Office. Thus the Greys have always at least two strings to their bow; and while the present head of the family seeks to add to the innumerable Greytowns which are scattered so thickly over our Colonial Empire, the Parliamentary fame of the race stands chiefly committed to the grandson of this Sir George. We venture therefore to predict that the Greys of the twentieth century will still furnish subjects for these pages about the year 2002.

It may seem exacting to enquire of a house, which shows an unbroken political succession from the twenty-sixth year of George III. to the second of Edward VII., whether its traditions were always and exclusively political; yet the question is by no means an idle one. If we turn to the Parliamentary debates of 1793, for instance, we have no difficulty in finding the name of Mr. Grey. He is opposing the Traitorous Correspondence Bill, moving resolutions against the war with France, condemning barracks as an accursed thing, and, characteristically enough, bringing

forward a motion for reform of Parliament. But if we glance at the list of the Navy for the same year, we find that his brother, George Grey, is captain of H.M.S. 'Boyne,' bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir John Jervis. This George was the father of Sir George, the Home Secretary; and, therefore, the present Sir Edward Grey is the great-grandson of one of the great St. Vincent's flag-captains. Similarly, if we look through the Army List of 1793, we find that another brother, Henry Grey, is a captain in the Eighteenth Light Dragoons, and that one of his brother captains is the Honourable Arthur Wesley, an officer in that day still unknown to fame. Again, among the officers of the Seventh Fusiliers there is the name of yet another brother, Lieutenant William Grey; and finally, high up in the list of lieutenant-generals, we encounter the name of Sir Charles Grey, K.B., the father of these three fighting sons. And who was Sir Charles Grey, K.B. (the reader may ask), and what title does he possess to fame, except as the father of Lord Grey of the Reform Bill? That is precisely the question which we propose to answer in the present paper. For it was not by political, but by military service that the first eminent Grey of Howick imprinted his name upon English history; and that service has been most undeservedly forgotten.

Charles Grey, second surviving son of Sir Henry Grey, first baronet, of Howick, was born in 1729. It was the second year of King George II., and the first of Walpole's ten years of unbroken peace. Seven years had passed since the great Duke of Marlborough had been laid in Henry VII.'s chapel, three years since Cadogan, his devoted quartermaster-general, had been carried to rest by his side. Dupleix had just begun the work of establishing French power in India; Canada was still an insufferable thorn in the side of New England. William Pitt, just come of age, was travelling abroad, and not for two years yet was to become a cornet of horse. Robert Clive was an unruly urchin of four. James Wolfe was a sickly child of two, doubtless already enamoured of his father's red coat, but not yet dreaming that he would one day wear it himself, and that among his pupils would be the baby just ushered into the world at Howick.

Of Charles Grey's early years and education little seems to be known, nor can we learn anything of the reasons that led him to embrace the profession of arms; but certain it is that in 1748 he received a commission as ensign at the ripe

age (for those times) of nineteen. It was the year of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; and James Wolfe, having served during the past war at Dettingen, Culloden, and Lauffeld, was already sure of his promotion to the rank of major. Our next sight of Grey is as a lieutenant of the Sixth Foot, actually doing duty with his regiment at Gibraltar—a fact which is far more creditable to him than at first sight appears. For, let the Horse Guards and War Office threaten as they might, it was almost impossible in those days to make officers remain with their regiments in the Mediterranean garrisons; and indeed lack of officers was one principal cause of the loss of Minorca in 1756. Fortunately, however, Grey was already clear of the Mediterranean before that time, having earned his captaincy in 1755 by raising an independent company of foot. This was a time-honoured method of increasing the army when the prospect of war demanded a sudden augmentation, and it was an exceedingly wasteful one. Many an impecunious gentleman re-established his affairs by scraping together one hundred raw boys and tottering old men, handing them over to the authorities as good recruits, and putting most of the levy-money, paid for them by a liberal country, into his own pocket. Not thus, however, we may be sure, did Captain Grey earn his promotion, for within three months after his company was complete he obtained a transfer to the Twentieth Foot, then commanded by the smartest regimental officer of his day—Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe.

The Twentieth at this time were quartered at Canterbury, where Wolfe was busily training his men to meet a French invasion, and urging his officers to 'turn their thoughts to 'what may be most serviceable to the King's affairs and to 'the good of the country as far as we can contribute to them.' There were great field-days against imaginary enemies 'marked out by stakes 5 feet 7 inches above the ground, to 'regulate the movements of the troops and guide their levelling well'; in all of which manœuvres Captain Grey bore his part in command of the left flank-company. It is pretty evident that under Wolfe's direction this company was already something of a light company; and it is certain that Grey was an enthusiast for light infantry to the very last.

At length, in 1757, the time came for the Twentieth to go on active service, and for Grey to go with them. The occasion was the expedition despatched against Rochefort at the outset of Pitt's first administration—a foolish enterprise

which resulted in absolutely nothing, and is interesting only as a proof that Pitt's capacity as a Minister of War is absurdly overrated. However, in July, 1758, the regiment was sent to more profitable work as part of the army under command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, though it joined him too late to take part in the campaign of that year. Wolfe had sailed to America some months earlier, to command a brigade at the siege of Louisburg; but the next campaign was to show that his officers still kept the Twentieth in faultless order, and that Wolfe's fire-discipline was not forgotten.

During May and June, 1759, Marshal Contades, with greatly superior numbers, had succeeded in outmanœuvring Ferdinand, and had finally thrown himself into an impregnable position at Minden, hoping to keep Ferdinand's army impotently watching him, while his own detachments worked mischief in other quarters. The dispositions by which Ferdinand enticed him from his stronghold are well known; but so hazardous were they that only the strictest vigilance over every movement of the French could save them from being disastrous. As a matter of fact, though Contades's motions were carefully observed, they were not until after long delay reported to Ferdinand, so that they came upon him almost as a surprise. No sooner did he learn what was going forward than he sent his aides-de-camp flying in all directions to summon the various divisions of his army; and among those aides-de-camp, for that day at least, was Charles Grey. It must have been a curious experience. The light was still dim, for the hour was not later than three o'clock on the first morning of August. A heavy gale was blowing from the west, which drowned all sound of cannon to leeward, where the danger was greatest, and redoubled that of the French batteries to windward, in which quarter the enemy was making a feint attack. Eight different columns, horse, foot, and artillery, were struggling forward over rough ground and heavy tracks to their appointed place in the line of battle, and nobody knew quite what was going to happen. Indeed, Ferdinand himself, having dispersed the whole of his Staff with messages, was fain to gallop, with a single groom for his companion, almost from end to end of his line before he could ascertain whether the day was already lost or the fight but just begun. The sequel of the battle is familiar to all. The eight columns, with the exception of the British cavalry under Lord George Sackville, took up their allotted positions

correctly; but eight battalions, six of them British and two of them Hanoverian, by some mistake advanced through a cross-fire of artillery straight against a mass of French cavalry, repulsed the said cavalry in three separate attacks, and, continuing their forward movement in spite of frightful losses, fairly blasted the centre of the French line off the field. What part Grey took in these affairs we do not know. The Twentieth were in the most exposed situation on the right of the first line of the victorious battalions, and came out of action triumphant, though with a loss of three hundred and twenty officers and men killed and wounded. Among the wounded officers was Grey himself, though whether he was hit when galloping forward to arrest this mad attack of the British (as is highly probable) must remain uncertain. Certainly he was not one of the Staff officers despatched to hurry Sackville into action—perhaps it would have been better if he had been, for a peremptory message, delivered with the quick and imperious temper of the Greys, might possibly have brought that miserable officer forward in spite of himself. But the chief lesson of the day, as we may guess, to the young captain lay in the experience gained of the effect of an unexpected attack even on the most highly trained army.

In the campaign of 1760 Grey appears to have gone back to his regiment, so that he probably arrived too late in the field of Warburg to see the British cavalry retrieve under Granby the reputation which it had lost under Sackville. But in October the Twentieth formed part of a force which was detached to make a diversion on the Rhine under command of the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, better known as the ill-fated Duke of Brunswick, who was checked at Valmy and killed at Auerstadt. It so fell out that the Prince found himself with no alternative but to retreat or to hazard a surprise attack upon greatly superior numbers. He chose the bolder course, and opened the action with consummate skill; but the heroism of the Chevalier D'Assas saved the French from complete surprise, and, after six hours of furious fighting, the Prince was repulsed with very heavy loss. The Twentieth lost close upon two hundred officers and men wounded; but it never budged a foot until its ammunition was exhausted, while its fire, with that of the Twenty-fifth Foot, was said by the French to have annihilated three of their brigades. Grey, who was again wounded, learned from this action of Kloster-Kampen another lesson, this time from another side, in the art of conducting a surprise attack.

At the close of the campaign he returned to England, and in January, 1761, received the command of a newly raised regiment, with promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Within three months of its formation this corps took part in the expedition to Belleisle—Pitt's one successful raid upon the French coast—and thence was ordered to the West Indies, Grey presumably accompanying it. There, in December, 1761, it formed part of General Monckton's force at the reduction of Martinique, though so slightly engaged as to suffer no casualties; and it was then left as part of the garrison of the island. Grey, however, seems to have accompanied Lord Albemarle to Cuba, and to have taken a share in the siege of Havana. Little appears to be really known of his part in these West Indian expeditions; and, if he was present at all, it is evident that he made no long stay in that quarter. There was a potent attraction to draw him to England in 1762; for in that year he married Elizabeth, daughter of George Grey of Southwick.

Peace came in 1763. Grey's regiment was disbanded, and himself placed on half-pay. In 1764 an heir, the reformer Charles, was born to him, but it was many years before his quiver was filled with its full complement of five sons and two daughters. In 1772 his services received some recognition by his appointment as aide-de-camp to the King, with its attendant rank of colonel in the army, from which it is reasonable to infer that he held no extreme views in opposition to the Government on the question of the dispute with the American colonies. It was precisely in that year 1772 that this quarrel was revived with a bitterness that led inevitably to war; but England's real opportunity had been thrown away four years before. Five thousand men despatched to Boston in 1768 would perhaps have heartened the loyalist majority in the colonies and overawed the party of violence, for there was little real vitality, at first, in the American Revolution. But instead of five thousand the Government sent little more than five hundred; and the result was that in 1775 ten thousand men found themselves not only powerless to act, but unable to hold the town.

Among those ten thousand men was Grey, who had arrived at Boston with the Commander-in-Chief in May, 1775, holding the local rank of major-general. He seems to have filled some appointment on the Staff, for though he took part in the operations about New York in 1776, his name does not appear in the list of brigadiers until 1777. In the

campaign of that year when Howe sailed from New York to the Chesapeake for the capture of Philadelphia, Grey commanded a brigade; and he has left on record his appreciation of the masterly manœuvres by which Howe won the victory of Brandywine. His own part in the action was, however, unimportant, his brigade forming only the reserve of Cornwallis's division, which turned Washington's right flank and rolled his line back in disorderly retreat. A week later, however, there came to Grey the chance which comes to every man at least once in his life. After the victory of Brandywine Howe pursued his march upon Philadelphia; and Washington, outmanœuvred at every point and unable to arrest his advance, in the last resort detached General Wayne with fifteen hundred men to a forest on the skirt of Howe's left flank, with orders to harass his rear. To make an end of this troublesome intruder, Howe detached Grey with the Forty-second Highlanders, a composite battalion of light companies, and the Forty-fourth Foot, and gave him a free hand to deal with Wayne as he thought best. It was evident that Grey's only chance of success lay in an attack by surprise, for his force, owing to the weakness of battalions in those days, could not have exceeded a thousand men; but he had made a study of surprises, and he now laid his plans for falling suddenly upon Wayne by night with the bayonet alone. To this end he not only gave strict orders that not a shot should be fired, but removed the flints from the men's muskets to ensure that he should be obeyed. 'This system,' he explained to his men, 'conceals you and your numbers from 'the enemy; the enemy direct their fire wherever they see or 'hear fire; consequently they fire upon each other, while 'you are concealed, and they fall an easy prey.'* At one o'clock in the morning of September 21 Wayne's outposts were overpowered, and the British, rushing into his camp, plied the bayonet with frightful effect. Darkness alone saved the Americans from absolute destruction. From two to three hundred were killed and wounded, not a few by each other's shot, one hundred more, together with the whole of the baggage, were taken, and the remainder were dispersed in every direction—all with no greater loss to Grey's force than a single officer killed and seven privates killed and wounded. From that day forward Grey was

* Grey's 'General Orders,' January 24, 1794; an echo of his orders in 1777.

known to both the British and American armies by the nick-name of 'No-flint'; and he never lost an opportunity in future of impressing upon his men the principles which had brought this little engagement to so successful an issue.

Grey's next action came shortly after Howe's occupation of Philadelphia, when Washington attempted to surprise and overwhelm the British in their camp before the city at Germantown. The enterprise was a bold one; but Washington's plan—namely, to descend upon the British simultaneously with four different columns in four different quarters—was too complicated for a half-trained army, and was not made the simpler by the fact that a great many of the Americans, both officers and men, were exceedingly drunk. A dense fog, which came on just at the opening of the action, did not mend matters; but perhaps the most unfortunate part of Washington's combinations was a design to occupy Grey's brigade, which lay on Howe's extreme left, by a feint attack. Grey, who was always marvellously cool and clear headed, calmly met the feint attack by a feint defence, and, using the bulk of his brigade as though it had been a reserve, first broke up the American centre by falling on its flank, and then proceeding to Howe's right, which was very hardly pressed, routed the Americans in that quarter also. Poor Washington retired with the loss of over a thousand men, complaining loudly that his troops had retreated at the moment of victory; the real fact being that Grey, instantly penetrating his plans, had roved from one end of the field to the other, striking hard just where his blow would fall heaviest, and therefore deciding the issue of the fight wherever he struck.

The campaign closed with the final reduction of the defences about Philadelphia; and it is much in Howe's favour that Grey thought him right to attempt no more. Meanwhile, however, the disaster at Saratoga had changed the whole aspect of affairs. The French formed an alliance with the revolted colonies in the spring of 1778. Howe went home, having resigned his command; and his successor, General Clinton, evacuating Philadelphia, brought the army back to New York. There it remained, too weak for the present for more than desultory raids upon isolated ports or posts of the enemy. But Grey possessed a perfect genius for the organisation and execution of these predatory expeditions. Was there a snug little haven where American privateers could be provisioned and refitted under the shelter of a battery? A few battalions were shipped under General

Grey; a landing was effected under the shades of evening in some neighbouring inlet; before dawn 'No-flint' was in the midst of the sleeping Americans; by noon every cannon, store-house, and stick of shipping had been destroyed, and Grey's force, diminished by a very few casualties, was embarked and on its way to work similar destruction elsewhere. On one occasion a raid of this kind was conducted on so large a scale that Grey held but a subordinate position; and it is noteworthy that his column alone fulfilled its mission with his wonted deadly accuracy. As usual he made his assault at night with the bayonet, and killed or captured every man of an entire American regiment. The Americans raised a loud outcry against the cruelty of these attacks, and it is certain that the carnage was sometimes very great. But killing is, after all, the business of war; and it is difficult to hold men's hands in nocturnal fighting with the bayonet. Speaking generally, there was no very bitter feeling of English against Americans nor of Americans against English in the field during this war; but when American Whig met American Tory, both parties frequently behaved little better than savages.

The campaign of 1778 was the last in which Grey took part in America. He came home sick at the end of the year or early in 1779; and our next sight of him is as a witness before the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to enquire into General Howe's conduct of the war. Here he spoke his mind with greater freedom than the majority of the officers examined, strenuously upholding the correctness of Howe's proceedings thoughout. His evidence must have been unpalatable both to Government and Opposition, for, while disposing very summarily of the accusations of barbarity against Howe, he reserved his heaviest strokes for the Minister who conducted the war, the Lord George Germaine who, as Lord George Sackville, had disgraced himself at Minden. Clearly but ruthlessly he showed that the blame for Burgoyne's disaster at Saratoga lay not with Howe but with Germaine; and he summarised the whole position with formidable terseness. 'The reduction of 'America is impossible with our present force; it is un-'certain with *any* force; but we have never had a sufficient 'force there.' Herein lies the whole secret of our failure in the American War of Independence. Had the colonists been united, and had one in three of them really felt strongly about the subject of dispute with England, they would have driven us from the continent in two campaigns. But, as

affairs actually stood, an addition of fifteen thousand men, for which Howe had earnestly entreated at the end of 1776, would probably have decided the issue forthwith, and would have offered no opening to France to interfere. When once the French fleet was thrown into the scale the result of the contest, as Grey said, became uncertain, no matter what might be the strength of the forces in America.

Grey was not long left unemployed. In the summer of 1779 the united fleets of France and Spain entered the Channel, and rode there for some weeks triumphant, with sixty-six sail of the line. Instantly there was a panic over the safety of Plymouth; and Major-General Grey was sent down to inspect the port and to take charge of its defence. It was high time, for he found the second arsenal of England so much neglected as to be open to easy capture by a *coup-de-main*. 'The defence of the place,' he wrote in a terse journal, which now lies before us, 'seems to depend on 'the consultation of the Commander-in-Chief, the Navy 'Board, the Admiralty, the Ordnance and the Victualling 'Board; it is therefore not surprising that nothing has 'been done.' The garrison consisted of four thousand men, chiefly militia infantry; the fortifications were either obsolete or out of repair; and there were only thirty veteran artillery-men (invalids, as they were then called) to work one hundred and seventy-nine guns. Hasty arrangements were made that the seamen should leave the ships in harbour and man the batteries in case of emergency; but Grey, mistrusting such a makeshift arrangement, began at once to train some of the militia men as gunners. Meanwhile he obtained tools for the repair of the fortifications; whereupon the resident engineer declined to sanction the work without the orders of the Board of Ordnance. Four days were wasted in obtaining these orders, and a week later, on August 17, the hostile fleets came into sight. Suddenly, on the same afternoon, the alarm-guns were fired, and all was apprehension. As Grey had foreseen, it was five hours before the seamen could disembark to man the batteries, and those five hours were, we suspect, among the most miserable of his life. Fortunately the alarm proved to be false; for no regular code of signals had been established in the port whether to give the alarm or for any other purpose. Three days later, on August 20, Admiral Lord Shuldham, came ashore to consult the generals. Grey and the Governor proposed the construction of a boom. The Admiral flatly rejected the suggestion. On the following

day the Admiral, changing his mind, ordered the boom to be begun; whereupon the Navy Board promptly ordered that it should be discontinued. Finally, the country gentlemen flocked into the town, bringing their workmen with them, and began to repair the fortifications under Grey's direction; upon which the Admiral, in defiance of all protests, withdrew the seamen from the batteries and left the place practically defenceless. Fortunately the allied fleets withdrew from the Channel without doing the least damage; but though Grey remained at Plymouth until the early summer of 1780, he could effect but little. If he issued orders to the chief engineer, the Board of Ordnance at once, and without a word to the General, issued contradictory orders to supersede them. Grey could not even obtain blankets for his men in the winter until a clerk in London had cudgelled his brains to remember where he had caused them to be stored. The story is almost incredible; but we have it in Grey's own hand, so that there can be no doubt about it. In the midst of the record of folly and mismanagement comes the following terse entry, under date of March 16, 1780: 'A detachment of Hessians and New York Volunteers arrived in the 'lines this morning, being part of Sir Henry Clinton's 'expedition, driven into St. Ives Bay.' The reader would hardly gather from this sentence that Sir Henry Clinton's expedition had sailed from New York in December 1779, and that its destination was Charleston in Carolina; so that these two hundred unfortunate men had actually been blown helplessly across the Atlantic. In these days we hardly realise what must have been the anxieties of generals and the sufferings of soldiers on these old enterprises over sea.

In 1782 Grey was promoted lieutenant-general and created Knight of the Bath, rewards which he had thoroughly earned. It seems that his representations as to the state of Plymouth were not without effect, for in 1785 a commission, of which he was a member, was appointed to report as to the defences of the dockyards. Grey was one of a large majority which advocated the fortification both of Plymouth and Portsmouth; but the proposal was very coldly received in Parliament. Pitt therefore, in 1786, brought forward a motion affirming as an abstract principle the expediency of fortifying the dockyards; but, amazing as it now appears, this was actually lost by the Speaker's casting vote. Sheridan and Fox were the principal speakers on the side of the majority. But the insecurity of the dockyards was by no means the only military danger which threatened the

country. The army and navy were practically mere collections of officers, well trained indeed by the recent war, but without men. For twenty years before the younger Pitt took office, generals and admirals had represented that the pay of their men was too small; and at the outset of Pitt's administration the Adjutant-General pointed out that the ranks of the army could not be filled, since the man who took the King's shilling was foredoomed to literal starvation. Unhappily such remonstrances fell on deaf ears.

There can be little doubt, we think, that Pitt strove long and honestly to abstain from any interference with the internal affairs of France during the early years of the Revolution. Indeed, the reduction of the army at the beginning of 1792 is clear proof of the friendliness of his intentions towards that country. Within a year, however, he found himself at war with the Republic—a war which probably could not have been averted by any means—and with neither an army nor a navy. Pitt's own idea for bringing France to reason was based on considerations congenial to his financial mind. The immediate cause of the French Revolution had been a large deficit, which it was customary to describe as national bankruptcy. Since 1789 that deficit had been enormously increased, and the resources of France greatly diminished by reckless mismanagement, waste, and extravagance. All industry was paralysed, all trade at a standstill. There remained to her only her possessions in the West Indies, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Lucia, all of them rich islands, to windward, and St. Domingo (the wealthiest colony in the world) to leeward. If these islands were captured, France's last source of income would be cut off, and her power must collapse from sheer want of money. Every circumstance and every argument seemed to favour such a plan of campaign. First, there was a precedent set by the great Chatham himself for the capture of the French West Indies; secondly, overtures had been received both from St. Domingo and Martinique for placing those islands under the protection of the King of England; thirdly, these possessions would be useful pledges to hold in hand against the day of general pacification; lastly (and this was most important), a West Indian campaign could not open until November, and between February and November there would be time to raise the necessary troops. By attacks on the West Indies and a little timely help to the Royalists in Brittany or La Vendée the disorders in France would be

brought to an end, and the Government established on a basis which would restore peace to Europe.

This was the design, apparently the joint production of Pitt at the Treasury and of Henry Dundas at the War Office, which the Ministry cherished most closely at heart, and to which they resolved to devote their principal energies. It was reckoned that the capture of the French West Indies would require ten thousand men. Preparations were therefore made to despatch that number, and the troops received their orders for foreign service in August, 1793. At about the same time, or perhaps somewhat earlier, Sir Charles Grey accepted the chief command of the land forces for the expedition, with Sir John Jervis for his colleague in command of the fleet.

All this was very well; but meanwhile the Government had already committed themselves in another direction. At the very outset of the war, in February, 1793, they had sent over every man who could be produced at short notice (the total number was eighteen hundred), and placed them under command of the Duke of York for the protection of Holland. They did so very reluctantly, and with every intention of withdrawing these troops almost immediately. But Austria and Prussia were already operating against France along the line of the Rhine from Basle to the German Ocean; and, moreover, Austria had lately won a great victory at Neerwinden, so that it was difficult to resist her appeal to join forces and aid her to put a summary end to the Convention in Paris. The Government therefore gave the Duke of York authority to act with the Austrians; and if they had reinforced him with every soldier that could have been raised, and made a march on Paris the first object of the campaign, they would not have acted unwisely. But they did neither of these things. Only a handful of British troops were sent to the Duke, with injunctions that most of them would shortly be required elsewhere; the capture of Dunkirk was prescribed as the first object of the operations, so that the prize might be dangled before the British constituencies; and, finally, the strictest orders were given for the occupation of Ostend. Why so much importance should have been attached to Ostend is a mystery which we have been unable to fathom. In vain the generals on the spot urged that the place was of no military importance; that it could be held only on a very precarious footing at best; that Antwerp was their real base, and that it was most inconvenient to be obliged to guard two lines of communication.

It was no fault of the Duke of York that he was driven back from before Dunkirk with the loss of the whole of his siege-artillery, but the Ministers were out of humour over the failure, so, without the least consideration for the Duke's military position, they peremptorily required him to send back four of his regiments at once for the West Indian expedition. The Duke complied, but added that he should now be forced to withdraw the garrison from Ostend; whereupon Dundas, losing his temper completely, ordered Grey to sail at once with four battalions to Ostend to take over the command.

To Ostend, accordingly, he went, reaching the port on October 29, when, with proper management, he ought to have been on his way across the Atlantic. When he arrived he found nothing to do which could not perfectly well have been done without him, for, although the French had indeed advanced towards Ostend, the Duke of York had made effectual dispositions to compel their retreat in all haste. 'Pray stir up the Austrians to take care of their own ports,* 'and leave me to capture French islands,' wrote Grey; but on his return to England after ten days' absence he found a fresh mortification awaiting him. The short voyage to Ostend had already proved to him that his transports were unfit for a voyage across the Atlantic, which meant, of course, vexatious delay; but now he discovered that the Government had decided to hand over half of his force to Lord Moira for a descent (which proved utterly abortive) upon the coast of France. The Ministers, in fact, under pressure of many calls for troops which their own folly made them unable to furnish, had completely lost their heads. Happy chance had lately placed Toulon in their hands, and it would have been worth their while to have withdrawn every man from Holland and England in order to have held it. If they preferred to pursue operations in the Low Countries they should have evacuated Toulon and concentrated all their force in that quarter. If they really thought the French West Indies to be the most important object, they had not a man too many in the whole army to capture them and to hold them effectually. But with inconceivable folly they scattered their scanty battalions in all directions, reaped disaster as a natural consequence, and then blamed the commanders.

With feverish energy, but with no light heart, Grey

* Grey to Sir J. Murray, November 1, 1793.

plunged into the final preparations for departure. With their usual bungling the Government had directed Moira's expedition as well as Grey's to fit out at Portsmouth; and had not Sir John Jervis, to Moira's huge disgust, appropriated every barge and lighter in the port for himself, much time would have been lost. The General and Admiral accomplished all that lay within their power; but hospital-ships and several ordnance-store ships were still wanting when, on November 26, they lost all patience and sailed from St. Helens lest they should lose a fair wind. Sir Charles took his passage with Jervis in H.M.S. 'Boyne,' for the pair were on the most affectionate terms; his son George was also on board as flag-captain, and his son Henry as deputy quartermaster-general; while yet another son, William, and another relation, Thomas Grey, were on other of the ships bound westward. The voyage was a favourable one, but there was much to cause anxiety to the Commander-in-Chief. In the first place, he had started a month too late; and in the second his force was by admission not strong enough to master Martinique, which was the key of the French Windward Islands. Dundas, most sanguine of men, had hinted his hopes that none the less Grey would capture the whole of the French West Indies in one campaign; and while leaving him a free hand, had suggested that he should deal with St. Domingo first, and then return to Martinique. Nothing could have served better to open Grey's eyes to the military ignorance of his employers. Operations were already in progress in St. Domingo; but to have taken that island first would have meant leaving the greater part of his force in garrison to hold it, and a subsequent loss of at least two months spent in beating back to Martinique, a thousand miles, in the teeth of the trade-wind. In fact, the only point in which the Government had striven to make his task easy was the division of captured booty and prize-money, for which they had furnished him with a series of precedents dating from 1697 onwards. Thereby there hangs a tale, which shall presently be told.

On January 6, 1794, Grey arrived at Barbados, the invariable starting-point for all West Indian expeditions before the days of steam, since the island is the most windwardly of the whole Caribbean Archipelago. There he found matters in none too encouraging a state. In the first place, Dundas had again forgotten the trade-wind in giving his orders for the concentration of the troops already in the West Indies; and, in the second, a sickly season had laid fifty-eight British

officers and more than ten times that number of men in their graves during the past six months. Grey was always most solicitous as to the health and comfort of his men, and he now wrote for a supply of Teneriffe wine so as to save himself from being reduced to furnish them with rum. The condition of the transports as they came dropping into Carlisle Bay increased his anxiety, for they showed altogether a sick-list of twelve hundred men. These were the first-fruits of the Government's neglect to provide him with hospital ships. Nevertheless, the Staff in Barbados had pushed all preparations on their side well forward, and had obtained excellent information, charts of the French ports, plans of the French fortresses, guides, and pilots. Martinique was no longer the Martinique which Monckton had conquered in 1761. The chief port, Port de France, had been strengthened since then by the building of a citadel of the most approved type under the eyes of the Marquis de Bouillé, who, poor man, since his lapse into a royalist refugee after the failure at Varennes, would have given his ears never to have designed it. Moreover, every landing-place was guarded by batteries, and the garrison was strong and efficient, under a brave and skilful officer, De Rochambeau. Grey reckoned that he could embark six thousand men for service—an inadequate force, for there were as many of one description and another in Martinique. Yet that island was the key to the rest; and to capture Guadeloupe and St. Lucia first would so weaken his force as to make any subsequent attempt on Martinique impossible. He took council with Jervis and resolved, at whatever hazard, to try his fortune first at Martinique. A month perforce spent at Barbados was utilised to the utmost in collecting negroes to perform fatigue duties, drilling a naval brigade, and above all in training the light companies to cope with a skulking enemy in a wild, rugged, and mountainous country. The American war had been the making of the British light infantryman of that period, just as the Boer war should be the making of him at the present time; and Grey was not the man to allow such useful teaching to perish. By February 3, 1794, all was ready, and fleet and transports sailed away to Martinique.

Of the operations which followed it is impossible without a map to give any detailed account; and it must therefore suffice to indicate the principles upon which Grey acted. Since his force was insufficient to meet the united troops of the enemy, it was essential to destroy that enemy in detail,

and at the smallest cost to himself. He therefore attacked Martinique at three different points simultaneously, so as to keep the French divided. Always landing his troops so as to take the coast batteries in reverse, he captured one after another of them, together with their garrisons, with little loss; and where those batteries were situated on a peninsula he decided their fate immediately by drawing his troops across the neck of that peninsula and cutting them off from the mainland. Ascertaining that there was a position which commanded the only pass between the northern and southern portions of the island, he drove the French from it, and occupied it himself. He then proceeded to deal with the northern portion piecemeal, overpowering each stronghold by converging columns from three or more directions, and, when this was accomplished, he turned his whole strength against the citadel and forced De Rochambeau, after a most gallant defence of thirty-one days, to surrender.

Leaving a garrison of twelve hundred men to hold it, Grey, on the 30th, sailed for St. Lucia, some thirty miles from Martinique, having on the previous day made the parole 'More,' and the countersign 'Islands.' There he pursued the same tactics, and, since the island was weakly garrisoned in comparison with Martinique, reduced it in two days, not without fighting, but without the loss of a man of his force. This done he left a garrison, as before, and returned to Martinique. On April 7 he gave for parole the word 'Two,' and for countersign 'More,' and on the 8th he sailed for Guadeloupe, which is so divided as to be practically two islands—Grande Terre and Basse Terre. Between the 11th and 13th Grande Terre was conquered, still by the same tactics; and Basse Terre, a stronger and more difficult country, between the 13th and 22nd.

The ease with which these conquests were achieved must not blind us to the skill of the commander or to the gallantry and endurance displayed by the troops. The losses of the British in killed and wounded throughout these operations did not exceed three hundred and fifty, but there was plenty of hard and fierce fighting, for the majority of the French defences were carried by storm, sometimes after a determined resistance. Some of them, however, were abandoned after only a feeble struggle, being either taken in reverse or surprised by one of Grey's favourite night attacks with the bayonet. Once, at least, the flints were removed from the muskets of the assaulting party; and, owing to Grey's predilection for the bayonet, it is probable that no

British force ever fired so few shots as this which conquered the French Windward Islands, nor showed a heavier list of killed among the enemy. Yet these surprises and turning-movements nearly always meant long and fatiguing marches, at best along rough tracks, at worst through the tropical forest, often through heavy rain, and always through damp and stifling heat. For the attack on St. Pierre, for instance, two columns marched by different routes straight across the most mountainous portion of Martinique, from the eastern sea to the ridge of Mont Pelée itself, met punctually at the appointed time, after covering thirty miles in twenty-four hours, and, without further delay, stormed a fortified height with the bayonet. This was the most difficult of the combinations attempted by Grey, but, like all of the rest, it was worked out to a successful issue. To his skilful and well-timed attacks, and to no other cause, must be attributed the comparatively small loss of the British.

Not less to the credit of the Commander-in-Chief was the spirit which animated his force, and which carried it through such constant and continuous exertion. It was the old story which so often has been, and still is, repeated in the army: the General took care of his men, and the men did their best for the General. All ranks alike bivouacked with such shelter as they could find during the seven weeks of the campaign in Martinique; but there was little sickness, for the General had been careful to procure flannel shirts for the men. After the storming of Fort Fleur d'Epée in Guadeloupe, the sharpest piece of work in the whole of the operations, the chaplain of the 'Boyne' entered the captured fort, where the dead and wounded of both sides were still lying thick, and found the General in the midst of them writing his despatch at a table. Asleep at full length upon the same table lay a British gunner; but still the General wrote on, and would not on any account allow the exhausted man to be disturbed. He knew the efforts which his troops had made for him, and repaid them by the thoughtfulness and consideration which never fail to earn for officers the affection of their men. Nor was he less a favourite with the navy than with the army. Thanks to his cordial relations with Jervis, the two services worked together with a heartiness that has never been equalled in our history; and the blue-jackets not only performed marvels of gallantry at sea, but, as usual, contrived to haul their guns up to positions ashore which no one but the British sailor would have thought it possible to occupy.

It now remained for Grey to establish provisional Governments in the conquered islands and to arrange for the disposal of vast quantities of tropical produce, taken in the ports, for the benefit of the captors. The Revolutionists had confiscated all the property of the Royalists for the Revolutionary Government, so that the whole of it was lawful prize. For other produce found on the estates the inhabitants in Martinique and St. Lucia offered a pecuniary indemnity which, though far below the value of the goods, was accepted by Grey and Jervis. All private property otherwise was strictly respected, so strictly that three soldiers who attempted to plunder were hanged; and thus the matter of prize-money was held to be settled. But Grey was still far from easy, for he knew well that to make conquests is one thing and to hold them another, and he foresaw that without reinforcements, for which he had already asked again and again, his tenure of the captured islands would be precarious. The strain of his short but intensely exhausting campaign was making itself felt; his men were already falling down fast, and he himself was so much worn down in mind and body that he felt himself obliged to ask for leave to return home for a few weeks' rest. At the beginning of May four battalions reached him, but these were destined for St. Domingo, where the need of them was most urgent; and, indeed, Dundas pressed Grey hard to send thither some of his own troops also. But this was impossible. There was one complication which Pitt had not foreseen in designing his West Indian campaign—namely, that the French Republic would admit the negroes throughout the West Indies to the full Rights of Man, stir them up to rise against the whites, and turn the war into a war of race and colour. This was exactly what was to happen, and already there were symptoms of dangerous unrest among the blacks all over the Archipelago, which were the more serious since Grey had been obliged to weaken the garrisons in all the British Islands in order to complete his fighting force. Then there was always the haunting dread lest a government so ignorant of war as Pitt's should fail, not only to reinforce him in time, but also to prevent the reinforcement of his enemies from France. In this difficulty he resolved to organise an armed constabulary of negroes under white officers—the first germ of our West India Regiments—and to ascertain the true position of affairs by a visit of inspection to all the islands. On the eve of

his departure, on May 31, he and Jervis entertained General Thomas Dundas, an excellent officer, whom he was leaving in command at Guadeloupe, when suddenly, at dinner, Dundas complained of feeling ill and left the table. Concerned though they were at their friend's sickness, the two commanders took leave of him without anxiety, and sailed away that evening for St. Kitts.

There five days later Grey received the news that Dundas was dead; and on the following morning came the startling intelligence that a French squadron with two thousand troops had arrived in Guadeloupe, had overwhelmed the British garrison at Fort Fleur d'Epée, the principal defence of the harbour of Point-à-Pitre, and had taken possession of the harbour. Still more disquieting was the information that the disaster had been principally due to the disgraceful behaviour of the French Royalists, upon whom he had counted to support the British troops. Grey at once summoned reinforcements from the other islands, and sailed for Guadeloupe, where he arrived on June 6. He found the French in practical possession of Grande Terre, the windward half of the island, but he still held Basse Terre, the leeward half, on the other side of the harbour, and could hope to regain what was lost. His opportunity soon came. The French imprudently sent a detachment across the water to occupy a headland on Basse Terre. They had hardly settled down comfortably for the night before the British came upon them silently with the bayonet, killed a great many, and drove the remainder literally into the sea. A week later, on June 19, Grey despatched a force across the harbour to Grande Terre, and, after a week of desperate fighting, drove the French with very heavy loss from all the posts around Fort d'Epée. But the hot season, with its terrible alternation of vertical sun and heavy rain, had told so heavily upon his troops that he resolved to cut matters short by a surprise attack upon the posts fortified by the French to command Point-à-Pitre itself. The assault was duly delivered on the night of July 1; but this time Grey's luck deserted him. The storming party, misled by its guides, rushed not into the entrenchments, but into the town, amid a storm of musketry from the houses and under a raking cannonade from the French guns on the heights above and on the ships below. The British swept the streets clean with the bayonet, cleared the sharpshooters out of the houses, and were just about to complete their work by destroying the magazines, when sudden exhaustion checked them. Then

they wavered, and the men who had religiously obeyed 'No-flints'' instructions in a score of night attacks, began to fire, and to fire upon each other. With great difficulty they were drawn off, after suffering grievous loss; and Grey, who was only awaiting the signal of their success in order to storm Fort Fleur d'Epée, saw his combinations wrecked. The operations of the past month had cost the British over six hundred men; and the General had no alternative but to retreat to Basse Terre, and take up a defensive position. It was no fault of his, for his plans had been laid with all his old skill; but, as he wrote at the time, 'the 'troops had not the power in them; they were so completely 'worn down that they *could* not advance when ordered.' *

'It is hard to be foiled, but idle to repine,' wrote Grey curtly in reporting his failure, but his position was now very serious. Not a man had been sent to him since he started, except a handful of young recruits who succumbed to the climate instantly, not a shred of clothing, not a single pair of shoes. His loss in officers had been frightful. His entire force in the ten islands to windward had shrunk from some nine thousand to little over six thousand men, of whom twelve hundred were on the sick-list, and the remainder shoeless and almost naked. 'You seem to have forgotten us alto-'gether,' he wrote to the War Office at this time. Hardly had he written the words when he was summoned to Martinique by trouble with the negroes in that island, and by disquieting reports from St. Lucia. He hurried to the threatened quarter and restored order, hoping always to hear of reinforcements on their way to him; but instead of reinforcements he received first the thanks of Parliament for his services, and a fortnight later a severe letter † from Dundas cancelling all his arrangements as to prize-money, and convicting him on the bare statement of certain merchants in London, of extortion, rapacity, and oppression. Righteously indignant, Grey wrote at once to ask that his successor might be sent out at once; but, meanwhile, his duties left him as yet no time to deal with the disloyalty of his employers. The revolt of the negroes was coming steadily to maturity in all the islands, and the mortality of the troops increased with frightful rapidity. In Guadeloupe alone four hundred out of twenty-five hundred men died during the month of August, and of the survivors fifteen hundred were

* Grey to Nepean, July 9, 1794.
† Dundas to Grey, June 9, 1794.

on the sick-list. In Martinique and St. Lucia the condition of the men was little better; and it was all too plain that this was to be one of those seasons when the yellow fever stalks abroad in his might, like a man among a nest of ants, and treads white men down by hundreds at every step. Worn to a shadow, but never despondent, Grey heartened his men against the unseen enemy. His Staff died, or were shipped half-dead to England; his servants died to the last man; his best officers died; and he was left alone to watch his gallant army sink daily by whole companies into the ground. October came, but no reinforcements; and now the French, increased to six thousand fighting men, black and white, made a succession of furious assaults upon the British position on Basse Terre. For ten days the little garrison, now reduced to fewer than two hundred and fifty effective men, held out most gallantly, repelling assault after assault with immense loss to the enemy; but the odds were too great, and on October 6 a remnant of one hundred and twenty-five decrepit, sickly men crawled out of the entrenchments with the honours of war, having capitulated on condition that they should be sent back to England. One fort in Basse Terre even then held its own, and, indeed, was not evacuated until two months later. But towards the end of November Grey's successor arrived, and allowed him to sail for England, with his health shattered and his heart well-nigh broken by the fate of his gallant army. Not until a full month later did the first reinforcements reach the Windward Islands, by which time the troops had fallen to a total of fifteen hundred fit for duty, and twelve hundred sick, or, in plain words, doomed to die.

No sooner was Grey safe in England than he joined issue with the Government as to the charges of extortion and oppression which had been levelled against him and Jervis. The bare facts of the matter were these. The property seized by the captors as lawful prize was in reality such by every precedent and custom of war; but a great many of the English West Indian merchants had carried on an illicit trade with the French islands, contrary both to the laws and the interests of their own country, and on Grey's capture of the islands found that the money which they had advanced to the French merchants was in danger. They had done exactly the same during the American war, and had found themselves in the same trouble when Rodney captured St. Eustatius. Rodney, on that occasion, had described them as smugglers in peace and traitors in war, which was

strictly accurate, and if Rodney had added that they were pirates also he would not have exceeded the truth. Hoping to save themselves, these gentry had tried to buy up the prize-property at their own figure, but found themselves defeated by the captors, who put a reserve price upon the goods. They then contrived to insinuate themselves into the business as agents to the captors; and, having done so, they advised the French not to pay the contributions with which they had undertaken to indemnify the captors from all claims, while by their principals in London and Liverpool they approached Pitt with false charges of extortion and oppression against the Admiral and General. The West India Committee, as it is called, has, to the great misfortune of the West Indies, always enjoyed far more influence with English Ministries than it ought. The West India merchants, being then in the plenitude of their wealth and power, were not without considerable weight in politics; and to this Pitt's opponents declared that he had yielded.

Grey, however, was not going to sit still under such treatment. He cared little for the money himself, but he was not going to allow his officers and men, or rather (for most of them were dead) their widows and children, to be defrauded by a pack of rascally merchants. With some difficulty he obtained copies of the charges against him, refuted them categorically, and demanded justice. Though the Ministers had committed themselves by issuing regulations for the division of prize-property, they strove hard by the most pitiful shuffling and procrastination to evade their responsibility. At last, after three months of waiting in vain, Grey lost patience, and brought matters to a crisis by putting up his son to move for papers in the House of Commons. Thereupon the Ministers at last decided to stand by the men whom they ought never to have deserted. Meanwhile the West India merchants, not knowing what had happened, brought forward a motion in the Commons for enquiry into the conduct of Grey and Jervis; whereupon both Government and Opposition united in virtuous indignation to crush them, and to repeat their sense of the good service of both commanders. The situation was inexpressibly ludicrous, for less than twelve months before Pitt and Dundas had censured Grey as strongly as they now commended him; while Fox, in 1781, had found no abuse virulent enough for the Tory Rodney, when his action at St. Eustatius, precisely parallel to Grey's, had been called in question by those same West India merchants.

Thus the question of the prize-money was settled, though the Government still tried by petty obstruction to deprive the fleet and army of their full rights. But Grey was determined not to give way for an inch, and finally, after endless trouble with dishonest agents, forged 'soldiers' wills,' legal quibbles, and other impediments, the money was at last distributed in 1806 to the amount of 378,000*l.*, less some 15,000*l.* for legal expenses. Such was the greed in the Public Departments that without the constant intervention of Grey and Jervis, their men would have come off but ill; while the roguery of the merchants who were employed as agents in the West Indies would be incredible to any who are unfamiliar with the then Caribbean standard of commercial morality.

It is hardly surprising that after such an experience Grey should have flatly declined to resume command in the West Indies. He was, however, bitterly regretted by those whom he had left behind him; and many a letter reached him during the dismal year 1795, telling him of disaster on disaster and of the desire of all ranks that he were still at their head. But his fighting days were over, though the Government had the grace to make him a Privy Councillor and to give him command of the Southern District in 1796, to which was added the Governorship of Guernsey in 1797. During the mutiny of the fleet at the Nore he was ordered to take immediate command at Sheerness, his popularity and firmness being the best guarantee against any spread of the disorder among the troops; and it was by his direction that the whole garrison was turned out to witness the execution of the mutineer Parker, off Queenborough. For the rest, he was busily employed in organising and training his troops to meet an enemy in case of invasion, and, above all, in trying to persuade the authorities to employ movable heavy guns instead of fixed batteries for defence of the coast. No man better knew the weakness of guns of position for such purposes, for no man had taken more coast-batteries in rear than he; but it was none the less difficult for him to carry his point. Every little watering-place desired a battery of her own to save herself from French privateers, heedless of the dispersion and waste of force which such multiplicity of defences must entail; and too often, through pressure of parliamentary interest, they obtained them. The question is not yet an obsolete one, and Sir Charles Grey's opinion respecting it is worth placing on record.

In the matter of the forces placed under his command within the district, he found himself at first under considerable difficulties. Yeomanry and volunteers declined to consider themselves as under the orders of the General, preferring to correspond with a Secretary of State or the Secretary at War, whom they could threaten with political penalties unless they complied with their wishes. Colonels of militia were not less recalcitrant. It was the custom in those days to mass the flank companies of regiments into composite battalions of grenadiers and light infantry; and Grey was the more anxious to follow this practice, being convinced that in case of invasion the harassing tactics of a well-trained light infantry would be invaluable. Colonels Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Belgrave, however, denied the right of a general to take the flank-battalions of their regiments from them, and, in a protest addressed to the Duke of York, condemned the proposal as unconstitutional, actually adding a threat to prosecute any offending general in a court of law unless he gave way. At the present day such folly and conceit sound well-nigh incredible; yet there were many officers in those days who would have hesitated to bring down on themselves the wrath of the heads of two great Whig families. Grey, however, was no such officer. With perfect courtesy and tact, but with unmistakable firmness, he pointed out that the opinions of these two magnates were flat nonsense, and that he for one would endure no such insubordination in his district.

The value of his steady resolution and clear understanding shows itself repeatedly in the opinions which he furnished to the Commander-in-Chief on all military questions that were submitted to him; but the quality which appears above all to have endeared him to his superiors and colleagues was his cheerfulness. These years from 1794 till 1799, or even later, were heavily charged with gloom and depression in consequence of repeated military failures, while, in the picturesque phrase of one of Grey's Staff, 'guineas were as rare as smiling faces.' 'Too many men in high office are fond of croaking,' wrote Huskisson to him in 1798. 'I am glad to find that you do 'not despond.' Grey, indeed, would not hear of despondency, and was always urgent that England should take the offensive. 'The French attack us?' he urged, in effect. 'No; let us attack them!' and it may be added that all of our best officers favoured the same policy. But the timidity of the Ministers shrank for years from any bold or

decisive measure, and drove good and enterprising officers, such as Sir Charles Stuart, to decline all employment in sheer disgust. One small raiding expedition Grey did indeed organise and, in spite of many difficulties, succeed in despatching, namely, that which blew up the dock-gates of the new canal between Bruges and Ostend in 1798. The result was not encouraging, for though the object was accomplished, and a work which had cost five years of labour and three millions of money was destroyed, yet the force was unable to re-embark owing to bad weather, and was captured almost to a man. This misfortune, however, was due principally to the Admiralty, which threw every possible obstacle in the way of the expedition, and, by delaying it beyond the appointed time, lost the season of fine weather which would have rendered its success certain.

This appears to have been the last operation in which Grey took a leading part. There was, indeed, some talk of giving him command of sixty thousand men for a great expedition against Brest in 1799; and he went so far as to select his Staff, nominate the subordinate generals whom he would have chosen, and state the terms upon which he would accept the post. But the whole project came to nothing, and an ill-conceived campaign in Holland was substituted for it. Little, therefore, remains to be told of his life. In 1801 he was created Lord Grey of Howick by Addington's Ministry, rather, it should seem, on account of his son's services in Parliament than his own in the field. In 1806 he was elevated two steps higher in the peerage as Viscount Howick and Earl Grey, and in the following year he died at the age of seventy-seven.

As an officer he represents the most favourable type produced by the British Army. He had studied his profession until he knew every detail of it, but he possessed the strong common-sense which looks first of all at the facts of a military situation, and then thinks out the means of overcoming them, in terms not of military technicality but of human nature. The gift is one which is generally seen most strikingly in the actions of great partisan commanders, as they are called, such as Peterborough and Dundonald; and, indeed, the closest parallel which we can adduce to Grey's achievements in America and the West Indies are those of Dundonald. But, in truth, it is only this same common-sense, on a transcendent scale, which makes a Marlborough or a Wellington; and it is generally some fundamental defect of character only which distinguishes

the great partisan from the great general. Grey, though Fate never entrusted him with military operations much beyond the scope of a partisan, suffered from no such defect. A Dundonald or a Peterborough who had played such a part as he played at Germantown would have quarrelled interminably with every superior authority, civil or military, for the rest of his life, because the success of the day was not ascribed to him only. Grey's one thought when questioned as to the conduct of his commander-in-chief was to defend him loyally against every attack.

In his treatment of those set under him, the spirit which inspired him was the same—thoroughly practical, thoroughly loyal. His orders are essentially those of a reasonable man addressed to reasonable men. The General was not too proud to explain to the private soldier why he insisted upon certain points, and he called upon him to obey with goodwill 'as became a good and faithful British soldier' before he threatened penalties. Not that he spared either lash or halter if occasion required, but he preferred always to appeal first to a soldier's self-respect. So, too, he would humour the susceptibilities of an able but cantankerous old subordinate with infinite tact; but on the slightest sign of insubordination he asserted his authority with inexorable sternness. He would allow no shortcoming to pass, even though it was effaced by success, without at least a gentle rebuke. 'The Fifteenth Regiment, while accepting the 'Commander-in-Chief's acknowledgements for their spirited 'conduct, *will allow him to say* that, if they had not fired, 'the surprise might have been more complete . . . and he 'desires that commanding officers will turn back to his 'orders at the opening of the campaign and read them to 'the officers and men.'* On the other hand, he never failed to do justice to the work of all ranks, successful or unsuccessful, if they had done their best; and he strove, not in vain, to deserve the like justice from them by incessant care for their welfare and by unfailing kindness of heart.

The result was that his army was a happy family. It was the cordial feeling between all ranks which carried it irresistibly through its early triumphs, which tided it over its subsequent reverses, which preserved its fortitude unbroken against a host of enemies round about and the yellow fever raging in its midst. There is no grander episode in the whole of our military history than the defence of

* General Order, Martinique, February 13, 1794.

Basse Terre in October, 1794; and it is of melancholy significance that such heroism gave place to despondent apathy and worse, when Grey relinquished the command. Grey, too, on his side, no sooner arrived in England than he employed all his energy to extort from the Government the rights due to his men, flinging back in their faces the offer of a new command with which they tried to placate him. Whatever his differences with the Government of the day, he enjoyed to the end of his life the confidence, which no misfortune could shake, and the affection, which no carping could destroy, of the officers and men who had served him in the field.

Art. VI.—*The Victorian Anthology.* Edited by Sir M. E. Grant Duff. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

Though it be a truism to say that chronological divisions have no natural relation to the human events which take place in them, it is remarkable how often an epoch of thought or art appears to us as contained within a century. The coincidence is accidental and the accident takes accent from our temptation to show the feet of human change keeping step with the beats of time. But even if there were less of truth than there is in the suggested unison, it would still be convenient to shut off within the circumscription of a cycle the events contained in it, just as we are content to let a window make a framework to a section of landscape, even if the outline of a hillside may be curtailed, one stretch of woodland severed from another, or some reach of a river made to lose its continuity with the stream. Occasionally the severance works for fragment, but as often as not it involves a composition. So it is with history, and especially perhaps with the history of art; and at all events it is certain that in isolating thus the nineteenth century for the purpose of presenting the aspect of a cycle of English poetry, we do succeed in getting something like a complete picture. It may be said, not unfairly, that the birth of the century was contemporaneous with that of a new poetic era, and that its close saw the exhaustion of the movement which its opening happened to inaugurate; and, with this assumption, we may hope that it will not be uninteresting to pass in review, partly for the sake of chronicle, but partly also for appreciation, the names of those who have made the chief show in verse from 1801 to 1900. We may well begin with a reflection with which we might appropriately end: the work of the period has been a redemption; from slovenliness we have risen to style; from vagueness to precision; from levity to earnestness; from triviality to high purpose; from convention to reality in feeling and thought. And, without venturing upon what would be a wide disquisition, we will content ourselves with ascribing—as to two great parent causes—the birth of so happy and so vast a change to the impulse of scientific discovery, and to the purifying fires kindled by the French Revolution.

The great poetic outburst which illumined our Elizabethan era, and has continued without a lull, though with much variation in volume and quality of light, ever since, came at

so mature a point in the literary developement of Europe that it has been marked by two apparently contradictory characteristics. It has been at once derivative and individual. Derivative, because with Homer and such of his followers as have come down either in fragment or tradition, the Attic Tragedians, the Lyrists, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Dante, and Petrarch, all soliciting imitation and supplying models, it was impossible not to accept and digest the grand result of time. Individual, because with such a wilderness of choice before him, a poet was almost bound to follow his own bent, and to become epic, dramatic, lyric, classic, medieval, romantic, mystic, or a compound of some or all of these, as Nature made and bade him. And a capricious diversity was made all the easier because there was no academic and conservative public audience with its powerful traditions to coerce him, as at Athens, and no Imperial coterie to dictate his taste and subject-matter, as in Augustan Rome. Leaving out Shakespeare, who stands alone, as incapable of imitation as of approach, Marlowe, Jonson, Ford, Milton, Marvell, Denham, Congreve, Addison, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Goldsmith, to say less of Prior, Beattie, Collins, and the rest, had by the close of the eighteenth century provided their successors with a variety of native type and model, both in motive and treatment, unparalleled in the literature of any country. As it was with Adam and Eve on leaving Paradise, when

> 'The world was all before them where to choose
> Their place of rest,'

so it was with the poetical aspirants of the nineteenth century, and they accordingly scattered themselves over the whole domain. From the start onwards we have had satire, unalloyed, or as sauce to didactics; we have had tragedy, melodrama, comedy, lyrics, one epic at least, a pretty natural daughter of the middle ages, in classic name and fancy dress, and thinking to dance her steps under the tuition of Apollonius Rhodius; we have also had a most remarkable series of epical cameos, most properly named Idylls, but esteemed by some as an Arthurian cycle; besides scores of truncated narrative, that sometimes recall the limits, and occasionally the topics, of Theocritus; and, lastly, we have had didactic gossip by the square yard, and introspective stanzas by the cartload.

For the multitudinous and no less multifarious poetic production of the last hundred years the spread of education

has been largely responsible; and this through one of its thousand consequences, good and bad, that self-esteem which is apt to mistake taste for power, and the desire of achievement, which is so common a possession, for creative instinct, with which so few are dowered. The repeal of the paper duties, and the mechanical appliances which have cheapened production, have been contributory and facilitating causes. Something also must be laid to the charge of the many forms and devices of unscrupulous advertisement, to the recklessness, the lack of sense, and occasionally of conscience, in inferior criticism, not to do more than mention the pernicious habit of a group of authors reviewing one another in turn. But, just as true merit was never permanently obscured either by hostility or neglect, so no mediocrity has ever been made illustrious in the long run by unmerited laudation. It is certain, however, that after we have swept away the piles of rubbish which vanity has produced, and incompetence or dishonesty has recommended, the poetic work of the nineteenth century remains very splendid. A mere review of it, even without anything like an attempt to classify it or to account for it, is of supreme interest. Crabbe, Campbell, Rogers, Southey, and Wordsworth may be said to have led off the procession. Two out of these five, Crabbe and Wordsworth, were something more than 'considerable,' and both of them may, one certainly will, prove to be immortal. It is a few of his small pieces such as 'Hohenlinden,' 'The Mariners of 'England,' 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' 'O'Connor's Child,' and 'The Battle of the Baltic,' which give Campbell his chief title to renown. Of these 'Hohenlinden' approaches nearest to greatness. Of 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' it may almost be said that it is saved by its theme in spite of its treatment. 'O'Connor's Child' is fantastic and secondary, and little better than a vamped-up reproduction of rags and tags from the store closets of the old ballads. As to the 'Pleasures of Hope,' what are they? Blameless no doubt, with a strong smack of the school exercise, and such a prophetic forecast of the Prize Poem as illustrates his own well-repeated dictum that

> 'Coming events cast their shadows before.'

Patches they have, and many, which are hardly purple, and filled they are with facile generalities, touches of conventional landscape and morality; they abound in platitudes most remotely connected with the pleasures of hope; and

lastly they are interspersed with occasional flashes of outrageous hyperbole, of which one specimen is enough:

> 'On Erie's banks where *Tigers* steal along,
> And the dread Indian chaunts a dismal song;
> Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
> *And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk.*'

We trust that we may be forgiven for our italics.

The chief merit of Campbell is his blamelessness, and the literary modesty which saved him from such disastrous failures of over-vaulting ambition as made Southey the laughing-stock of every good judge from Porson and Byron until now. Of Rogers it is unnecessary to say more than that he was a cultivated gentleman who chose to employ a strenuous leisure in writing tolerable verse.

Crabbe, as he was infinitely superior to Campbell, so he more vividly recalls their common poetic ancestry. He is of the race of Pope, Dryden, Swift, Goldsmith, and Cowper. He may lack the philosophic insight, the neatness, the antithesis of the first, the rollick and burliness of the second, the causticity, wit, and political grasp of the third, the grace of the fourth; but then, to make up for these deficiencies, he has been spared the matchless dreariness of the fifth, and there are moments when he shares the qualities of all. But he poured new wine into their old bottles, and he has a characteristic which differentiates him: his purpose was his own. It was at once sad and solemn; he was the first of our moderns to take seriously to heart, and consciously to write about, the suffering, temptations, difficulties, and degradation of the poor, urban and rural, as he knew them. This he did in no vague or reflective fashion, but in narratives drawn from concrete experience. The population of the Eastern Counties among whom he was bred, half agricultural and half seafaring, perhaps also in an especial degree the victims of material poverty and spiritual neglect, were eminently likely to awaken his sympathy and rouse his sense of wrong; while his opportunities of knowledge as he went among them, first as doctor and afterwards as clergyman, accentuated the influence of their condition upon his heart and brain. The outcome was such a string of poems as 'The Village,' 'The 'Parish Register,' and 'The Borough.' These may not have added much to the graces of English poetry, any more than the pictures of Teniers did to the æsthetic beauty of painting. But they have directness of incident, firmness of touch, and

distinctness of portraiture. In fact Crabbe was a serious, purposeful Teniers in verse; and so has perpetuated for us some of the many contemporary phases of poverty for which the generation among whom they were manifested will be held unwontedly responsible at the bar of history. His intent was somewhat akin to that of Wilkie in painting, and still more to that yearning towards the delineation of her own class and neighbourhood which so soon afterwards produced the novels of Miss Austen. But no poems like his have since been attempted, and their predecessors, 'The 'Deserted Village' and Gray's 'Elegy,' were both so far removed from them that we may fairly say of them that there is nothing 'quid prius dicamus, nec viget quicquam 'simile aut secundum.' Crabbe's powers were undoubtedly great enough to make his literary work permanently valuable as a picture of manners and a record of sentiment, although perhaps they were not great enough to place him very high among the poetic expositors of man's nature to man.

The contribution of Coleridge to the permanent literature of England is in very poor proportion to his genius. He must be classed among the first poets of the second order, that is to say of the order which comes next after the four Giants of Epic, Shakespeare and the three great Athenians; and yet he will be remembered by less of his work than will any undeniable master. It is indeed deplorable that the soul from which could emanate 'Christabel,' 'Kubla Khan,' 'The Ancient Mariner,' and the two great adaptations of Schiller, should have shed so niggard a lustre upon the world. But so it is, and Coleridge can only be mourned as a shattered, half-redeemed prodigal, whose very creations cry out against him, and who for his wandering and self-waste must ever demand pardon of his kind.

Sir Walter Scott is an illustrious example of a man endowed with the highest genius who, having tried both, came to the conclusion that his natural vehicle of expression was prose, not verse. It would be incorrect to say that he never wrote a poem after the production of 'Waverley,' but his occasional relapses do not interfere with the fact of his resolve. And after all, as might be expected, it was wise. The world would not be so very much the poorer if 'Marmion,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and 'Rokeby' were to perish, but it will remain infinitely richer so long as 'Old Mortality,' 'The Antiquary,' 'The Monastery,' 'The 'Legend of Montrose,' 'Quentin Durward,' and a score at least of the other novels survive. Considering the swing

and rapidity of the verse in his longer poems, it sounds strange to say that he perpetually fails to produce music in his shorter lyrics, but it is stranger still that nobody seems to have noticed the extreme clumsiness of many a line in some of the best known of them. To take one only, though dozens might be collected: can anything be worse than

'Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances'?

But, thank Heaven, the fame of Sir Walter has been otherwise won. Might it not be true to suggest that one reason why his poetry remained below his natural level was that he is one of the very few men who have risen to the height of literary greatness without fully belonging to, or being in keen sympathy with, their epoch? Far otherwise was it with the two poets whose names stand next on the roll. Byron and Shelley were set on fire by the French Revolution. It illumes 'Manfred,' 'Childe Harold,' and 'Cain,' 'Prometheus Unbound' and 'The Revolt of Islam,' and is the cause of many another less valuable effort of the two masters, especially of each in his more palpably satirical mood. It is questionable whether either Byron or Shelley has had, or ever will have, accurate justice done to him. The lightning of their genius was too highly tinted by the more unpopular and less abiding colours of an epoch whose effervescence was checked by a reaction which wreaked vengeance upon all the most openly avowed products of the period against which it set itself to war. It was the cant of the 'twenties' and 'thirties' to dismiss Byron as false and sensual, and Shelley as a dangerous atheist. To the half-blind preachers of this unwarranted rejection the lordly self-presentment of such a nature as Byron's, its alternate flash and gloom, its masterly grasp of Nature in her most stupendous moods, the rhetoric which could roll audible thunder among the summits of Alps, fling sunbeams adown their valleys, sparkle over their falls and torrents, and sweep along their clouds, were all as naught. They could see nothing but what their littleness left them free to ridicule or dislike, loathe or dread; and their position is all the more provoking because they were right in their judgement of what they could see. Among things that irritate, it is as prominent as it is true that the lower nature which looks at the higher from below is apt only to catch sight of its baser parts and qualities; but it does catch those. The names of Byron and Shelley have been more commonly associated than those of any two other poets.

The reasons for this are obvious. They were both of them, to begin with, of gentle birth, and—we say it with deference to those who might think otherwise—their poetry was largely influenced by their rank, though in varying extent and fashion. They were both, too, what one of them called 'exiles of the heart' as well as of the home. The conjunction of these two accidents added recklessness to Byron, intensity to Shelley. It wrung 'Alastor' and 'Prometheus' from the one, 'Manfred' and 'Don Juan' from the other. These were indeed widely sundered products, but it must be remembered that Shelley also wrote 'Swellfoot the Tyrant,' just as Byron wrote 'The Vision of Judgement,' and that if Shelley gave us his delicate Laments and Romances we are all much the richer for 'The Dream.' Social isolation was in both of them the cause of a common defect, in which, however, we once more see the difference of their temperament conspicuously working. Each of them in his own way from lack or contempt of criticism fails in style. In Byron this is most apparent in the want of what is called 'finish,' and in the vain facility with which he allowed his 'rubbish' to go forth to the world. It is impossible to charge such a worker as he was with commonplace idleness, and so it seems better to lay to his account a moral lethargy which made him careless of his true fame. He never seemed to treat his creative faculty, or what came of it, as a reserved chamber of his nature to be kept swept and garnished, whatever came of the rest. He wrote indeed:

> 'I hope to be remembered in my line
> With my land's language,'

but the desire was not fervent enough to carry him beyond the poorer result inevitable to his native powers. If only the conscientious labour of a Tennyson had been possible to him, what a manifestation he would have made!

The social isolation of Shelley was even more complete than that of Byron. Byron was at least in correspondence with Rogers, Moore, Broughton, John Murray, and a host of others from whom he had to endure valuable protest and counsel which were not altogether without fruit. But Shelley had no one to criticise or advise him. His circle was small, and it only lifted hands of adoration. His main defect was exuberance, and he had no one to apply or even to recommend the pruning-knife. How infinitely the 'Prometheus' would have gained if somebody could have persuaded him to reduce it by at least one-fourth of its mere

bulk. There is too much of everything after the first act, which, however, is faultless; too much Zeus, too much Demogorgon, too many pine trees singing interminably 'old 'songs with new gladness,' too many 'voices of spirits o'er 'land and o'er sea.' There are even too many of the lyrics in the fourth act, divine as are some of them; and there is far too much of an ill-defined, half-imagined millennium, which might be rest to an over-fatigued Titan, but which only takes casual account of anybody else. But may we be forgiven for seeming to complain that these two great human bestowals were not better than they were.

Near to them in the 'Castello,' but somewhat apart, like 'the lonely Saladin,' there sits a quieter figure. He left the world so soon, and with so little done, though some of that little be of the highest, that the world can hardly estimate him. It may mourn him, but it cannot judge him. The promise of his 'Endymion' gleams through its faulty shape, and survives its frequent clumsiness of epithet and its crude versification. If it contained nothing else of value than that splendid symphony in words of which the first theme begins:

'Oh, sorrow, why dost borrow,'

and after two other magnificent measures comes back at last to the melody with which it started, the poem itself would be stamped with immortality. Half a dozen of the 'Sonnets,' 'Lamia,' the lines to 'Autumn,' 'La Belle 'Dame Sans Merci,' and beyond all these the 'Ode to a 'Nightingale,' and 'Lines on a Grecian Urn,' are credentials enough for a youth who died at twenty-six. But, as we have already said, you cannot place Keats, because you cannot tell what would have become of him.

It would be gross ingratitude to one of the caterers for the delight of his boyhood if a survivor of the last generation were to forget to mention with affectionate remembrance the name of Thomas Moore. If a schoolboy were to try to picture the sort of regard which the thought of him calls up in his elders, it would resemble that which he himself might feel for a family friend who was wont to confer upon him occasional sovereigns. Dear, chubby, little old Anacreon! He could sing to us of love and wine without doing us any harm. How we felt for him when he sang

'The days are gone when Beauty bright
My heart-strings wove.'

The more, perhaps, because we could not quite realise the

operation. And how glad we were to hear—our own locks being still brown and our cheeks ruddy—that it was possible for him and his olden contemporaries, although

'The snowfall of Time might be stealing'

over their brows,

'Like Alps in the sunset, when lighted by wine
To wear the gay tinge of Youth's roses again.'

And how thoroughly we agreed with him, having some grumpy mathematical master or fruit-withholding gardener in our mind's eye, when he broke out—

'Only think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly off to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
Leaving Earth to such spirits as you, Boys, and me.'

It is true that he wrote 'Love,' not 'Boys,' but we used to take the liberty of making an undoubted emendation in our own favour. Then did not he teach us 'The Minstrel Boy'? How real as well as noble we thought the lad, and how our breasts swelled with sacred pity when we heard that

'The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again
For he tore its cords asunder.'

We endorsed that last act of the poor little hero, without pausing to think—seeing what is the toughness of catgut—how very trying a feat it must have been for his relaxing fingers. Then, when we had grown somewhat older, when sentiment, with its gratuitous but very real sadnesses, had begun to work in us, how grateful we were for such lines as

'No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
He dreams the full quire of heaven is near,
Than came that voice when all forsaken
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor deemed its cold pulse,' &c., &c.

By the time that such tender catastrophes had lost something of their original poignancy, had not Lalla Rookh already grown dear to us? Did we not rejoice over the hoodwinking of Fadladeen? And were we not—wicked young puppies—uncertain whether we were glad or sorry that the seductive king's messenger, the mysterious and handsome singer of romantic stories, who beguiled the long

journey as he rode beside the litter of his master's bride, should turn out to be her betrothed himself, so that there was nothing like naughtiness or irregularity in the loves of Feramorz and Lalla Rookh after all? And how our hearts had ached over 'The Fire-Worshippers,' and the sweet lament for Hinda at the close of that poem. Poor Tom Moore, what Fame will end by doing with you we do not care to enquire; we trust that you may even now be sipping your nectar and water, cooled to a consolatory point, in the company of Anacreon and a pleasant group of the Anthologists. It may be that no future generation of old fellows will be grateful to you, or recall, when they think of you, the merriment and little heart-aches of their youth. We suppose that our grandchildren will have merriment and heart-aches, but will they have a Tom Moore also? We, at all events, not foreseeing either their temperament or their destiny, will return thanks for having had you. As for your politics, or your satire, we knew very little about them, and cared less; they may possibly have amused our elders.

The Reactionaries were assisted in the tilt which they ran against Byron and Shelley by the contrast of the decent life and calm genius of Wordsworth, seated remote and contemplative among the hills and vales of the Lake country. There he was, in honest communion with Nature, and, save for an occasional outburst of judicial indignation, breathing nothing but resignation and content, while the others were storming in vain fever and fury, and flaunting a somewhat ostentatious violation of what they affected to mistake and despise. The range of thought in Wordsworth, his rustic dignity, his power of seeing the true poetry in common things, his gentle unaffected mysticism, and his simple method of expressing it, are qualities so well and so long acknowledged in him that, except in an historic sketch, it would be too late to call attention to them. But even now it may be worth while to recur to his love for the poor and his reverence for woman. His poor are not the shepherds and shepherdesses of earlier sentimentalists; they are living, working, loving, thinking human creatures, with sins, virtues, and sufferings of their own, not to be pitied, blamed, or loved one whit more or less than their betters, and affording equal food for the contemplative poet or the humane philosopher. What we might call the 'village' stanzas of Gray's 'Elegy' form a shorthand registration of a vast amount of Wordsworth's poems; and to the minds and tastes of many the multiplicity and elaboration of

concrete instances by the later poet grow wearisome in comparison with the brief and easy summary of the elder. Possibly so voluminous a writer as Wordsworth suffers from attempts to read too much of him at one time. There seems in him a reiteration of subject, in which minute shades of distinction merge into dreariness, and beget a monotony of treatment which has, perhaps, no minute shades to lose. His unchanging simplicity is apt to pall, like the bread diet of the poor of whom he loved to sing. But his worship of women is as supreme as it is simple. It would be unfair to it to say that it has been achieved by no one else, for it is clearly innate in the man; it is not an achievement, it is an intuition. In the days of duelling it would have been unsafe to give a full and true expression of our opinion to his face of the man to whom the 'Lucy' poems did not appeal.

Among the worthier workers of the second rank George Darley must not be forgotten. He was not great; he had no mission; and, unfortunately for him, he arose at a moment when men were for asking, with a new directness, of all who proposed themselves for fame, 'What have you 'come to teach?' His impulse was secondary, his style derivative. He savoured, now of the Elizabethans, now of Milton, now of Shelley, and now of Keats. His method was inartistic. He had nothing of his own to say, but he remembered what others had said before him, and he piped away to their airs, sometimes almost as they would have done it themselves, and always prettily, because he was like them. He was an echo, faint, but not unfascinating. Of his two best known works, the Fairy drama 'Sylvia' and 'Nepenthe,' we prefer the former. Darley's merits may be said to be those of an anthologist on a large scale, and that is as far as one can go in recalling him.

Another strange and half-formed genius who broke into a brief show of prominence along with Darley was Thomas Lovell Beddoes. He had more of strength and less of grace than Darley, but his light was, like that of his friend, planetary, and his work purposeless. Such fame as he had was equally fugitive, and the kindly attempt of his late editor to revive him has, as in Darley's case, failed. Yet both in 'The Bride's Tragedy' and in that so-called of 'The 'Fool' there is poetry, and in his fragments, especially in those of 'Death's Jest Book,' Beddoes scintillates at whiles with some thought or expression, some little half-gleam of self-revelation, which seems to hint at a mind that never

shone with its full power. It may be that real madness lay at the root of his imperfection, for his life was eccentric and unaccountable, and he died a suicide.

As to the value of a certain contemporary of Darley and Beddoes, we could wish that we were more heartily in accord with critics to whose judgement we should be glad to subordinate our own. But we cannot affect an unfelt admiration, and we can only present the long drama of 'Joseph and his Brethren,' by Charles Wells, as a work which many persons highly competent to judge have as highly praised. It does not seem to us that the touching old tale has gained anything by its elaboration. In the reprint of 1876 it occupies some 252 pages of considerably more than twenty lines apiece on an average. Its first act alone is about as long as most of Shakespeare's plays, and there are four of them. The composition consists of little else than a series of sermons preached upon texts supplied by the main incidents of the story. Reuben's lecture to his brothers on their treatment of Joseph occupies some three hundred lines at least, and is only broken by ejaculatory sentences from one or other of his ten listeners. The disquisitions upon cruelty, mercy, pity, patience, ambition, and—as soon as Phraxanor, Potiphar's wife, and the only female character, comes on the scene—upon lust, love, honesty, duty, and God's providence, are surely unredeemed by originality. Phraxanor herself falls immeasurably below the Phædra of Euripides, and adds nothing to the Phèdre of Racine. Perhaps the truest apology for the poem is that the work was that of a very young man.

Among the strong men of his generation who deliberately adopted verse, very few were more deliberate in their adoption or stronger in their use of it than Walter Savage Landor. He did not hesitate between prose and verse, but he oscillated between them as a man may between a town and a country house. With now a play, now some 'Imaginary Conversations,' now an epic, he turned backwards and forwards from one to another with a lordly alternation too magnificent to be called caprice. His power in both directions no man may call in question, but there is an indescribable difference between poetic genius and such power. As a boy, he was a precocious scholar, and, when he could be persuaded to try, he produced Latin and Greek verses, original and in translation, which were the bewilderment, and more than once provoked the envy, of his teachers. But his waywardness and wilfulness were

as transcendent as his aptitudes, and he was as a lazy animal that will not put forth its strength. Later on, with like irregularity, he chose his own models, and invented his own methods. Though he studied Dante, he undervalued him on the score of his medievalism. He idolised Milton, whose mightiness in music appealed to him; probably from analogy he would have loved Handel as a musical composer. As a poet we may admire his elevation of style and his intellectual pride, which, scorning small subjects, held itself aloof from playfulness in metre, tricksiness in fancy, triviality in sentiment. We may acknowledge that he never dandled a commonplace, and that he avoided poetical doll-dressing, with all the thousand and one prettinesses in which too many, who ought to have known better, have either courted popularity among half-cultivated coteries, or stooped to solicit the applause of the mob. But it would be difficult to own that he ever moves us; we leave him as calm and unexcited as he is himself. Even his landscape is not vivid; he has not fed his reverence with it like Wordsworth, mastered it like Milton, or assimilated it as Byron did that of Spain, of the Alps, and, above all, of Italy. He cannot bid Nature sing, as Shelley did, ode upon ode of her own making. In short, he is not an evangelist. He had not that kind of self out of which, after all, Gospels are made. And so he remains, colossal, impressive, like a ruin whose purpose is unknown, and from which we turn not without wonderment, but unstirred by reverence, sympathy, or affection. Half a dozen of Shakespeare's sonnets, Byron's 'Isles of Greece,' Shelley's 'Skylark,' and the 'Ode to a Nightingale' of Keats are, any one of them, worth a wilderness of 'Gebirs' or 'Hellenics,' fine as these may be. We may admit Landor's stateliness of diction, though this is not so much native as derived. We may acknowledge his power of creating weird situations, but what is there either in his subjects or his treatment of them that satisfies or seduces us? Does he feel, or make us feel, what he writes? Grievously as we may revolt from much that we find in Byron or Shelley, at least we feel that they felt, and thence comes the touch of Nature that makes us akin to them. Not so with Landor.

Perhaps the lowest depths beneath style were plumbed by Wordsworth, just as its high-water mark was habitually paced by his immediate successor in the primacy of English poetry. We reserve the expression 'grand style' to express the majesty of verse, say, in Milton and Virgil, but that is a

matter apart. We employ the term 'style' for a more general purpose. It conveys the idea of masterly elevation of manner, of an inevitable form of phrase, of chasteness in rhythm, of caution in expression, and of a general finish and polish in work. Now, in all these, especially when his volume, his range of subject, and his multiplicity of metre are considered, we hold Tennyson to have been supreme. As he ranges below the majesty of Milton, so he cannot be said to have caught and reproduced the inmost melodies of verse like Shelley, while the rhetoric of Byron he may consciously have shunned. But style, as representing the conscientious handicraft of a master determined to send forth nothing slipshod, common, or unclean, he certainly had and used as no Englishman has ever had or used it. He represents in this respect a staglike bound of our poetry out of the wilds of the rough and the unkempt into a smooth, well-shaven lawn of gardenlike order. It was natural that such a method should be allied to a receptive rather than to a creative mind. Imagination he had, and fancy in abundance, and he relied upon the latter more, perhaps, than on the former. His constructive faculty was not large. The consequence of this last limitation, so long as he remained conscious of it, was his love for short pieces. None of his poems up to and inclusive of those published in 1842 is 500 lines long. 'In Memoriam' is but a wondrous collection of pearls strung together. Very few of its odes are absolutely essential to one another. They follow in fair sequence, though rather like separate stones in an ungraduated necklace; but it requires some ingenuity to plead a general design. So it is with the 'Idylls of the 'King'; the connexion between these is confined to the re-appearance, ever and anon, of the same personages. In short, Tennyson was a carver of cameos, which he set in a blank matrix. But, then, what gems these cameos are! The two exceptions, outside the dramas, are 'The Princess' and 'Maud.' 'The 'Princess' especially stands apart. Its story is consecutive, directly told, and is constructed without flaw, but it is slight. Still, as a production, especially taking size into consideration, we are inclined to put it as high as anything he ever did. Perhaps its excellence is partly owed to an element of jocularity, to the fact that it was originally started for fun; this feeling, working unconsciously in its author all through it, may have given him a sense of ease and freedom. Certainly he does touch the serious subjects involved in it with a surer hand than elsewhere. Absolute

seriousness of approach towards the highest is apt to work hesitancy and a want of precision, sometimes even of courage and candour. There are few minds in the whole history of literature that have been equal to this test. A little ripple of laughter, however restrained, evades the difficulty, and leaves success complete. Of 'Maud,' in spite of its many beauties, we had rather not say much. It has been called its author's masterpiece. After much reflection, we take leave to doubt this. Its subject is needlessly disagreeable. Its hero provokes no sympathy; its heroine is a phantom, a statue for Pygmalion to write verses to. The brother and the lordling are unfair caricatures. It is immortalised by some exquisite fragments, such as the garden song, the apostrophe to the Swainston cedar, many lines of the song that begins 'Oh, that 'twere possible 'After long grief and pain,' and the nautilus. But it is defaced by metres here and there that are positively ugly, and by satire that is unexciting because too often undeserved. Of Tennyson perhaps the last word to say is this: Outside and below the group of the very grandest, he is the most perfect and companionable of poets, and will be remembered by an unusual quantity of his work. He will stand for ever in the history of English literature as the champion who refound and rescued the lost Lady of Style. His aim was always lofty; he never wrote a line, much less conceived a poem, that should express himself at the expense of his readers. He never laughed, at or with society, the laugh which corrupts while it affects to censure. It was not in him to gloze over the commonplaces of lust, or to elaborate the portraiture of great crimes with a half-concealed admiration; he could never have written his own apology, or excused his readers' fascination as did the author of 'Monsieur de Camors' when he bade farewell to his adulterous traitor and suicide with the words, 'Sans doute un grand coupable, mais qui pourtant 'fut un homme.' No 'Cencis,' no 'Beppos,' no 'Don 'Juans' for him; though perhaps he did spend too much time over the episode of Launcelot and Guinevere, and though his fame would not have suffered if he had abstained from the somewhat namby-pamby love-making of Rosamund and Henry. Let us forget these blemishes of substance, with here and there a false experiment in form; they are but a few specks in the crop of rich fruit which the garden of his soul has borne for the world; let us turn them lovingly to the bottom of the basket. The poetry of the

nineteenth century culminated in him, and, fitly, in the very noontide of its own course. He may be said, in his own words,

'To sit a star upon the sparkling spire,'

and there is none to dispute his throne with him.

Side by side and almost year for year with the great laureate there was working a man whose genius was at once the contrast and a complement of his own. Browning's method was not so much a negative lack of style as a positive rejection of it. His magnificent imagination, his intellectual force, his instinct for a fine subject, his love for and mastery over landscape, his penetration into the devious passages and closed chambers of human nature, are all undoubted; but so are his wilfulness, his roughness, his unliterary avoidance of simplicity, his love of leaving his reader, and perhaps sometimes himself, lost in half-lights of intention, and half-thridded mazes of unexpounded philosophy. His burliness and muscularity found acceptance with many persons not too capable of appreciating his highest qualities, but who fancied that they had found in him satisfaction for a lack of virility which they had imputed to Tennyson simply because he was delicate and clear. Many such mistook his obscurity itself for profundity, thinking that what they could not plumb must needs be deep. A host of the admirers of 'Sordello' irresistibly recall that old Northumbrian story of the night-wanderer who stumbled into one of the hundreds of disused shafts in the mining district, but, managing to catch hold of the bank as he fell, maintained himself with foot and hand, shouting the while for help. He is said to have been dragged out shaking and chattering in his agony; and it was found that, had he but known it, his toes were only a few inches from the bottom. But Browning must not be undervalued because silly folk have raved about him. He will pass his immortality in the company of his great rival and contemporary; propped, it may be, upon a somewhat lower bed of amaranth or moly, though very close at hand. Because nonsense has been talked about 'Para-'celsus' we need not forget 'Strafford,' 'Pippa Passes,' 'Saul,' 'Rabbi ben Ezra,' 'How they brought the good news 'from Ghent to Aix,' and, above and beyond all else of his, large or small, the matchless and priceless 'Ring and the 'Book.' But great as he was he cannot be wholly forgiven, even by the most grateful of us, for the perversity which elected to scorn the use of good handicraft in the shaping of

fine thought. Whoever the jeweller may be, he has no right to set diamonds in mud.

At Browning's own side for many years sat and wrote his gifted but artistically deficient wife. The long romance of their joint lives, and the unquestioning worship of her husband, threw for a while an undue lustre upon the work of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The chastisement inflicted upon a still living critic, who at the time of her death indulged himself with a flippant remark in violation of good taste and feeling, but which is not now more worthy of repetition than it was originally of punishment, is still remembered by the readers of 'Pacchiarotto.' The voice of the militant husband is silent now, but we may express the verdict of a later generation without irreverence or cowardice on the one hand, or the risk of undeserved affront on the other. A love of paradox in the reading public contributed to the undue esteem in which, at one time, the productions of the poetess were held. It pleased people to say that the grey mare was the better horse. We remember these very words in the pages of an eminent Review. But though it was ludicrous to look upon Mrs. Browning as the rival or superior of her greater husband, her claims to consideration are beyond cavil. She had feeling, romance, wit, picturesqueness, thoughtfulness occasionally rising into wisdom, and landscape; but none of these qualities was hers in a superlative degree. 'Aurora Leigh' exhibits her range and her limitations. It is a novel in verse, yet its story is undigested and improbable, and its incidents are so overlaid with that intellectual gossip to which both she and her husband were regrettably prone, that it is next to impossible to pick them out as one goes along. They are jerked in as though she were on the point of forgetting them, and as if they were things only worth mentioning, as it were, by the way. The narrative portion of the poem does not occupy ten per cent. of its dimensions. The rest is made up of reflections, sometimes excellent, but in the main tedious and trite. The plot is rather like a story by George Eliot, but a story whose every merit the novelist would have transcended, and from the absurdities and crudities of which she would have steered clear. The worst poetic defect of 'Aurora Leigh' is its abominable versification. From its long stretch of some eleven thousand lines one might bring forward a hundred examples. In fact, her artistic taste was Mrs. Browning's weakest point. Her lyric metres are often as faulty as her blank verse. They jingle themselves at times

into something very like vulgarity. Their music is that of the guitar or the harp at their best; at their worst it is that of the banjo. Yet she must have read the best models. Shelley and, later on, Tennyson were at her command; but she must have turned from them without true study. Perhaps she loved to imitate her husband's perversities. Perhaps he encouraged her—he would certainly not correct her—and she still remained under the expiring lyric tastelessness of the generation that preceded her. Still, with all her shortcomings in art she was a grand manifestation of a woman who revered womanhood, and who conceived that her mission was to hold up the best in it at once as a standard for her own sex, and as a plea and protest to ours. So let us forgive much that is weak, much that is rough, much that is even tawdry if looked at from the artistic side alone. She was voluminous beyond measure, and, like some of her betters in the craft, would probably have written much better if she had written far less. One would have been glad to rub out some twenty thousand of her lines, and then to set her to work to polish and chasten the rest.

With Browning and Mrs. Browning we take leave of the two last great sinners against style. Tennyson, Patmore, Arnold, and Swinburne have all been thoroughly conscientious in form, phrase, and general workmanship. Arnold may have been dry and without a large stock of melodies; Patmore over-frugal and over-chastened; the trill of Swinburne exuberant, repetitive, over-prolonged. But with all of them their strings are ever in tune, and they never touch their instrument with a slack or slovenly hand. As to Arnold, we have heard it said by many folk that to them his work was altogether satisfying; but the remark has generally been made by those who have had an undoubted cross of the prig in them. There is a staid manliness of thought, a carefully pruned nicety of expression everywhere. In 'Thyrsis' and 'The Scholar Gipsy' there is a note struck of honest love and genuine regret. But the magical power of grief-begetting grief, the poignancy which stabs while the verse enchants, the haunting lights and shadows of a suggested passion which hold the memory enslaved, are not there. One can set down anything of Arnold's with a 'This is uncommonly good,' and that is fatal. It may be urged that something of this sort is true even of Milton's 'Lycidas.' If so, it springs of a common artificiality. But then 'Lycidas' is ablaze with lines that have an immortality and perfection of their own, apart from the amber in which

they are embedded. There is nothing of that sort in 'Thyrsis' or 'The Scholar Gipsy,' and they are Arnold at his best.

Of Clough much has been written because more has been felt. To a large group of friends who mourned his comparatively early death his poems were made sacred by memory. They loved his work as they had loved him. But to us, who come to a view of him when the mists of regret have floated away, a colder and soberer judgement appears the truer. He was a dweller upon the borderland of genius, and intellectually was picturesque, but unkempt, like the landscape of the moor edges. Earnest and humorous, and, if unpolished, altogether manly and genuine, his figure suggests that of a respectable Salvator Rosa, or, to take a modern parallel from prose fiction, of a Warrington who wrote verse. He was inexpert alike in form and diction. He had no more mastered his vehicle than he had tamed his intellect. He held neither of them in hand. His difficulties in art were exactly mated to the perplexities of a soul in flux. But he belongs to the 'living minds' of the century, and he exemplifies its variety, even if he has not contributed much to its achievement.

Of such writers as Aubrey de Vere and Sir Henry Taylor it would be impossible for any lover of good literature to speak without respect. Sir Henry Taylor's noble poem 'Philip van Artevelde' in its day almost took the world by storm; but neither that play nor 'Edwin the Fair' has retained its hold upon the reading public. As with De Vere's 'Alexander the Great' and 'St. Thomas of Canter-'bury' the poet failed in the instinct to make choice of topics which seize. We do not, however, place these works upon the same plane; each of Sir Henry Taylor's rising to a height not attained, and possessing an attractiveness not shared, by either of the other two. The Irish chronicles which Mr. de Vere so laboriously put into verse are but dreary reading, and he further fails to make interesting the Medieval Records or the Legends of Saxon Saints. This, perhaps, may be owing to the Roman Catholicism which can provoke at best only sectarian sympathy. The workmanship, however, is always good, and is always that of a cultivated gentleman. Some of his smaller pieces and sonnets are gems which for years to come will brighten the pages of many an anthology.

The excursions of Charles Kingsley into verse were so infrequent, and the total result of them so small, that, but for

his excellent quality, we should hardly treat him as a claimant for poetic honours. The 'Saint's Tragedy' we may put aside; it is half prose, and even when in verse it seems to lay no stress on its own assumption of the clothes of Poetry. 'Andromeda' is constrained and stunted, as every subject must be which, classic in origin, suffers doubly from being treated in a classic metre. Modern readers fight shy of Greek subjects, and there they are wrong; still less will they attack Greek metres, but there they are right. Kingsley strikes a tenderer and more alluring note in his ballads. 'The Sands of Dee,' 'The Three Fishers,' 'The 'Starlings,' 'Airly Beacon,' the two poignant stanzas of 'A 'Lament,' and 'Earl Haldane's Daughter,' which in the volume of the collected poems is only called 'A Song,' are each and all delightful. He is careless in rhyme and metre, but his is not a vulgar carelessness. Wise people, who value true pathos, and welcome the reappearance, even *en déshabillé*, of the good old ballad forms, will take the best of Charles Kingsley's little poems to their hearts, and keep them there.

Macaulay is another commanding figure to whom poetry was merely 'parergon'—to Anglicise a convenient Greek word—but whose sparse produce, like the widow's famous cruse, will last a long time. His 'Lays of Ancient Rome' are undeniable. We have been told that we may call them what we please, so long as we do not call them poetry. But what are they, then? They are written in admirable verse, and verse which is in itself a perfectly fresh mood of ballad metre; and they are hardly the worse for a smoothness which does not destroy their swing or their virility. Roman spirit and the religion of old Rome, set in true Italian scenery, pervade them; and pathos, though kept in hand almost throughout, is occasionally let loose in them; while the whole group is made to subserve modern feeling and purpose. These qualities have made them popular, and if they do not also together make up poetry, it is not easy to say what does. Still, Macaulay cannot be called a poet in the broader sense, for he was but a brief sojourner, a tourist in the realms of song; his native soil and natural habitat was prose.

Very much apart from his fellows, and that owing to a mental loneliness which was to him half a creed, worked Coventry Patmore. A speculator almost fantastic upon spiritual things; a mystic theorist upon life and conduct; proud and soaring, with a touch of the saint in him, and a

snap of the eagle, too; manly in talk, and at times almost tyrannous in attitude; such he was, and such he would have claimed to be. His poetry was gentle and refined to a fault, and it spent itself so largely upon the delineation of over-delicate shades of feeling, and within so circumscribed a range of scenery and incident, that it was voted tasteless by the multitude. But he was a poet of a high order. If constricted, he was from the first conscious of his limitations, and when he had exhausted the vein which he set himself to work, he ceased to produce altogether. Then the mental solitude in which he had long elected to live brought about in him something of that sterility which comes of isolation. 'The Angel in the House' is full of beauty; so are 'Amelia' and 'Tamerton Church Tower.' In the last two the influence of Coleridge is traceable, whom, when at his best and highest, and that unhappily was but seldom, Patmore was wont to extol. 'The Unknown Eros' lacks charm, because it is without that explicability which, after all, is essential to charm. But the character of Jane, Frederick Graham's humble little wife, in the 'Angel in the 'House,' forms one of the clearest and most pathetic studies in modern fiction, prose or verse.

An episode in the literary firmament of the 'fifties' was the rising and setting of Alexander Smith. That a young man should have written such a first book, and afterwards nothing half so good, was a bewilderment. Perhaps, however, we do not allow a sufficient analogy between man's mind and material phenomena. A morning dawns blazing with sunlight and the beauties that are born of it; long ere noon there comes an eclipse of mist and gloom, and the day never recovers itself. So it is sometimes with genius; it dawns, flushes, and dies out in dulness. But was Alexander Smith's vein genius after all? A late re-reading of 'A Life 'Drama' begets doubt. Was there more than a great receptiveness? Is not the whole thing a series of echoes crossing and recrossing one another, now of Keats, now of Byron, and now of Tennyson? Was there more than an extreme facility of picking up and imitating methods of fancy, moods of feeling, turns of expression—in fact, the tricks of the poet's trade? Whatever it was, it was well done enough to deceive the very elect, not excepting the last Master left alive from whom the inspiration of imitation came.

As we float down the stream let us not forget to turn our boat into the pleasant backwater whereby dwells the simple,

genuine, unambitious, and unobtrusive Barnes. Local he was, even to the dialect which makes him difficult to many and impossible to more; but to the few who overcome he is undeniably precious. After all, Theocritus was provincial in speech and subject, and Wordsworth eminently local; and Barnes had some of the qualities of both those masters. Like them, he saw the poetry in rural poverty, and was not above being the evangelist of rural life, manners, humour, and feeling. He saw with, felt with, jested with, wept with the rustics of Dorsetshire, just as did Theocritus with the peasants of Sicily and Peloponnesus, and Wordsworth—except the jesting—with the 'statesmen' and farm-labourers of Cumberland and Westmoreland. He had not, indeed, the genius of the other two; but, all the same, we take leave to doubt whether either of them ever wrote a better little poem than 'Woak Hill.'

We now come to two poets, William Morris and Rossetti, whom we class together because they both represent that yearning 'reculer pour mieux sauter' which started the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in painting, and such poems as their own in literature. As painters and poets both, they illustrate each phase of the movement. We should be unaffectedly sorry for the person who could tell us after trial that he did not enjoy 'The Life and Death of Jason' and 'The Earthly Paradise,' or the songs and ballads in Morris's first volume. How 'The Tune of Seven Towers,' 'The Eve of Crecy,' 'The Sailing of the Sword,' and a dozen other sweet things hold one's memory! And what a promise—perhaps not quite fulfilled—was there in the fragment called 'Sir Peter Harpdon's End.' It may be said that all his poems, great and small, are but reproductions, even if they can be trusted to be that, of gone forms of life and feeling, and even of affectations that were superseded by a healthier renascence. It may be that there is too much of what we may dub Botticellism in the composition of Morris, as there was in that of many of those who felt and worked with him. We may blame him for never having extricated himself from his medievalism, for having 'reculé' but never having 'sauté.' But what he has given us is very beautiful, and, for ourselves, we accept it with gratitude. We acknowledge the presence of the pearls, and we decline, because they may not be altogether fit for daily food, to wish that they had been barleycorns. To our thinking the worst charge against Morris is his pessimism, his hate and dread of the inevitable end, and the hopelessness with

which he persists in looking on life as the vestibule of death.

If genius might be said to consist in doing what a man sets himself to do surpassingly well, as well perhaps as it could have been done, then Rossetti had genius of the first order. But if it be truer to say that genius consists in doing with supreme excellence things that are of enduring benefit to mankind, then Rossetti must be relegated to a lower level. We all remember how we were dazzled by 'The Blessed Damozel,' 'Sister Helen,' 'Troy Town,' and the Sonnets. Nor have we forgotten 'The White Ship,' 'Rose Mary,' or 'The King's Tragedy.' For 'The House of Life,' in spite of its fine handicraft, and its delicate shades of thought and feeling, we have a slighter sense of gratitude. Throughout almost all of Rossetti's work, however, there runs one and the same unpleasant influence, the sense of moral and nervous decadence. We think that this must be confessed, though we are far from admitting the charge to the extent to which it is urged by an eminent foreign critic. Still the canker is there. It is a vice akin to the pernicious theory of Art for Art's sake, which seems to us to be the begetter of things abominable in literature, sculpture, and painting alike. We may all enjoy Rossetti's work from 'The Blessed Damozel' down to 'Jenny'—alas, we are but mortal and are prone to feast where we should not—but how many really wholesome dishes has he offered us besides 'The King's Tragedy'?

Each of the gifted women who wrote their novels under the names of George Eliot, and Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, yielded to the charm which compels so large a troop of sensitive natures. In 'Jubal' and 'The Spanish Gypsy' George Eliot made two serious attempts to justify a claim to the coveted name of poet. Of 'Jubal' nothing need be written. As to 'The Spanish Gypsy' one may permit oneself an expression of regret that instead of a story manacled in verse which is seldom more than tolerable, which never soars, and is too often pedestrian, the writer did not use her materials to give us, as she might have done, in her native fashion, a glorious novel in admirable prose. George Eliot, posing as a poet, provides a literary analogue to the Apterix among birds: she has everything but the wings, and cannot fly. As to the verse of the sisters Brontë, it was on its first appearance not unnaturally overvalued. None of us could forget the novels, and but few of us were not aware in some measure of the sadness and dreary romance of the

three lives. Sympathy often passes into admiration, and in many a loving heart the two are confused from the first. But after a careful re-perusal, it is impossible to see much more in the collection than might have been achieved by dozens of cleverish daughters of rural clergymen; and, strangely enough, Currer Bell's pieces seem to be the least meritorious.

Both Jean Ingelow and Miss Rossetti have done more interesting and distinctive work. The first named, especially, treats from time to time her delicately chosen and daintily handled subjects with a gentleness and womanly grace that go far to subdue the reader. For instance, overprolonged as it is, 'High Tide on the Coast of 'Lincolnshire' is a monument of pathos, and instinct with the dreary life of the people of the fens.

If George Meredith were as victorious over us with his verse as he is with his prose, he would be the most triumphant 'of our Conquerors.' But as a poet he falls into one of two pits: he either loses his idiosyncrasy, and becoming clear he is tame, or else, beginning to speak in his own tongue, he is untamable. We bear with him in his prose because what his style partly veils is so splendid. His wit, his wisdom, his plastic power and his own joy in it, all gleam out on us through the interjected photosphere of his perversities. These we forgive to him, and only greet an unusually tough paragraph or chapter with an affectionate oath. But though we can bear that our prose should be somewhat over purée, we must have the turtle of our poetry clear; so we say to him, we hope not ungratefully, 'Introduce us to more Egoists, let Richard Feverel undergo 'fresh ordeals, make Shagpat shave himself afresh, negotiate 'for us another Marriage however Amazing, but let '"Modern Love" and "The Joys of Earth" alone.'

Probably few poets of any age, certainly none among our moderns, have started upon the path of fame with so fair a promise as that which was given by 'Atalanta in Calydon.' Mr. Swinburne took us by storm. The youth who could present a famous but very difficult old myth with the fearlessness and good faith which illumined his poem, and who was capable of writing the best passages in its choruses, to say nothing of a great deal of the blank verse, fully justified the acclamations which greeted him. If Mr. Swinburne has not developed quite commensurately, it is not because he was chilled, like Keats, by want of welcome. There was no frost in his May. Even the wayward drift and over-frank-

ness in treatment of many pieces among his 'Poems and 'Ballads' were condoned far more handsomely than he should have hoped. If some of us felt a first fine shade of disappointment creep over us with 'Chastelard,' which deepened with 'Bothwell' and 'Mary Stuart,' it was not that what was done was not well done—for it was all wondrously well done—but it was that a writer so splendidly endowed should not have cared to treat something nobler, to do something still better worth his doing. Had not the world had already a little too much of the frivolity, intrigue, levity, moral squalor, cruelty, and crime of Mary Stuart and her Court? We grieved that one who might have been among the most picturesque of teachers, as the 'Songs 'before Sunrise' testified, should tend towards subsidence into a raker of dead rose-leaves from the bowers of light ladies, a chronicler of their frailties, and of their sufferings at the hands of paramours whose deeds and natures were even more unsavoury than their own. Such feelings were not relieved by the appearance of 'Tristram and Iseult.' It was now too clear that Mr. Swinburne had become by habitual preference a treater of such themes, and that the world must make up its mind to suffer by his choice. One exception we are bound to admit: 'Marino Faliero' is a great subject grandly handled. Since those days he has done little more than disport himself with his powers. He has tossed metre about as a Japanese juggler spins plates or keeps sham butterflies upon the wing. He has loved to elaborate an idea through a score of complicated stanzas very much as an over-ingenious musical composer tortures a theme through endless variations. And all these things he does with an exuberance and a faultless dexterity which bewilder and charm us for the moment, but upon which he must pardon us if we reflect with a genuine regret. He has suffered, like most great people, much from epithets. He has been called comet-like, erratic, meteoric; but these hardly supply a befitting image. He does not strike us as lawless, or out of the way, except in having been very brilliant. He is rather represented, to our thinking, by a star that floats suddenly into the astronomer's ken, shows for a while as of the first magnitude, arousing a wild surmise, a hope, a prophecy, but slowly dies back to a moderate though still considerable splendour, and leaves the disappointed observer saddened as well as silent, like Keats' sailors upon their peak in Darien.

With Mr. Swinburne the roll of the masters is closed.

But there are many names, early and late, which deserve record. There is Bishop Heber, whose 'Bluebeard' is, with the exception of 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' the best comic poem ever written by a clergyman. There is Bailey, of whose death at a ripe age we have lately heard, and in whose 'Festus' and 'The Age' the display of his own literary ambition is perhaps, after all, in spite of their momentary acceptance, the chief effect. Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám's 'Rubáiyát,' must not be forgotten, though his original work may have passed out of remembrance. There is, too, the late T. E. Brown, the Manxman, a great scholar and tutor, whom a long generation of Clifton schoolboys remember with affection and reverence, and whom a grateful group of readers still thank for his 'Fo'c's'le Yarns,' 'Manx Witch,' and 'The Doctor'; genuine pictures, all, of the homely island life and scenery amid which he was born and nurtured. There is Sir Alfred Lyall, whose masculine 'Verses written in India' make us wish that there were more of them. There is Professor Courthope, whose 'Paradise of Birds' might well have been followed by something *simile aut secundum*. Sir Lewis Morris has been a voluminous writer, and a careful and conscientious worker. He is, perhaps, the most fruitful and successful of the Tennysonians. His 'Epic of Hades,' which introduced him, and his 'Gwen,' a very charming poem, have won him a title to respectful mention among Victorian poets. Prominent among all such in gentle grace of idyllic work is Mr. Robert Bridges. His shorter poems seem to us far his best. In spite of the superiority of his 'Return of Ulysses' to another much-praised poem on the same subject, the verdict upon him must be that he falls back beaten from effort upon a large scale. But if anybody who does not yet know him should wish to try the flavour of his smaller fruits let him take the first taste of them in the delightful, but unnamed, poem which begins—

'There is a hill beside the silver Thames.'

We shall be surprised if he does not devour the basketful.

Lord De Tabley's half-dozen volumes are, unfortunately for the many, known only to the few. He had not those qualities which provoke general acceptance. One is tempted to associate him with Arnold, though it is not difficult to differentiate the two. De Tabley could not have written 'Thyrsis,' perhaps, nor 'Empedocles on Etna,' though neither subject would have been alien to his genius; but

Arnold, on the other hand, would have been incapable of 'Orestes,' and still more certainly so of 'Jaël,' that strangest and most original of monologues. Seldom has a sequel to a long-accepted myth been so completely justified. We feel that the lonely woman who in a momentary flush of resistless patriotism dared to slay the sleeping Sisera, whom she had for pity entertained, must have repented of her deed; and seldom has there been a nobler study of passion than De Tabley's of the remorse with which he has dowered her. His volumes are full of fine things, and we could only wish, not so much for his fame's sake, as for that of the general spread of enjoyment, that the number of those qualified to judge of them were larger than it is.

Three men have been conspicuous during the nineteenth century as writers of 'sacred' poetry—Cardinal Newman, Father Faber, and Mr. Keble. There would be an obvious risk in an attempt to judge them by what is after all bound to be a secular standard. They are all eminently sectarian. Let those who prefer either of them to George Herbert do so. For ourselves, we are content with the elder poet. Their piety is their enticement, and Herbert's has an element of universality which theirs lacks. Once we recollect catching in Mr. Keble the true lyric ring. It is in the opening stanzas of the lines written for one of the later Sundays after Trinity, and which begin—

'Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun.'

But even these are but a sweet echo, which would hardly have taken shape but for Gray's 'Elegy.'

A word or two must be said for those whose mission has been to relax the strung bow for us, who have had no lesson to teach beyond the pleasant one that life need not be all labour, and who in teaching this have laughed with us out of working hours. James and Horace Smith were poets. 'A Tale of Drury Lane,' that epic of the Fire Hose, is as much a poem outside 'Marmion' as Pope's 'Iliad' is one apart from that of Homer. Aytoun and Theodore Martin created a new Campeador in Don Fernando Gomersalez, and added a startling sequel to the deeds of St. George in the exploit of Mr. Philip Slingsby. Those who have simmered over the neatness and classic smartness of Calverley have owed a like and not inferior pleasure to Seaman, Graves, and Godley. And as we and our fathers enjoyed in company the extravaganzas of Planché, so have we sat and laughed with our sons over the libretti of Gilbert

wedded to the music of Sullivan. In this, as in other matters, we of the nineteenth century have had much to be thankful for.

Two or three stand out among the younger group of living poets whom we have deliberately forborne to estimate. Let us now name them—Mr. Watson, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Kipling. Their genius is undoubted, and each will take the rank found due to him, as time developes his powers and accumulates his productions. That we do not attempt to appraise them comes not of failure to appreciate or reluctance to acknowledge. But we think that they more properly belong to the twentieth century, and we hope and believe that when the chronicler of the new epoch makes up his treasures their names will each have an honoured place upon the roll.

And now, what is the sum of the matter? Is it not that at the dawn of the last century, after a brief period of slightness and estrangement from high purpose, Poetry did rouse herself, shake her plumes, remember her mission, and set herself anew to the serious problems of life; to this end touching the lips, and not in vain, of Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning? Have not all these great men caught fire from their epoch, illuminating it in turn with the coruscations of their own uncommunicated genius? And has there not been beside them a long and still brilliant company of lesser lights, grouped in easy gradation of achievement, from the high level of Swinburne, Arnold, and Patmore, down to that of some of those who are at work to-day? Mankind may hereafter shake their heads when they read some of the more unmeasured of contemporary eulogies, but it will always be conceded to the nineteenth century that, while it was an age in which eternal questions and issues had become more complex and more difficult than they had been or seemed to be during its predecessors, it produced poets able and zealous to attack them, and who, while they laid bare their own doubts and self-conflicts, were still fit to register every pulse and stereotype every phase of the moral, social, and intellectual movement that surged around them.

ART. VII.—1. *Lord Grey's Letters on the Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell*, 1846–52. 2 vols. Bentley. 1853.

2. *The Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald.* By JOSEPH POPE. London: Edward Arnold. 1894.

3. *The Commonwealth of Australia.* By Professor W. HARRISON MOORE. London: John Murray. 1902.

4. *Federal Government in Canada.* By Sir JOHN BOURINOT. Johns Hopkins University Series.

5. *British Rule and Jurisdiction Beyond the Seas.* By Sir HENRY JENKYNS. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1902.

6. *A Short History of British Colonial Policy.* By H. E. EGERTON. London: Methuen. 1897.

7. *Parliamentary Government in the Colonies.* By ALPHEUS TODD. Boston: Little & Brown. 1880.

THE Colonial Conference is at an end, and the premiers are returning to their own countries. The Government have decided that they will not publish a report of the discussions, and we shall, therefore, not possess any full record of debates which must have teemed with episodes to throw light on the internal relations of the British Empire. The reticence is discreet, but disappointing. For the resolutions passed by this Conference—if ever they should be published during our lives—will give us very little help in estimating the general tendencies of colonial feeling. Such resolutions express little more than pious wishes. It would be very much more interesting to know what was the attitude of the colonial premiers towards the original proposals put forward by Mr. Chamberlain. The Colonial Secretary, it is generally believed, suggested certain schemes of combined Imperial defence. He presumed, we imagine, that it would be possible to build some durable structure on the basis of the combined effort made by the Empire to close the South African war. But if so, it seems clear that his proposal met with little favour from the colonies. The modest resolution which is officially stated to have been passed in favour of increased colonial subventions to the Imperial navy carries us, indeed, little beyond the point that we have reached already. Australia, as everyone knows, already contributes 126,000*l.*, and South Africa gives an ironclad. The very slight additions to these grants, rumoured to be about 200,000*l.*, which have been sanctioned by the Conference are satisfactory, but do not open up any new policy.

They do not even keep up with the increase in our naval expenditure—amounting to about 10,000,000*l.* a year—since 1897. Australia, if rumours speak truly, has even put forward an important claim to independent naval control, which it appears that the Admiralty has refused to entertain. The one clear fact is that all the colonies shrink from further military expenditure and control. Instead of wishing to increase the control of the central power, both Canada and Australia have for long cherished the notion of absolute internal military Home Rule. Their record in the South African war has made them not less but more anxious to provide their own officers, and manage their own armies. They would certainly resent any suggestion of compulsory service, or of legal obligation to help the home country in case of need.

The results of the Conference, therefore, deliver a severe blow to the hopes of those who have been dreaming of military and naval concentration as the first effect of the Boer war. The colonial premiers have, it is clear, taken a far shrewder view of the moral of that war than have some observers at home. They see that its moral is not concentration, but elasticity—not compulsion, but free and voluntary effort. The centralised system of the British War Office failed to grapple with the situation, and it was the free and unfettered efforts of volunteers at home and in the colonies that saved the Empire. That is not a story which points convincingly to the necessity for increased control. At any rate, the colonial premiers will have none of it, and it is now clear that the tendency both in Canada and in Australia will be towards military autonomy rather than military subordination. They do not regard their two years of voluntary effort as giving the old country any larger claim on their resources, and they would be surprised if the Imperial authorities were to use a great and signal display of spontaneous patriotism as an excuse for inviting a very heavy annual contribution to the exchequer of defence. They are willing to give freely their blood and treasure in a moment of emergency. But they claim, when the time comes, the right of choice. They are young and poor; they have small populations that have to struggle with great natural difficulties; they have vast countries to civilise, and demands to meet which are unknown to an old and settled country. They shrink, therefore, from the prospect of a continuous military strain. They draw back, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier has himself put it, from the 'vortex

'of militarism.' They cannot face the burdens of the new and the old world at the same time. They cannot undertake to subdue at once nature in a new continent and humanity in an old.

The old country, on the other hand, also shrinks from a further sacrifice to the new. Here, again, it would be interesting to have a full account of the discussions at the Conference. For it seems certain that the colonies, on their side, put forward suggestions which made almost as great a demand on Great Britain as the British proposals made on the colonies. Each side suggested a closer arrangement on the point which affected it most. The need of the home country, threatened everywhere by the combinations of a hostile Europe, is a securer system of military and naval defence; the need of the colonies, young countries struggling against big fiscal combinations like the United States, is a larger commerce. It is plainly to the interest of the home country that the military relations of the Empire should be placed on a fixed basis. It is equally to the interest of the colonies that the commercial relations should also be defined. If we want defence, they want trade.

It is true that the demand for concessions in this matter by the colonies from Great Britain bears a somewhat startling aspect to the casual observer. A foreigner, looking simply at the facts, might imagine that the colonies already had it all their own way. For if we look at the trade relations of the British Empire, what do we see? On the one side Great Britain admitting the imports from her colonies almost entirely free from taxation; on the other, the colonies still building up high tariffs against the imports from Great Britain. One would imagine that if any proposal of reform were possible, it would be that the British colonies should imitate the home country by abolishing their tariffs. Sir Robert Giffen, indeed, has boldly put forward the suggestion that the Empire should seek unity in the direction of universal free trade. But this proposal may at once be dismissed as outside the range of practical politics. Whatever other step Canada and Australia may take towards the further unity of the Empire, they will certainly not take this step of adopting free trade.

The actual suggestion made by these two great colonies at the Conference was very far removed from this. It was, indeed, a suggestion in the direction of assimilation. But it was assimilation in a precisely opposite direction. Their

proposal was, we believe, not that they should come towards us, but that we should go towards them. They wished that the British Empire should move, not towards free trade, but towards protection. They took care, indeed, not to alarm us by any sweeping proposal. The Empire was not to be protected all at once. The dream of a Zollverein, such as prevails in the German Empire, was even discreetly denounced by Sir Edmund Barton. We were to move gradually, indeed, by way of preferential tariffs; but the suggestion was made in a tentative and persuasive manner. Canada, indeed, could justly claim that she had carried out the pledge given at the last Colonial Conference in 1897. Since that year she has extended to British imports a preference of one-third, though it has been shrewdly, if somewhat unkindly, pointed out that owing to the nature of our imports her tariff still works out more in favour of American than British goods. Still, Canada has the right to claim that she has carried out her promise. It is not Sir Wilfrid Laurier's fault if his stout refusal to demand any concession in return has now been outflanked politically by the revival of the shilling duty on corn. Sir Edmund Barton, the Premier of Australia, could not indeed plead the same sentimental claim. But for many years past Australia has been pressing the Imperial Exchequer to remit the import dues upon Australian wines, and Sir Edmund Barton came to this country with an instruction to demand a preference on this product. Lastly, it is rumoured that Mr. Seddon hovered in the background with a more shadowy and less defined proposal, mainly thrown out in the form of spasmodic interviews, for a preference on Australian mutton. But as, happily, no tax on mutton exists at the present moment, Mr. Seddon's ideas scarcely came within the sphere of practical politics.

This, then, was the situation at the opening of the Colonial Conference. Mr. Chamberlain, on behalf of the home country, suggested help in Imperial defence. The two chief premiers, who were practically the only other personages who counted in the Conference, passed over this suggestion, and sought on behalf of their colonies a commercial preference on two imports—corn and wine.

But it would appear that the Imperial Government presented as steady a resistance to this demand as the colonies on their side presented to ours. It is stated that the Conference passed a general resolution in favour of preference at some future time. But that is a poor reply to those who asked for it instantly on corn and wine. If the

home country remains empty-handed at the end, so do the colonies.

Though the dream of Imperial consolidation, either military or commercial, is thus for the moment shattered, there are smaller but not insignificant tasks which we may hope to find sensibly forwarded by the meetings of this summer—which are, it is now stated, to be repeated, as they ought to be, at regular intervals. The unification of the Empire in respect to law and custom, or in matters like telegraphs, ships, and posts, seems, perhaps, a somewhat prosaic task after the great visions on which we have fed. But it is probably here that we should find the surest and safest road. The Conference of 1897 discussed the proposal of an Imperial postage, and rejected it, but probably that discussion helped towards its adoption. The Conference of 1902 may, perhaps, fail in everything else, but it will not be wasted if it has led to a better understanding between the premiers and the home country on such minor questions as those of shipping laws and telegraphs, or a common metric system, or a common degree for solicitors and barristers throughout the Empire. Let us hope that the resolutions, when they are published, will bear out the very sanguine forecast on these points.

But perhaps the chief profit of the Conference has been, after all, to place a definite check on that hurry after Imperial concentration which has of late become so perilous a tendency. It has brought certain vague and nebulous ideas to the test of practical bargaining, and it has revealed the fact that within the large circumference of common aims and common hopes which encircles the British Empire there is still a vital sphere of differing interests and local autonomies on which we trench at our peril. There could be no more certain way of breaking up the British Empire than to carry our centralising tendency beyond the point of healthy growth. If the British colonies were to allow the Delilah of militarism to bind their limbs and shear their locks, then there would be an ebbing of strength that might portend their final downfall. If the United Kingdom, on the other hand, found itself being heavily fined for the colonies, there would be a reaction which no statesman could resist.

The Conference has brought wisdom to extremists on both sides. Colonial interests have proved strong to resist projects of centralised Imperial defence. British interests have been strong to resist any definite suggestions of fiscal preference.

If Canada is not drawn into the 'vortex of militarism,' neither is England drawn into the vortex of protection. We have recognised the difference of our interests, and in that recognition lies the best hope for our unity.

But before we put the whole matter of the Conference behind us, it might be well to form some definite opinion as to the tendency of its two chief proposals—military consolidation and preferential duties. Putting aside the question whether they are premature, are these things ultimately desirable or not? They represent some kind of movement, but is it movement forwards or backwards?

Military consolidation is the natural aim of all the military empires. It is the aim of Russia, and is the reason why that Power is at present undermining the local liberties of Finland. But hitherto the British has not been a military empire, and the tendency has been in the opposite direction. There was a time when all our great colonies were garrisoned by Imperial troops. But the gradual result of the gift of self-government was to enable the home Government to withdraw these garrisons. Australia and Canada are now entirely self-dependent in regard to military defence. South Africa was the only white colony still protected by an Imperial force at the end of the nineteenth century, and by a curious coincidence it has been the only white colony exposed to invasion and rebellion. A strong movement exists in Australia in favour of obtaining control of their navy, and it found expression, as we believe, at the Colonial Conference. The tendency is inevitable. State sovereignty is inextricably bound up with the military power. No colony can really be self-governing which has not also control of its own forces. And as the desire for self-government is the profoundest and strongest motive in colonial politics, so the dislike to any idea of military consolidation is unqualified and universal. It seemed plain to the colonies that this was a movement backwards—a movement away from the autonomous principle on which our Empire is based. That the colonies should undertake their own self-defence, and should in the end establish entire self-dependence on this matter is only right and just both to them and to ourselves. But that is a very different matter from military centralisation.

The proposal of a system of preferential tariffs sounds more specious, and has the great advantage over the first proposal of being desired by our colonies. But the British

Empire is a fine balance which can quite as easily be upset by an excessive claim on the mother country as on the colonies. Great Britain has given self-government to her colonies, but she asks in return self-government for herself. But self-government becomes the shadow of a name if our finance is to be regulated by the desires and interests of distant lands. It is not any longer contended that preferential duties on behalf of our colonies will be of any advantage to ourselves. These duties are rather defended as an Imperial act of generosity—a sort of return for services rendered. They are even represented as a new invention in Imperialism.

As a matter of fact, the proposal is a step back to the system of sixty years ago. It is a stale device which was abolished by our forefathers. Those who wish to look before they leap should read again the first letter in 'Lord Grey's 'Letters on the Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell (1846–'52)'—a volume which still embodies the ripest wisdom in the structure and government of the British Empire. Lord Grey describes in this letter the struggles against this very fallacy of preferential tariffs. It was the last survivor of the protectionist beliefs, and was so strongly held that when in 1842 Lord Grey moved a resolution against even 'new 'protecting duties in favour of colonial produce' he was defeated. Lord Grey thus states the proposition he put forward in that debate :—

'Duties ought not to be levied on the importation of any articles which would meet in our market articles of the same kind produced in the colonies and not subject to an equal amount of taxation.'

At the foot of the page he adds this interesting note :—

'It does not appear to me at all inconsistent with the idea of the unity of the British Empire that no attempt has been made to unite its several members, divided as they are from each other by the diameter of the globe, in one fiscal system.'

He considered that the time had come to end the system of colonial monopoly and establish fiscal freedom.

'I considered it to be no less for the real and permanent interest of the colonies themselves than for that of the mother country that industry should cease to be diverted from its natural channels and a useless burden to be imposed on the consumer by differential duties, levied for the purpose of favouring colonial produce in our markets, and our produce in the markets of the colonies.'

These are notable words, which may well be pondered at the present moment.

Those who resisted Lord Grey's motion used an argument which should give some of our Imperialists pause :—

'Not only those who still adhere to the opinion that the former policy with respect to colonial commerce was the right one, but many of the most eager advocates of the principles of free trade, concurred in arguing that, if the colonies were no longer to be regarded as valuable on account of the commercial advantages to be derived from their possession, the country had no interest in keeping these dependencies, and it would be better to abandon them, thus getting rid of the heavy charge on the country, especially in producing the requisite amount of naval and military force for their protection.'

That is to say, if the colonies are not a profit to us they may as well be dropped. It is an argument we do not often hear nowadays, but might it not be heard again if we revived the fiscal relation? Against this Lord Grey put forward a weightier and more enduring reason for the existence of the Empire :—

'I consider, then, that the British Colonial Empire ought to be maintained, principally because I do not consider that the nation would be justified in throwing off the responsibility it has incurred by the acquisition of this dominion, and because I believe that much of the power and influence of this country depends upon its having large colonial possessions in different parts of the world.'

But he laid down the rule of non-intervention which has dominated our policy ever since :—

'The country has no interest whatever in exercising any greater influence in the internal affairs of the colonies than is indispensable either for the purpose of preventing any one colony from adopting measures injurious to another or to the Empire at large; or else the promotion of the internal good government of the colonies by assisting the inhabitants to govern themselves when sufficiently civilised to do so to advantage, and by providing a just and impartial administration for those of which the population is too ignorant and unenlightened to manage its own affairs.'

Such is the law of the British Empire as laid down by its mighty founders, in regard to this question of fiscal preference.

But these proposals, whether for closer military consolidation or for fiscal preference, are but the vanguard of a larger movement. The enthusiasm which they call forth is only a fragment detached from the great ideal of Imperial federation, which has for so many years been the dream of so many English politicians and thinkers.

Nothing has been more clear than that the colonial

premiers of Canada and Australia—whose authority is necessarily supreme in this matter—have set their face against any closer linkage of the Empire as a whole. Why is this? What is the meaning of this instinctive shrinking from any closer central control? It is not want of loyalty or attachment to the home country. It is not aversion from the root idea of the British Empire as a combination of British authorities and powers. It is simply that each of our great colonial systems is already engaged in solving the problem of federation in its own continent. The federal system of Canada is not yet complete; the federation of Australia is in its first infancy; the federation of South Africa has not begun. Local federation must come before Imperial, and until local federation is complete, Imperial federation must remain a dream and a desire.

If we would realise the truth of these statements let us look round the British Empire, and try to form an idea of its present condition and stage of developement.

In such a survey there is happily no need to discuss the issues of such an event as the South African war. Here we are concerned with results, and the only question we have to ask is—Has the war brought South Africa any nearer to that process of South African federation which is the necessary preliminary to Imperial federation? No candid observer can say that it has. Let us admit that the war has brought Canada and Australia nearer to us through the common sentiment that it evoked. Its effects on South Africa could not but be disintegrating. It has increased the division of races. It has reduced the number of loyal Dutch to a lower point than ever before in our history. It has alienated temporarily, but we hope not permanently, the majority in Cape Colony. It has completely upset the political equilibrium at the Cape, and it has produced a formidable movement, supported by the High Commissioner, though opposed by the Colonial Secretary, in favour of reducing the Cape to the level of a Crown colony. The debates in the Cape Assembly and the extraordinary position of the Cape Ministry—dependent for their existence on the will of their own Opposition—do not imply any certainty that our King Canute can say to the tide, 'Thus far and no further.' The Progressives—the English 'Loyalist' party—seem bent on suspension, and the only supporters of representative government are the Ministry and the Afrikander Bond. Whatever opinion we may have on these events, it is impossible to

maintain that they have in themselves brought any nearer the day of that most desirable consummation, the voluntary federation of a group of self-governing South African colonies. Good sometimes comes out of evil. But at present there is every sign that the South African war has postponed rather than accelerated the day of South African federation—and with it the federation of the Empire.

Let us turn to Australia.

The federation of the Australian colonies was achieved on July 9, 1900, when the Australian Commonwealth Bill received the royal assent. The federal Parliament was opened by the Prince of Wales in the summer of 1901, and a federal Government, with Sir Edmund Barton as premier, has now been in power for over a year. How does Australia stand at this moment?

It is passing through all the maladies of infancy. During this year the Australian Parliament has been absorbed in a gigantic struggle over the first great task of the federal Government—the Tariff Bill. In that measure Sir Edmund Barton has simply been carrying out the first duty of a federal ministry, which might perhaps have been better performed by a federal convention—to establish the finance of the new Commonwealth on a federal basis. The Commonwealth Act abolishes all the inter-state custom dues, and establishes one common exchequer and one common customs system, though the distribution of revenue is proportioned to the State debts and the State needs.

Sir Edmund Barton's view is that the financial needs of the Commonwealth can be met only by a high customs tariff, and he has therefore raised the tariff to a high protectionist standpoint. This has developed a free trade opposition of amazing strength, which has fought the Bill with great persistence and energy, and has forced the Government to modify their proposals in several points—as for instance by abolishing the tea duty, a very embarrassing loss for the various States. The last phase of the struggle has been a conflict between the Senate and the Assembly. The Senate, which possesses far larger powers of finance than our House of Lords, suggested sweeping amendments. The Assembly rejected them, and the Senate again sent them down.

The points at issue have at last been settled by a general display of British common sense. If the deadlock had continued there would have been no other possible issue than the rejection of the Tariff Bill by the Senate and a prolonged

fight between the Houses, under the interesting provisions of the Act governing such a contest.*

This struggle over finance illustrates not merely the close division between parties in the Australian Parliament, but the jealousies between the newborn States and the central power. The Senate is elected by the States, and its opposition is doubtless due quite as much to jealousy as to any fixed belief in the policy of free trade.

The central Government possesses authority over the States on no fewer than thirty-nine matters,† and it is likely that the same jealousy may be felt in regard to many of them.

Among these powers of the federal Government, perhaps the next in importance to the control of finance is the right to regulate the immigration or emigration of inhabitants. The cry for a white Australia has always been very powerful in the south of the continent, and it has now resulted in a federal Act virtually excluding Kanakas, Malays, and Japanese from the continent. The result is that Queensland, faced with the loss of all the labour with which she runs her great sugar and pearl industries, is seriously discontented.

It is difficult, indeed, in Melbourne and Sydney to realise the labour problem of a tropical country like Queensland. The labour party throughout Australia has always shown the spirit of continental exclusiveness—a perfectly natural feeling, but one which is likely to bring it into conflict with Imperial policy. Before the federation each colony dealt with this question in its own way and according to its own needs. In some colonies, such as Victoria and New South Wales, there was no particular damage done by the spirit of racial exclusion. They were white colonies, and could be run by white men. But Queensland lies within the tropics, where white labour is practically impossible. The Kanaka labour has given rise to grave abuses and requires strict regulation. Nobody could quarrel with any steps that the central Government might take for this purpose. But the federal Government has not been content with this; it has resolved to drive out Kanaka labour altogether. Queensland, it is true, is to receive a bonus for her sugar industry

* See the 57th clause. First there is a Dissolution. Then if the deadlock still continues there is a joint meeting of the Houses, and the question is decided by an absolute majority of both.

† See 51st clause.

as long as it is in the hands of white labourers. But the Kanakas are to be sent back to their own islands, and the Japanese and Malays are to be excluded from South Australia and Queensland. Lord Hopetoun, rightly or wrongly, decided to give his sanction to this measure, instead of 'reserving' it for the King's pleasure. The Alien Immigration Act has become law, and now the federal Government is wondering how it is going to carry it out.

The tropical States are not likely to give the central Government any help. South Australia, Queensland, and Western Australia do not contemplate with any equanimity the loss of their valuable pearl-fishing industries, which are mainly carried on by the fearless Japanese and Malays. The Dutch are trying their utmost to get hold of the pearl fishers for their own shores in New Guinea. But far and away the most dangerous of these questions is the threatened exclusion of the Kanakas. The Premier of Queensland has spoken with considerable vehemence, and the General Election in Queensland has backed him up. The white men in Queensland see themselves threatened with the expulsion of all their labourers in virtue of an Act passed by a remote Government lying within the temperate zone. Their finances are already in a precarious state, and no one quite knows how the Kanaka is to be deported. The Queensland Government, sooner or later, may refuse to act, and the federal Government may well hesitate to send troops to carry out its orders. The policy of the Trade Halls of Melbourne and Sydney does not seem quite suitable for the tropical colonies.

The third and last instance of friction is fortunately of a less serious kind. The 5th section of the 51st clause of the Commonwealth Act gives to the federal Parliament control of the 'postal, telegraphic, telephonic, and other 'like services.' No one can doubt the desirability of this provision. One of the practical discomforts that led up to the federation was the variety and mutual hostility of the postal services in Australia. But the new postal service has met with a very curious difficulty at its start. Early in their existence the Commonwealth authorities discovered that Hobart formed the centre of a great racing sweepstake business from which Tasmania derived considerable profit. The federal Government decided that this was immoral, and they proceeded to stop all communication between Hobart and Tattersall's. The result is that Tasmania now loses an income of about 25,000*l.* a year, and loudly complains of

illegal interference on the part of the Commonwealth. It is, of course, a somewhat open question as to whether the central Government has the right not merely to make laws in regard to postage, but to intercept the private correspondence of a State. The unfortunate thing is that there is no authority yet established to decide such points once and for all.

These larger political problems are accompanied by a number of smaller practical difficulties. The virtual dismissal of Lord Hopetoun on the ground of expense—because the State Governments refused to pay for the two State residences required by the Governor until the new capital is built—is simply one instance of the financial panic which has fallen upon the federal statesmen. That panic seems likely for the moment to dominate Australian politics, and the recent elections in Victoria show that the Ministry is simply reflecting the opinion of the people in its policy of thrift. Under this influence all talk of building the new Australian capital has ceased. The 125th clause of the Act lays down that the seat of government shall be determined by Parliament, and 'shall be built within territory belonging to the 'Commonwealth within the State of New South Wales, and 'not less than a hundred miles from Sydney.' This clause was the result of a long strife, arising from the jealousies of Melbourne and Sydney, and formed part of the concessions by which the consent of New South Wales was finally gained. But the Parliament still sits at Melbourne, and there is no present enthusiasm for a new capital and a new set of expensive Parliament buildings. Perhaps the force of custom will prevail, and Melbourne will pass naturally into the position of the Australian Washington. It would certainly seem a pity for the Australians to turn their backs on a great city like Melbourne, and to erect a capital of shanties away from the sea, where the federal members of Parliament would find their sessional duties even more tedious and expensive than they are at present.

A far more serious hitch is the failure to create the federal Supreme Court, which forms the pivot of the whole constitution. At any moment a constitutional deadlock may occur, and there does not exist at present any means of unlocking it. The appointment of this Court is all the more necessary since the famous 74th clause has removed all inter-state constitutional questions from the purview of the Privy Council. Many such questions have arisen between the provinces of Canada or between the Dominion

Parliament and the provinces, and have been decided by the Privy Council. But Australia claimed internal independence from Privy Council control. We all remember the struggle over the 74th clause, and most of us were perhaps content that Australia should be left to settle her own constitutional problem. The federal Court, as laid down by the Act, closely resembles the High Court of the United States. It would be perfectly easy for the Australian Parliament to constitute it by creating the Court from the chief justices of the various colonies. But there seems to be a strong political prejudice against creating a Court which might have supreme powers over all political parties. The situation is a curious one, for the written constitution is simply being defied. It would now plainly have been better if the High Court had been nominated in the Commonwealth Act, and if the Commonwealth Parliament had been left no option as to its powers. But the Act leaves the Parliament a wide scope of choice as to the jurisdiction to be conferred upon the federal Court, and it does not seem at present likely that the parties will come to an agreement on the question. At present, indeed, the first step requires to be taken. The federal Court itself has not been appointed.

Perhaps this omission is only one sign of the fact that the various States of Australia have not yet entirely acquiesced in their subordinate relation to the federal Government. The position of the Australian States is difficult and peculiar, and they may be excused if they do not immediately accept the new situation. They have until recently been powerful independent colonies. Victoria and New South Wales have held their heads high. They are countries of the size of European monarchies, with no inconsiderable populations, with traditional policies, and even hereditary jealousies. They have been virtually sovereign States. They have fixed their own financial policies on different lines, and have nourished their own local patriotism. New South Wales has been a free-trade State, and now finds herself compelled to accept a strong measure of protection. She has to accept legislation from Melbourne, and to see her capital—Sydney—gradually sinking to a second place among Australian cities. These questions may seem small at this distance, but on the spot they are apt to figure more largely than problems of Imperial moment.

The situation largely resembles that which existed in

North America during the early life of the United States. There were many moments in the period subsequent to the War of Independence when it seemed as if the inter-state jealousies and traditions would break up the union of the Republic. The spirit of local independence, which afterwards culminated in the War of Secession, has always been a powerful factor both for good and for evil in the history of the United States. It is equally powerful in Australia, and let us hope that the good will be greater than the evil. The individual colonies have certainly had some very trying experiences of late. The premiers of New South Wales and Victoria have, for instance, seen themselves rewarded for their adherence to the Commonwealth by exclusion from the Colonial Conference. They have seen the Premier of New Zealand, on the other hand, invited to England as a guest of great distinction, and figuring at English public meetings as one of the chief spokesmen of Australasia. The glorification of Mr. Seddon has not, perhaps, been quite the sort of event that encourages the federal spirit. New Zealand is a vigorous and active community, and has just as much right to stand outside the federation of Australia as Newfoundland has to stand outside the federation of Canada. Nobody can blame her, too, for having attempted to obtain by a side wind special rights of subsequent admission as an original State. Nobody, on the other hand, can blame the Australian Commonwealth for her scornful rejection of such a demand. For not even Mr. Seddon can pretend that the action of New Zealand has been heroic. The other colonies have risked and sacrificed much for the federal idea; New Zealand has refused either to risk or to sacrifice anything. It has been a little galling, therefore, for the premiers of equal States in Australia to see themselves passed over in the invitations to the Colonial Conference, while the premiers of colonies like New Zealand, Natal, and Newfoundland have all been invited.

We have now mentioned sufficient instances to illustrate the difficulties of the new-born Australian Commonwealth. We do not doubt that the robust young community will strangle these snakes in its cradle. But it is as well to face the fact that the snakes are there before we hurry on to other and more complicated Imperial experiments. It would have been better, perhaps, if the new federal Parliament had taken the form of a convention to pass laws in pursuance of the Commonwealth Act. Administration has

to be carried on, but at the present moment the legal position of the central Government can be questioned at every point. The 51st clause, which gives to the central Government its power, opens with a preface that the Parliament 'shall have power to make laws,' and then details the subjects on which these laws may be made. But few of the laws are made, and yet the federal Government is proceeding to act. Take, for instance, the case of defence. No Defence Act has yet been passed. And yet State officers and troops are being moved about freely by the central Government, although they are under no law at present but that of their States, which does not permit movement in time of peace. In the absence of a federal Court, in fact, the federal Parliament does virtually what it likes. The energetic and industrious labour party, which inspires that Parliament, and forms the chief support to Sir Edmund Barton, is scarcely equal to the task of facing the problems of Australia as a whole. The immense length of the session and the smallness of the pay combine to drive away busy men, and it does not seem possible at present to increase the salaries. Even the financial powers of the central Government are by no means clear, and the States are at present inclined to kick against the assumption of the central Government to impose additional taxation.

A review of the present condition of affairs in Australia will send us back better fitted to deal with the problem of the Empire as a whole. When we consider the difficulties which Sir Edmund Barton has to face at home, we can understand more easily the position which it seems he took up at the Colonial Conference. It is only our own provincialism which makes us imagine that the federation of the Empire can be brought about in a day. Whether it comes at all may be a doubtful matter. But it is quite certain that the process will take place from below rather than from above. In medical language, it will 'granulate.' The internal federation of the various groups must be strengthened and solidified before there can be any real possibility of a larger federation between the groups.

Perhaps we shall realise this better if we reflect how the federation of the two federated groups—Canada and Australia—has been brought about.

Few people in this country, perhaps, realise how slow and laborious this process of continental federation has been.

Both with Canada and Australia, every step in the process has been the result of voluntary effort, and it is notable that on the only occasion when the Imperial authorities attempted to hurry the pace—the attempted federation of South Africa in 1877 by Lord Carnarvon—the result was an absolute failure. The only group of colonies whose federation has been actually taken in hand by the Imperial authorities is also the only group which is at present not federated at all. Sir John Macdonald once complained to Lord Knutsford * that the union of Canada in 1866 was treated by the Duke of Buckingham, then Colonial Secretary, as a mere matter of convenience to the Colonial Office. But we have little doubt that the work was really done far more effectively because the Colonial Office left it to the Canadians themselves. Indeed, it might almost be argued that it is in such fits of absent-mindedness that the Empire has really grown best.

Both in Canada and Australia the movement towards federation came entirely from within, and in both cases it found its impulse in practical aims rather than sentimental idealism. The federation of the Canadian colonies was slow in coming, but it took place thirty-four years before that of the Australian, just because the practical need was more pressing. Those who read Sir John Macdonald's 'Memoirs' will realise the complete deadlock that had been reached in the government of the colony then called 'Canada,' which included the present provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The only mistake made by Lord Durham had been in his creation of this impossible combination of equally balanced racial forces. The increase of population in Upper Canada created a demand for further representation, which Lower Canada strenuously resisted. It became impossible to govern. Ministry after ministry fell, and at length the proud politicians of the colony of Canada were driven to turn to federation—hitherto regarded as an amiable dream—as the only possible escape from their miseries. In 1864 they sent delegates to the Conference of the Maritime Colonies, which were just on the point of making a separate combination, and virtually became supplicants for unity. The conference of Charlottetown became in the autumn the conference of Quebec, where, in 1864, the main outlines were prepared of the great Act which sealed the bond of confederation in

* In a letter written on July 18, 1899, published in his Memoirs (vol. i. p. 312).

1867. The other provinces gradually came into the union, and now Newfoundland alone stands out—one of three signal and suggestive instances within the Empire of the dividing power of the sea. But it is to be noted that no Canadian thinks that the integrity of the Empire would be promoted by driving Newfoundland into a compulsory union.*

The confederation of Australia came far more slowly. Australia lacked the incentive of a great and possibly hostile power facing it across a land frontier of over 3,000 miles; there was no failure of government such as in central Canada; there was no great need for united effort such as the Canadian Pacific Railway demanded. The result was that fully fifty years intervened between the first public agitation for a federated continent and its final realisation. During these years the colonies seemed to be growing apart rather than coming together, and the fundamental facts of a common continent and a common race did not assert themselves until the practical discomforts and growing dangers of divided sovereignties literally drove almost every Australian statesman of foresight into the movement.

It is not necessary here to give more than a very brief account of the steps towards Australian federation between 1862, when it first became a question of practical politics, and its realisation in 1900. Up to 1862 it was little more than the dream of an Irish idealist, Charles Gavan Duffy, who had been accounted a notorious separatist in his own country—one of the most romantic figures in the history of the British Empire in the nineteenth century, and, happily,

* Sir John Macdonald's letter to the Governor-General after the defeat of his own confederation policy at the polls in Newfoundland in 1868 forms a very interesting statement of colonial policy on this point:—'It would never do to adopt Colonel Hill's suggestion of adding Newfoundland to the Dominion by an Act of the Imperial Parliament. There can be no doubt of the power to do so, but the exercise of it would seem to me to be very unadvisable. We have had an infinity of trouble with Nova Scotia, although both the Government and the Legislature agreed to the union, because the question was not submitted to the electors. We have at a large cost settled that difficulty. The case would be much worse in Newfoundland, where there was a Dissolution and an appeal to the people for the express purpose of getting their deliberate opinion for or against the union. They have decided for the present against it, and I think we should accept their decision.'

still surviving into the twentieth. But the first attempt to confer on the matter was brought about by the severe pressure of the intercolonial tariffs. The abstract and sentimental arguments for unity were open to lively dispute, but the damage to trade resulting from numerous fiscal barriers was patent to all.

A series of Colonial Conferences between 1863 and 1885 at last bore fruit in the Federal Council Act, which conferred certain administrative powers on a Central Council. But as that body was unable to raise a revenue, it soon fell into contempt. The next stage of federation opened with the great Federal Convention of 1891 at Melbourne. This Convention laid the first foundations of the federal system, which were further elaborated at the Conference of Premiers in 1895, and finally hewn into shape and form in the second Federal Convention of 1897–8. But then occurred a hitch. The Bill was rejected by New South Wales on the referendum of 1898. A final Conference of Premiers in 1899 arranged a compromise on the disputed points, and on June 20 the second referendum pronounced in favour of federation.

It will thus be seen that the evolution of confederation in Australia was a far slower process than in Canada. The intercolonial jealousies were profound, and the rejection of the Bill by New South Wales in the referendum of 1898 was due very largely to the rivalries of Melbourne and Sydney, which are at the present moment still unsolved. We doubt, indeed, whether federation would ever have been achieved in Australia if it had not been for the losses endured through a divided customs and postal service, and perhaps also in some part to the common fear of European interference in the Pacific.

At no stage in this long process did the Imperial authorities venture to interfere. Their task was to sit still. When Lord Monck tried, during the negotiations preceding the Canadian confederation, to force the hand of Sir John Macdonald by a threat of resignation, he received a snubbing which effectually silenced him.* But no Governor ever attempted to force the hands of the Australian statesmen. There was only one attempt made on the part of the Imperial authorities to alter their Bill—on the 74th clause, and there, as we have said, the Australians virtually got their own way. The delegates from Australia arrived at Westminster

* See Sir John Macdonald's Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 299–303.

with a clause virtually abolishing the Privy Council in so far as it affected Australia. Here a compromise was effected, but though the Imperial Government secured some remnant of authority for the Privy Council in the external relations of the Commonwealth, Australia secured absolute constitutional independence within her own borders.

But it is even more important to note that in the construction of their Constitution the Australians have in many respects taken the American rather than the British Constitution as a model. While in Canada the Dominion Government retains all powers which are not delegated to the provinces, in Australia the opposite principle prevails—the States retain all powers which are not conferred on the central Government. That is the governing principle of the American Constitution. Again, the Australian Senate is the American body transferred to the Pacific. The federal Court is also borrowed from the United States. When the Canadian confederation was framed the Canadians wished to call it a 'Kingdom,' and it was Lord Derby whose respect for American susceptibilities led him to call it 'Dominion.' But Australia never even suggested 'Kingdom.' 'Commonwealth' was the name she desired, and 'Common-' wealth' it is.

In every detail, then, Australia, even more than Canada, has been allowed to develope on her own lines. She has an American constitution which only requires a President to make it a republic, and she has acquired virtual independence of any control that we can exercise except through our fleet.

And yet what has been the result?

Since the passing of the Commonwealth Act Australia has given to us the clearest possible marks of her loyalty. She has helped us ungrudgingly in a war of our own making. She has shown an almost touching confidence in our diplomacy and statesmanship. In this case, at any rate, a great colony has shown us that the more we trust her the more she will help us—the larger the freedom we give her the less she will desire separation. Could there be a greater contrast between the results of our complete abstention from interference in Australia and our perpetual intermeddling in every possible manner with the affairs of South Africa?

We have now passed in review the story of confederation as far as it has gone in the British Empire. We might add an account of various interesting attempts to federate the West Indian Islands, of which the chief result at present is

the federation of the Leeward Islands under the Act of 1861. The Windward Islands are, it is true, under one Governor, but as each island has its own council they can scarcely be regarded as federated. In the case of these colonies, however, federation is mainly a question of expense, and scarcely involves the very interesting constitutional questions which have arisen in the self-governing colonies.

The history of the process of the federation within those colonies forms a striking reply to the doctrine of force as a bond of Empire. There is no case in the history of our Empire in which force has succeeded in drawing the colonies nearer together. Those who attempted such a thing would find on their hands an impossible task. Like ourselves, our colonists will only consent to a form of government which they have chosen for themselves.

These considerations may seem trite, but they are not unnecessary at the present moment. Every wise man now hopes that it may be possible to extend the federal system to the government of South Africa. It is eminently adapted to that country. The attempt to govern two colonies like Natal and the Transvaal by means of one government would as surely end in failure as did the attempt to govern Quebec and Ontario entirely from one centre. We are gradually learning in politics that incompatibility of temper is as bad a basis for a common government as for a marriage. It is quite as impossible to suppose that Cape Colony and the Orange River Colony can unite in one government as that they could profitably remain entirely separate. In all these cases we want some solution which is neither entire separation nor complete absorption; and ever since the days of Greece that has been found in federation. Until that is achieved in South Africa there can be no final solution of its problems; and until South Africa is federated into one self-governing whole it is quite certain that we should talk in vain about the federation of the Empire. For if that is ever to come about it must be a federation of already federated groups.

But it is clear from our review of federation in the other colonies that federation in South Africa must come voluntarily and from within if it is to come at all. It must be born from the free spirit of free States. It must be the union of true souls, the marriage of true minds. As long as even the shadow of despotic government or martial law rests upon South Africa we may put aside even the dream of federation. For the history of Australia and that of Canada

alike demonstrate the fact that federation of free men must be federation by mutual consent. No South African Federal Government could work smoothly if any of the parties to it were forced into the union. Such a government could not avoid wreckage if the statesmen who had to work it could blame Downing Street for any failure or hitch in the machine. It could not even be started unless both Dutch and English were allowed an absolutely free voice in the settlement of the details. We must wait till the fruit is ripe before we can gather it.

But until South African federation is accomplished, and the Australian federation has survived the crises of infancy, it would be vain to discuss the larger question. If the Empire is ever to be federated under either a Council or a representative Parliament, that step will probably be brought about by a new 'shrinkage of the world' such as will make Australia as near to Great Britain as Europe is now.

> 'What was before us we know not,
> And we know not what shall succeed.'

The present linkage of so many distant colonies has been rendered possible only by that developement of railways and telegraphs which was the specific work of the nineteenth century. British Columbia could not be linked to the Maritime Provinces without the Pacific Railway. New South Wales could not throw in her lot with Queensland without steamships to link together the ports of that great continent. It is thus mechanical invention which has done the chief work in the past, and it may do it again in the future. Men like Signor Marconi may be true federators, and the politicians must wait upon their achievements. We cannot tell what further victories over time and space may await us. We have not yet even exhausted the possibilities of our present achievements. Australia has yet to fall in with the Imperial penny post. We have yet to see what changes may be produced by the new Pacific cable, or the new lines of steamships between Canada and South Africa that are at present being projected. We must let these things grow. We must allow time to draw our colonies closer together, and watch the slow workings of natural forces until they give us the proper chance for human intervention. We must be ready to take time by the forelock, but not hurry to snatch her by the back hair.

But as to our colonies, they are at present for the most part still in the age of infancy. They have not finished growing, and growth requires freedom. No wise parent will check

the free play of a child's limbs by tight or heavy clothing. No wise statesman would check the free developement of our colonies with iron laws and regulations. They need population above all things, and Europeans chiefly migrate to reach a freer air. They go to escape the bondage of ancient traditions, the grip of the dead hand, or the rod of the military martinet. The emigrants of Europe are for the most part tired of aristocracies and monarchies, and they go forth to escape from them. If Canada and Australia adopt these things, and cramp their young limbs in all the cast-off clothing of the Old World, they may become mimics of ourselves, very flattering to our vanity, but they will never have a life of their own. The United States have grown because they have kept free of Europe, and it is a significant fact that even the average British emigrant still prefers the States to our own colonies as a settling ground. Man does not live by constitutions, but by freedom.

The last word, then, is, Give the Empire air. Let it grow. Interfere with it as little as possible, and then, if its component States ever come into a closer union, they will come as proud equals, grown in wisdom and stature, and not as subordinates hoping for some profit from the union.

Our first task is to put aside the two vices of Empire—the pride of power and the desire for profit. It was these vices that lost us our first Empire, and will, if they grow, surely imperil our second. It was only when Lord Grey and his fellows deliberately set aside the idea that our colonies should be used as a source of profit, that the modern spirit of free and mutual loyalty between ourselves and our colonies arose. Let us not go back to the old days of greedy haggling, when 'colonies' meant 'estates,' and were only valued as sources of trade revenue. There is a fatal risk in relying on the maxim 'Trade follows the flag.' For what if we discover that it does not? Are we to turn our back on the flag? It is too dangerous a throw of the dice. The great moral discovery of the nineteenth century within the British Colonial Empire was that the tie of sentiment grew as the tie of law weakened. That is as much a fixed point now in the field of politics as the power of electricity in the field of applied mechanics. It is part of our capital. We go back on it at our peril. Our best courage lies in trusting to it absolutely and without any shadow on our confidence. For thus only shall we become, like the comrades of Ulysses—

> 'One equal temper of heroic hearts
> Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.'

ART. VIII.—*The English Novel: Being a Short Sketch of its History from the Earliest Times to the Appearance of 'Waverley.'* By WALTER RALEIGH. Fifth impression. London: Murray, 1901.

IT is tolerably certain that criticism will find in prose fiction, if not the greatest, at least the most characteristic achievement of European literature during the nineteenth century. We should be the last to underrate those great outbursts of poetry which attended, and were in part inspired by, the first and second French Revolutions; and doubtless in England Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Byron are names fully the peers of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Miss Austen, and Miss Brontë. But there have been other poetic periods not less notable than the age of Wordsworth in England, of Hugo in France. There has never before been a period in which the imagination of mankind gave itself over so completely to shaping imaginative thought in prose as that which began with the publication of 'Waverley.' For although the title of this paper refers to the nineteenth century, we are really concerned with that literary developement to the opening of which Mr. Raleigh brings readers in his brilliant little monograph; wisely stopping short where the subject grew beyond the compass of any reasonable volume. After the appearance of 'Waverley,' for a few years yet the constellation of poetic genius shone with growing lustre; but soon three of its great lamps—Keats, Shelley, and Byron—plunged suddenly into darkness. Wordsworth began to pale an ineffectual fire, Coleridge to gutter out; while Scott, with a genius that had at last found full scope, went on from strength to strength, uniting in masterpiece after masterpiece the two elements that had hitherto been kept apart in work of the prose imagination—the element of comedy, satiric or good-humoured, and the element of romance.

It may, perhaps, help readers to realise the extraordinary change in estate which the novel has undergone since the early days of last century, if we revive some specimens of the critical opinions expressed in this Review. No one will wish to assert that the 'Edinburgh Review' has been consistently inspired in its judgements; but probably no one will care to deny that it has represented more than adequately the normal standard of well-informed criticism. In the first twelve years of its existence, or in the first

forty-eight numbers, the editor only devoted ten reviews in all to novels; and of these, five were concerned with stories by Miss Edgeworth, an authoress 'whose design of affording 'instruction' entitled her novels, in the editorial eyes, 'to 'more consideration than is usually bestowed on works of 'this description.' Yet, let it be remembered, almost every issue of the Review devoted one article at least to some work in verse, even though the poets to be reviewed were of no greater merit than Mrs. Opie or Joanna Baillie, and often, indeed, were writers whose share has been a still more perfect oblivion. There were, no doubt, novelists doing work not inferior in merit to Mrs. Opie's poems; but the plain fact is that the novel was excluded from the Review's survey because the novel had fallen into the deepest disrepute. Richardson, Fielding, Goldsmith, and Sterne had each been followed by a crop of imitators, but had never established a school. The one writer of the eighteenth century who had succeeded in setting a fruitful example was Miss Burney, among whose disciples we may reckon Miss Edgeworth and another lady who was far greater than Miss Edgeworth, but of whose productions the Review, it must be admitted, took no contemporary cognisance. Miss Austen's 'Sense and Sensibility' appeared in 1811, and her five other books within the next decade; but it was not till long after that a first mention of them was made in these pages. Yet among a wide circle of readers the vogue of the novel was, relatively speaking, as great as at present.

'From the Minerva Press in Leadenhall Street,' says Mr. Raleigh (and the 'Edinburgh Review,' noticing 'Delphine,' bears him out by a contemptuous reference to this same institution), 'romances poured forth in shoals during the years before the appearance of "Waverley." Of this vast body of worthless literature the single characteristic is imitation —shameless and unintelligent—of the most popular English and French authors. Mrs. Radcliffe, Godwin, and "Monk" Lewis, Rousseau, Madame de Stael, and the Baronne de Montolieu (whose best-known novel, "Caroline de Lichtfield," had been early translated by Thomas Holcroft) furnished the stuff for innumerable silly composites of sentiment and horror. . . . It is worth noting that the largest and readiest sale was found by writers since forgotten.'

Mr. Raleigh adds statistics. Two thousand copies of 'Vicissitudes Abroad; or, the Ghost of my Father'—a work in six volumes by Mrs. A. M. Bennett—were disposed of at thirty-six shillings on the day of publication. Two thousand copies at thirty-six shillings may be counted equivalent to twelve thousand at the modern price, and in those days the

Review computed that 'there are in this kingdom at least 'eighty thousand readers.' The staple reading of these eighty thousand was afforded admittedly by these 'works of 'fiction,' which, said the Review, in its notice of 'Tales of 'my Landlord,' 'are generally regarded as among the lower 'productions of our literature.'

But, as the reviewer then admitted, this summary classification had been upset by the apparition of 'Waverley'—a work of genius which was promptly hailed by Jeffrey with its true title. Yet it is not a little curious to note how gradually, and, as it were, grudgingly, the long-standing prejudice was relaxed. The reviewer of 'Tales of my Landlord' was at some pains to explain that prose fictions might very conceivably prove preferable to epic poetry. 'The great 'objection to them, indeed,' he wrote, 'is that they are too 'entertaining . . . and are so pleasant in the reading as to 'be apt to produce a disrelish for other kinds of reading 'which may be more necessary. Neither science nor 'authentic history, nor political nor professional instruction, 'can be conveyed in a popular tale.' To this opinion (expressed in 1817) the Review adhered for a period, though noting in 1826 the continuously increasing application of talent to this branch of literature. 'For every one good 'novel thirty or forty years back there are now a dozen.' But still the view was held that 'the novel is only meant to 'please; it must do that or do nothing.' When Mrs. Gore, in her 'Women as They Are,' showed signs of writing something that should not be 'a mere novel,' but should convey information, the reviewer disparaged the attempt, maintaining that nothing should be in a novel which would appear tedious or displaced in a play. But in 1830 an article (dealing with various novels of military or naval life, by Marryat and other officers) opened with a full recantation of this heresy:—

> 'This is truly a novel-writing age! . . . Persons of all ranks and professions, who feel that they can wield a pen successfully, now strive to embody the fruits of their observations in a work of fiction. One man makes a novel the vehicle for philosophical and political discussion; another smuggles in under similar disguise a book of travels, or, as in the case of two recent travellers in Turkey, first sends forth the record of his tour and then a novel by way of corollary.'

The case of the officer, the critic goes on to show, is analogous; soldiers and sailors can now without breach of discipline give the world an insight into the very heart of military life. In short,

'it has been discovered that the novel is a very flexible and comprehensive form of composition, applicable to many purposes, and capable of combining much instruction with amusement. There is scarcely any subject not either repulsive or of a very abstruse nature which must be of necessity excluded from it.'

Plainly, then, the status of the novel had been established as 'a more creditable exercise of ability than it was pre-'viously considered'; and this change, as the Review said with great justice in the article from which we quote these last words, was due to Scott. We have insisted at some length upon this citation of contemporary opinion to emphasise what is imperfectly realised to-day—the importance of Scott's example, and the depth of the slough from which he dragged this admirable vehicle for thought. It is true that, before 'Waverley' was written, Miss Austen had done, in silence and almost without recognition, five-sixths of her whole wonderful work. But Miss Austen, impeccable though she was, lacked what the greatest possess—that personal magnetism which kindles. Realising, perhaps more fully than any other, that the novel must rest on observation and experience, she confined herself to effects perfectly within a scope so limited that nothing but sheer greatness could draw matter from it. She had no wide first-hand knowledge of life, no treasury of reading to draw upon such as Scott had; had she possessed the latter, she would scarce have utilised it, for fear of those artificialities and imperfections which Scott himself did not avoid. With Scott's resources, she would only have been a kind of glorified Galt; her mission was to intensify, not to extend, the range of observation. She might quicken the sense of comedy, and that human sympathy which lies so near it; she could not enlarge and nourish the imagination. It was for Scott to show outlying tracts of the world, and backward ranges of time, peopled with living creatures, who were not mere human abstractions, like the personages of French tragedy; to carry abroad and into the past something of that noticing eye which makes the present living and significant, and to blend, as Shakespeare did, romance and comedy, high life and low life, into one many-coloured pattern. And, dealing as he did from the first with Celtic peoples, where the point of honour is in no way confined to a caste and gentility is claimed by the bare-legged follower as well as by the chief, he went far to make an end of the conventional distinctions in art between the motives and the sentiments of gentle and simple, rich and poor. In a sense, Scott, the clansman,

paved the way for Dickens, the Cockney, and for the romance of familiar life.

It must be freely allowed that Scott had probably no intention of doing any such thing. No great man of letters, with the possible exception of Shakespeare, ever attached so light a value to his own productions as did the author of 'Marmion' and 'Waverley.' He rehabilitated the novel, perhaps, less in his own eyes than in those of the world; and certainly his last wish would have been to establish a democratic form of literature. Nevertheless, such was the result—a result achieved, as it were, accidentally and by reaction. Scott himself at first accepted bodily the convention of a superior intrigue for the gentlefolk, and a secondary plot for the servants. But his principals, heroes, and heroines were gentlemen and ladies, so impeccable as to be devoid of vitality, while his Cuddie Headriggs, Andrew Fairservices, and the rest were affluent in life, stamped with the individuality of all real creatures. Beyond the interest of the plot was the interest of the secondary characters, who were, indeed, the living forces that actuated and guided those accurate pieces of machinery, the high-spirited young man and the ringletted young lady. And it was not long before even the primary convention disappeared in the 'Heart of Midlothian,' when he produced a heroine of humble birth, without beauty, without romantic affection for any lover—a creature of mere prose, and yet indisputably heroic. Jeanie Deans was, perhaps, the first heroine in prose literature sketched consistently with the eye of a humourist, and her strong existence put to shame the phantasmal Lucys and Julias. Scott's failures were only less instructive than his successes. He showed the compatibility of romance with the most solid stuff of realism, and though from first to last it was seldom that he permitted himself to treat his leading lady or gentleman as he treated Jeanie Deans, yet he made it sufficiently plain how even heroines ought to be treated. And it was only the dashing young man and the pretty young woman of his own class who paralysed his faculty: kings were handled in his pages with the same free imagination as beggars, and James I. of England or Louis XI. of France is drawn in not less boldly, not less unsparingly, than Edie Ochiltree or Davie Deans. Fundamentally, Scott was a realist; the romancer had his feet planted on the solid ground of fact; only at certain points did his method fail him, or, rather, did he fall short of his method's requirements. He had no desire to

write stories altogether of ordinary or uneventful life in the shop or the cottage; in so far as he had theories, this procedure was against them. But, owing to the mere fact that the restraint of certain conventions, from which he never shook himself free, rendered low life in his books far more interesting than high life, both novelists and novel-readers were made ready to look for stories of romantic or tragic cast from which the traditionally picturesque and decorative elements, the obviously romantic, should be entirely excluded.

It must be allowed that this was by no means an immediate result. The first things to be imitated in Scott were not his essential excellences, but his accidental attractions. The Review, in summing up his work, attributed his success to the fact that he 'made a discovery in literature,' which showed how history might be made available for the purposes of fiction by 'attention to localities, to manners, 'and costume.' Scott, said Jeffrey, had 'taught the im-'portance of truth to nature.' That was a sound observation, but the truth which made Scott great was the truth which he shared with Shakespeare, and not the historic accuracy or verisimilitude in accidentals. Yet what struck the mind of his contemporaries was just this affluence of 'local colour,' to use a phrase greatly in vogue from 1830 onwards. The result is evident in various ways. A crop of writers—Harrison Ainsworth foremost among them—followed Scott's lead in the historical novel, finding their account in a vast deal of that jargon which Stevenson wittily called 'tushery,' and in all the Wardour Street accessories for which Scott had an antiquary's passion. They caught the trick, but they missed the magic. All the difference between talent and genius is shown by the contrast between Ainsworth's lay figures in armour and those surprising personages of 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Talisman,' and the rest—the Brian de Bois Guilberts and the others, who at one time are mere stuffed creatures of pasteboard and at another come suddenly to life and breathe the very breath of battle. Moreover, as Scott knew and said himself, the other men studied up as a matter of business all the antiquarian lore which had always been his preoccupation, till at the last he was really impregnated with the spirit of medievalism. Nevertheless, on this side Scott was most imitable, and he has made the fortune of a host of imitators from that day to this.

On another side his achievement had better results.

With his customary generosity, he avowed himself in debt to Miss Edgeworth for the demonstration that local peculiarities of character, circumstances, and dialect might be emphasised with effect in fiction. Needless to say, he bettered the instruction, and his success paved the way for other writers of genuine talent. Galt, who had been told in 1811 that a novel purely Scottish in subject could never take, found by 1820 a fair field open for his works, whose merit has perhaps hardly been adequately recognised. He at least relied solely upon truth to nature—the minute delineation of small and parochial affairs. Without talent for construction, without any brilliancy of style or of wit, he achieved a success which but for Scott would never have come his way. And his method, employed afresh on a kindred subject by Mr. J. M. Barrie, has given us some of the finest work done by any writer now living—work almost as superior to Galt's as was 'Waverley' to 'Castle Rackrent.' Another contemporary owed, like Galt, little to Scott's example, but much to the taste which he had created. Miss Ferrier's broadly humorous studies of Scotch character are still excellent reading—much better reading than Miss Burney's stories, whose disciple, nevertheless, Miss Ferrier may be said to be. Yet neither 'Marriage' nor 'The 'Inheritance' would have been likely to find a publisher or a public but for the interest which Scott had generated in local peculiarities of life, thought, and speech. Nor was the influence confined to Scotland. From Miss Edgeworth's country Lady Morgan sent her 'Wild Irish Girl,' who had a vogue that is now surprising. Work of far higher quality than hers was done by the Banims and by Carleton, peasants of genius, who failed of greatness only by the lack of adequate literary equipment and of a literary tradition behind them. Yet they too scored a certain success by the picturesque presentment of unfamiliar conditions of existence. So in a different way did Hope, who won a great reputation by his study of a Levantine adventurer in 'Anastasius'—so great a reputation that the Review ranked him next to Scott—*longo sed proximus intervallo.*

Outside Great Britain Scott's example was not less fruitful. Byron alone of his contemporaries exerted an influence abroad comparable with his, and he exercised that influence, as did Byron, chiefly through Paris, the intellectual clearing-house of Europe. Scott's influence in France was not so direct as that of Byron, but it was not less important: significantly enough, he was the forerunner of Shakespeare.

Men went on from the great master of prose romance to the greater master of romantic drama. Not only in Hugo's writings and those of Dumas can we trace the leaven at work: Mérimée's prefaces comment with their quiet irony on the craze for local colour—which, if it produced a crop of absurdities, produced also such tales as 'Colomba' and 'Carmen,' tales unlike enough to anything that ever came from the pen that wrote 'Waverley,' yet worthy of it, and beyond a doubt traceable to its inspiration.

Scarcely more resemblance unites Scott to his only rival, the great Dumas: there is between the two writers all the gulf that divides Dalgetty from D'Artagnan. But Scott's was the parent inspiration: without Scott we had never known the immortal 'Musketeers.' Few things in criticism are more curious than the divergence between the estimate of Dumas *père* which obtains in his own country and that which has been given by such judges as Stevenson and Mr. Lang. French opinion rates Dumas much as we rate Marryat or Lever; and there is, perhaps, something in the contention, put forward the other day by Mr. Gosse, that to set an extravagant value even on the 'Musketeers' series is a kind of puerility. In the art of holding attention by brilliant improvisation, whether of incident or dialogue, Dumas outdoes his master; but even his best figures, with the single exception of D'Artagnan—even Athos, Aramis, Porthos himself—are at best splendid creatures of the stage. But Cuddie Headrigg and his mother, Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Evan Dhu, Dandie Dinmont and Meg Merrilies, Claverhouse and Burley, old Elspeth in the 'Antiquary,' Jeanie Deans and her sister—all these creations are simply part of life; you cannot match them in Dumas—it is hard to say where you can match them.

Nevertheless, though Scott more than any other man established the novel as the characteristic expression of an age in literature, it was not 'Waverley'—and still less 'Ivanhoe'—that furnished the type of novel destined to dominate. True, 'Waverley' has had, and always will have, successors, and among the progeny of Scott must be reckoned Stevenson, one of the two or three outstanding names of recent years. And in at least one European literature—that of Poland—the historical novel appears to have been the tool most natural to the hand of a man of genius. It is difficult to judge work in a translation, yet, perhaps, Sienkiewicz's epic story, 'With Fire and Sword,' may be allowed to offset the great novels of Russia. But the type

of novel which has dominated exclusively in Russia—the serious detailed study of contemporary life—is that which has predominated in European literature since the novel settled down into enjoyment of the ascendency to which Scott was the first to lift it. Dickens and Thackeray, Balzac and Flaubert, Tourgeneff and Tolstoy, have all found their subjects in the life of their own generation, or, more often still, of the generation immediately preceding their own. Exceptions have to be made, and if anyone cared to argue that 'Esmond' was the best English novel, we should listen to him with respect. But essentially the novel has been what Balzac desired to make it—a transcript, made sometimes from immediate inspection, sometimes through the softening haze of memory; but made always by a contemporary from the record of the *comédie humaine.*

The novel in Scott's hand was a variant of the lay. It was a tale of the life of people remote in time, appealing to curiosity, to the primitive desire for instruction. With Miss Austen it had been an instrument of pure comedy, full of delicate ironies, never coming to close grips with life. Mr. Raleigh, indeed, would have us believe that the world of pathos and passion is present in her work by implication; but we are not so sure of that. At all events, the novel which was to dominate was the novel which would draw, as Miss Austen drew, on contemporary life and current knowledge of the world, but which would treat this material without the limitations imposed, whether by reticence or temperament, on Miss Austen's work. Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Trollope, Kingsley, all the names that stand out in the list, down to the greater of our contemporaries, such as Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy —have been not merely realists but actualists. They have all of them tried, in their different ways, to extract all the drama that lay in the life about them. And, as is almost inevitable, at least for English-speaking folk, they have dealt with life more or less deliberately as preachers. Great artists in other countries, Tourgeneff and Maupassant, for illustrious examples, have been content simply to let narrative be narrative for its own sake, and for the sake of the skill in doing it. But Dickens, Thackeray, and the rest preached explicitly and implicitly; theirs was a serious art, and an art standing in a relation to life which is not that of the pure poetic imagination. That is probably why many people, who have a real love for literature, yet have no love for Scott; he is a novelist who does not concern himself

with the problems of existence. His place is with the minstrels; and though, for our own part, we should have more faith in him as a moral influence than in most—for the atmosphere of his books is upland air—he has no conscious purpose of influencing either conduct or opinion.

That purpose never leaves Dickens for long, even in 'Pickwick.' Scarcely a page in Thackeray but has the moralist revealed, with his 'take warning.' George Eliot is everywhere the disputant; Miss Brontë is a passionate advocate, claiming a wider scope for stunted lives, asserting a somewhat indefinable freedom, preaching a fierce courage of the soul. We are not speaking now of the particular objects which various of these writers had at various times in their minds, as Dickens had when he assailed the Court of Chancery, or Charles Reade when he ran amuck at private asylums. Our point is, that each and all of the men and women who attained eminence in this branch of literature since the day of Dickens have sought to impose upon the reader their own view of life—a thing which neither Scott nor Miss Austen did. It is true that two of the greatest novelists still living—Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy—have scarcely conformed to this rule: each has been ambiguous rather than reticent in comment upon life. And, probably for this very reason, neither of them has ever been wholly popular.

Just this double function has given to the novel its peculiar preponderance; it has at once satisfied the imagination and come home to men's business and bosoms. And therefore, so far as England is concerned, other and more ancient forms of literature have been engulfed in it. It has swallowed up the essay bodily: what has the century to show in that kind since the days of Hazlitt and Lamb, except the parerga or by-products of novelists like Thackeray and Stevenson, and the purely critical studies of a writer like Sir Leslie Stephen? It has superseded the drama with a cheaper and more acceptable form of entertainment. It has relegated poetry to a secondary place. Reviews seldom concern themselves now with books of verse; and the reason, if the case be fairly considered, is not that the poetry of to-day is worse than that of any other period, but simply that the great mass of the reading public has ceased to interest itself in poetry. The taste for work of literary invention has concentrated itself upon the literature which pleases the imagination with a plot and with the presentment of character, but which makes extremely little demand

upon the reader's own imagination. The reader of poetry must meet his author half-way; must throw himself into the attitude of mind required by the convention of the art. But prose fiction does not require a listener to leave the plane of common life. The novelist may be jester, satirist, lecturer, missionary, what he will, so long as he conveys his meaning through the medium of a story, told in the dialect of ordinary life. And since the form has no limitations either of length or diction, almost any amount of elucidation can be brought conveniently into the narrative. Nothing is more untrue than to assert that the average reader abhors instruction. He—or she—revels in it; witness the vogue of Mrs. Humphry Ward. For some reason in the nature of man, the human eye and mind will travel complacently over long passages of prose conversation which would be intolerable on the stage, and over long stretches of narrative which could only be made tolerable by genius in verse. The art of prose fiction is unpretending, and has its appropriate reward. Mediocrity, forbidden to the poet, is freely permitted to the novelist.

Apparently it has been so always, for nothing could be duller than long stretches of the Icelandic prose sagas, as nothing could be finer than certain short episodes set in among these wastes. But the wastes were not barren to those who found in them a parallel to the incidents and experiences of their daily life. And there is at least this to be said for the novel, that it has not only given an appropriate and full scope to men like Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, who would undoubtedly have been distinguished in literature had the novel never been invented, but also has given to other writers their one and only chance of doing good work. It is impossible to conceive of Trollope as attaining success in any other branch of literature, since the sole but sufficient qualification which Trollope possessed was an impassioned zest and appetite for the business of everyday life. And yet the world would be the poorer without Trollope's work. When Mrs. Proudie received an obituary notice in the 'Times,' the compliment to her creator was as well deserved as it was rare.

Like all other lax and unexacting art forms—for instance, English blank verse—the novel lends itself specially to the generation of ephemerids. Any fool can write a novel, and most fools do. But essentially there is nothing less ephemeral than a good novel, for the most interesting thing in the world is biography, and the novel

is a biography, only fictitious in part. Its essential—the hypothesis that such a life might have been lived at such a time in such a place—is truth: the fact that such a life was not lived is mere accident. Take the productions of English prose literature, and it will appear that those which have best stood the test of time are novels. Fielding is less demoded than Johnson; Goldsmith is not demoded at all. Addison's sketches of Sir Roger, which, as Mr. Raleigh well points out, are merely the *disjecta membra* of an admirable novel, keep a freshness that shows no sign of fading. And 'Robinson Crusoe' is immortal.

Here another question is raised, affecting the definition of terms. 'Robinson Crusoe' is in popular acceptation not a novel at all. The one convention by which the novelist has remained fettered is that his plot shall hinge upon a love-story. Why precisely this is so, it would be hard to say. The true concern of the novel, from Scott onward, has again and again lain anywhere but with the question whether Mr. A. shall achieve his final felicity with Miss B. Yet the earlier generation of writers contrived at least to maintain a decent show of interest in the matter, and never showed any inclination to kick against the necessity of this central preoccupation with the romance of sex attraction. In Scott, indeed, though a woman, like Helen, is always the cause and the goal of strife, she plays not much a greater part than Helen's in the narrative. Love passages there are no doubt, but they seem always little better than obligatory. In Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, love in some shape or form is really the driving wheel. We may not be greatly excited over Amelia Sedley's second marriage, but throughout 'Vanity Fair' men and women are shown as actuated chiefly by the desire for one another. And so in all Thackeray's novels it is the power of sex that predominates. Not less true is this of the lesser men—Reade, Trollope, Collins, Kingsley, Blackmore. Consciously or unconsciously, the novelist groups his action and his characters around the factor of sex; and yet of one novelist only—Mr. George Meredith—can it be said that the height of his achievement is found in actual love passages. To think of Thackeray is to recall Becky Sharp or Major Pendennis; of Colonel Newcome answering his last roll call, or Esmond and his young kinsman face to face with the Pretender at Castlewood. To think of Dickens is to picture a strange gallery—Mr. Pickwick in Court, Mrs. Gamp at her gruesome office, Smike under the hand of Squeers

—an endless list, but with no place in it for David Copperfield making love to his Doady. And so on. George Eliot may bring to mind Casaubon, may call up Mrs. Poyser, or Adam in his workshop; Trollope stands for Barchester with its clergy; Reade for violent scenes in a prison, or, better still, for the adventures of Denys and his comrade. Only when Mr. Meredith is named does the reader's mind leap instinctively to a love scene; to the idyll, dewy or tragic, of Richard and Lucy Feverel's love-making.

This is not to say that there are no good love scenes but Mr. Meredith's; only that in other novelists the essential romance lies in some side issue springing out of the pursuit of love—the surmounting of some obstacle, the pursuit of some enterprise, which is in many cases the true end of the plot, only that the novelist has conformed to the convention which demands every such enterprise to be related to the winning of a woman. One remembers vividly enough Charles Reade's account of gold-mining ventures in Australia, with a perfect forgetfulness of the young lady in whose cause they were undertaken. But of late it has been seen that able men have chafed under the necessity of introducing the petticoat motive, no matter how slightly. Stevenson's is a notable instance, and he achieved fame by three books, in none of which does a woman figure, except incidentally. 'Treasure 'Island,' 'Kidnapped,' the 'Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and 'Mr. Hyde,' are all romances without the sex interest; and in the 'Ebbtide,' the 'Wreckers,' and the 'Beach of Falesá,' women play a small part. The reasons for this departure from precedent are interesting to consider. Partly, no doubt, Stevenson was drawn by inclination to scenes in which women could not be present—outlandish scenes of violent action; and he resented the necessity of relating these scenes to a love-story. Adventure appeared to him as a mistress to be courted for her own *beaux yeux*—'the 'bright eyes of danger,' as he wrote in a fine ballad; and, moreover, realist that he was, he saw most adventures undertaken for the sake of gain, for ambition, for any of a dozen motives, each at least as interesting as that of sex attraction. He saw this in life, and he set down his record accordingly. Probably all of this applies with equal force to Mr. Joseph Conrad, a writer whose fame has been hitherto wholly unequal to his merit; but fame cannot be wholly severed from popularity, and in his best book, 'Lord Jim,' the whole concern of the story is with men and their life in strange places among strange people. Like Stevenson, he

has disregarded the convention, and, unlike Stevenson, he has been mulcted for disregarding it. Possibly Mr. Conrad may also be affected by another consideration which weighed with Stevenson. Stevenson felt uncertainty as to his power to draw female character; but it is evident enough, not only from his letters but from parts of his work, from such a story as the 'Pavilion on the Links,' from 'Prince Otto,' and most of all, of course, from his unfinished masterpiece 'Weir of Hermiston,' that the romance of sex appealed to him even more strongly than to most writers. He would willingly, that is, have written of love; but, as he says in one of his letters, he was realist to the backbone, and if he treated of love he desired to handle it as he did David Balfour's experiences when he and Alan Breck fled from dragoons in the heather. And in this track difficulties bristled. The considerations as to what is moral, what immoral, what is decent, what indecent, were such as struck terror to his heart.

Before Stevenson died, he was sure of his ground, and enough exists of 'Weir' to show something of what he would have done in this matter. It is possible that many of his admirers were spared a shock. And yet, in plain truth, the emancipation of the novelist is complete enough nowadays. Mr. Meredith showed, now forty years ago, how a novelist may render the strange and beautiful iridescence of sex instinct as it arises between two clean and perfect creatures, with its frank unison of material and spiritual; and no one has outdone in boldness certain passages of 'Richard Feverel'—nay, the whole scheme of the book, which nevertheless only the most indecent prudery could censure. But, as also Stevenson said in a letter, Mr. Meredith has done this, and no one else can do it. The question remains for the ordinary novelist, even of talent, whether the sex motive is to be discarded altogether, as Stevenson and Mr. Conrad have very largely done, or whether it is to be handled with gloves on. In this matter, English literature of the nineteenth century stands apart from all others. We have thanked God profusely, and perhaps with some reason, that we were not as our neighbours. In France, the exclusive preoccupation of novelists with breaches of the Seventh Commandment has generated a convention not less wearisome than our own. With them all action has to be related to illicit love-making, as the English writer must find the mainspring of his plot in someone's desire to marry some other person. Of the two traditions the British is doubtless preferable. Yet when

one considers how much of the best talent has gone into producing this form of literature for the last seventy or eighty years, and how increasingly the novel has become the medium for conveying such ideas as used formerly to be conveyed through poetry, through drama, through the essay, and through satire, it is not so clear that we were the gainers by a tradition which demanded that the novelist should always write with his eye on the young lady reader. Thackeray cried out long ago for leave to paint a man as Fielding had painted him; but Thackeray was careful to observe the convention. Dickens, to whom insincerity came easy, rioted in mawkish sentiment. The women had more courage, and Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot were accused of gross indecency for books which to-day would not shock a schoolgirl. Mr. Meredith went entirely his own way—his Mrs. Berry is frank as the nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet'—but as no one read him, it did not matter. Little by little the convention was beaten down by successive small encroachments, and at present there is all the freedom that can fairly be desired. One may reasonably argue that men and women have at last come to recognise that the novel is the dominant literary form, that the novelist may quite conceivably have his message (in the cant phrase) to deliver, and that he must therefore not be hampered by restrictions which were justifiable only so long as he was classed among the providers of popular amusement. The fact must be faced that Count Tolstoy, to whom few would deny a high place among the great moral influences now at work in Europe, has found in the novel the most effective vehicle for his teaching, and in his use of it has not shrunk from a realism that shirks no detail necessary to the effect to be conveyed. Tolstoy's 'Resurrection' is a book scarcely fitter for the young reader than M. Zola's 'Nana' or 'La Terre,' but it is questionable whether we do well to pride ourselves on the fact that Tolstoy's book could hardly have been written in English.

However, the problem here raised—what should be permitted to a novelist?—cannot be here discussed; our business is merely to note the fact that the novelist has now a great deal more liberty than was permitted to him in the days of Scott. He indeed accepted the convention as he found it, when the novel was in deserved disrepute—a kind of safety-valve for human silliness. It was, as we have said, no part of his purpose to be a disputant, and, moreover, his nature did not incline him to any analysis of what is perhaps the leading human passion, and certainly in novels

is always assumed to be so. Other men coming after him were always exposed to the taunt that Sir Walter got on very well without bringing a blush to any cheek. But in proportion as the novelist shifted his attitude to life, as he grew more and more the serious student of human problems—a title which no one would refuse, for instance, to George Eliot—the restriction became impossible. If men and women were to give an earnest picture of life, so large and so significant a part in its workings as the sex impulse could not be left out from scrutiny in all its bearings. And in the work of Mr. Hardy, the most representative figure among modern novelists—for Mr. Meredith is, *sui generis*, unclassified—the factor of sex bulks big and ugly. Take Mr. Hardy's most characteristic book, 'Jude the Obscure'; it is touched with romance, but the romance of Jude's life is the pursuit of learning, the effort to rise out of ignorance to intellectual heights. Sex is a stumbling-block, and the part it plays in Jude's early career is aptly symbolised by the manner of his first meeting with the woman who trapped him into marriage. Yet though the world was mightily shocked—and no wonder—by this outrageously Aristophanic piece of symbolic episode, Mr. Hardy's position is unaffected.

Nevertheless, though the English novelist has now a perfectly free field for his ability within any sort of reasonable limits, as was proved by the great popularity of 'Sir 'Richard Calmady,' there are signs that literary activity is seeking new directions. With the exception of Lucas Malet, it would be hard to name any contemporary writer of the first class whose best work has been done in the orthodox and accepted type of the novel. There are, of course, plenty of talented novelists—Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Seton Merriman to mention a couple—and Mr. Marion Crawford, who, in one little masterpiece, 'A Cigarette-maker's 'Romance,' rises out of this class. Rather above these should be ranked three or four very clever ladies—Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Clifford, Miss Cholmondeley, and perhaps Mrs. Margaret Woods; but it can scarcely be said that these writers rank with Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling. Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy may for the moment be put out of sight, since Mr. Meredith began publishing before George Eliot, and Mr. Hardy belongs almost to Trollope's generation. Of the younger men it is notable that few owe their fame to a novel which conforms to the predominant type—that is, to a love intrigue concerned with modern life. Mr. Conrad's 'Lord

'Jim,' as we have said already, occupies itself solely with the study of masculine character apart almost altogether from the influence of women; his 'Heart of Darkness' is simply a wonderful impression of a strange and strangely peopled land, thrown into the mould of fiction. Mr. Hewlett has indeed attempted a well recognised form, the historic romance, but in our judgement with scant success; his best work has been done in depicting scenes as far removed from the actual life of any age as those of Maeterlinck. Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling are both actualists with a vengeance, but they are masters of the short story, rather than of the novel. One may rate 'Sentimental Tommy' or 'Tommy 'and Grizel' high, and yet refuse to place either book on a level with 'A Window in Thrums.' No one supposes 'The 'Light that Failed' to show Mr. Kipling at his best, and though his last book, 'Kim,' with some of his best work in it, is a long narrative, the love interest is wholly excluded. It might be plausibly argued that the vogue of the short story, which dates from Stevenson's day, may be derived from the desire which he shared with many writers to escape from the obsession of petticoats in a tale. Mr. Kipling, like Stevenson, wanted to write about men principally in their relations to men; and though Mr. Barrie was as keen a reader of the female heart as ever lived, many things interested him besides the love story. He was glad, no doubt, of a literary form which allowed him to study the maternal instinct without subordinating it to the other motive; to tell the story of Jess and the glove without bringing the glove's owner upon the scene.

It is notable, too, that the best writers of prose fiction are now turning aside to try their hand at other forms. Mr. Hardy's sombre genius is finding a new expression in verse, possibly because he thinks the other vehicle outworn or discredited. But especially novelists nowadays are being drawn to the drama. Hardly one of any note but has attempted it—Mr. Hardy himself experimentally, Mr. Barrie and Mr. Anthony Hope with huge success. More than one has shown a higher talent in this kind than in the other—Mrs. Clifford, for instance, and, though he probably does not think so, Sir A. Conan Doyle, whose little 'Straggler of 'Waterloo,' is, in our opinion, worth all his novels. Mr. Kipling and Mr. Hewlett are both known to be writing plays; the same tale is told of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Mrs. Woods has produced a remarkable blank-verse tragedy, though probably with little hope of stage presentment. All

this is significant, and the more significant because, as Mr. Raleigh points out, the novel and the drama have never flourished together. The age of Elizabeth, the age of Charles II., were ages in which prose invention took a different bent. And no one can be blind to the fact that the drama is in England undergoing some such rehabilitation as the novel underwent in Scott's day. Not only the best among the novelists, but Mr. Phillips and Mr. Yeats, leaders among the younger poets, are writing plays with a definite view to stage production. To write plays is, in short, becoming, as Jeffrey said of the novel, 'a more creditable 'exercise of ability than it had previously been accounted.' And, indeed, nothing could better show the advance which the novel has made in status than the fact that a novelist now needs, or at least needed a while ago, to apologise slightly for descending to work for the footlights.

Another ominous symptom of decadence may be observed in this branch of literature. Once the theory of any art-form comes to be discussed or formulated it is safe to predict that the life of that form is dwindling. We have seen in our day much wrangling over the true method of the novelist —a subject that was not discussed when Thackeray and Dickens divided the country's homage. Stevenson, a born theorist, advocated the importance of plot and surprising incident, and laid down pretty clearly the principle—which, like all art-principles, had been instinctively observed long before anyone thought to formulate it—of gradating emotional intensity to a climax, of inventing a chain of situations, closely bound up together, yet each rising above its predecessors. Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells, on the other hand, emphasised the importance of the other strand which goes to make up the fabric of the novel; dwelt upon the dissection of motives, the minute analysis of actions seemingly insignificant. They dispensed almost entirely with what Stevenson essentially delighted in—the presence of danger, the blow threatened or struck, the discharge of physical energy. One can see how, in course of time, the novelist, as it were, specialised in one of these two directions. Scott, Stevenson's master, had less of the stress of emotion in his work, was well content to linger by the way, and did not so confine himself to the unfolding of a violent and exciting tale. To him the plot was not so entirely the heart of the matter as it became in the hands of the younger writer, who constructed a theory which, perhaps, assumed too completely that a man can only attend to one thing

at a time. The redundancies, even the blemishes, which Stevenson pared off from Scott's structure, were really the signs of a fully nourished vitality. On the other hand, the novelists of whom Mr. Howells and Mr. James are the best representatives derive principally from Thackeray, and they, on their part, pushed to the extreme Thackeray's principle of finding his matter in the commonplace concerns of daily life treated in a method that dispensed even with caricature. As Stevenson said, 'Vanity Fair' would not be what it is were it not for Rawdon Crawley's blow in the face of Lord Steyn. Human nature cries out for some such quickening of the blood; and Mr. Howells will only tell us about the patterns which a young lady at the crisis of her fate described in the sand with the point of her parasol. In the very best of his books a degree of most unusual intensity is reached when Silas Lapham awakes to the consciousness that he has taken one night a glass too many of champagne. And yet either theory is sound in the main—Stevenson's, that a novelist should have a story to tell worth telling, and should discard rigidly whatever is not essential to the story; and Mr. Howells's, that the novel must rest on experience and be tried by experience, and that the most interesting thing in life is some modification of the commonplace. But the artist who begins to work on a theory is almost invariably born in an unlucky hour, past the golden age and the glorious rule of thumb.

Briefly, then, it seems to us that the best days of the novel, as we have understood the novel, are over. Prose fiction may throw itself with equal success into some other mould, though probably not till a period has gone by. The novel of the twentieth century will hardly rival the novel of the nineteenth, though it is devoutly to be hoped that the drama may make amends. The more one considers contemporary work the more unapproachable seems the large creative faculty of the great three—Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray; nor do the ladies of to-day come much nearer to the impeccable art of Miss Austen, the wider range of George Eliot, or the fierce power of Charlotte Brontë. The work of our contemporaries is more strained, more self-conscious, less leisurely, than was that of the other novelists who still survive, and Mrs. Gaskell will probably outlast almost all who are writing to-day. It is difficult to conceive a generation which should be indifferent to the mellow charm, the rich rustic poetry, of Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone'; and Charles Reade's romance 'The Cloister and the Hearth' will

hold readers while men care for the sustained fire of invention. These books belong to the old order, and so do Kingsley's, intensely modern as they seemed in their day. What survives in Kingsley's work is the personality of the author, potent in its appeal to youth, strong in its limitations, its passionate narrowness. The new order begins with Mr. Meredith, and secured its ascendency through Stevenson, Mr. Meredith's ardent disciple. How its works will last remains to be seen; but one may say with conviction than an age which neglects them will miss a mine of pleasure and enlightenment. The most casual survey of what has been done in the last fifty years will reveal the application of a surprising deal of talent, not only in the work of constant writers, but in the novels written either by the men of one book—such as 'John Inglesant' (for no other publication by its author showed that concentration of a lifetime)—or by men whose true work lay elsewhere, yet who embodied in this form the results of their experience and knowledge, and of whom Lord Beaconsfield in his later books is the capital example.

ART. IX.—1. *Seizième Siècle: Études Littéraires.* Paris: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.

2. *Dix-septième Siècle: Études Littéraires.* Paris: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.

3. *Dix-huitième Siècle: Études Littéraires.* Paris: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.

4. *Dix-neuvième Siècle: Études Littéraires.* Paris: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.

5. *Politiques et Moralistes du Dix-neuvième Siècle.* 1re Série. Paris: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.

6. *Politiques et Moralistes du Dix-neuvième Siècle.* 2me Série. Paris: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.

7. *Politiques et Moralistes du Dix-neuvième Siècle.* 3me Série. Paris: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1901.

8. *Questions Politiques.* Paris: Librairie Armand Colin. 1902.

THE somewhat cynical saying of Ecclesiastes that there is no new thing under the sun appears, according to the point of view from which it is regarded, either a truism or an untruth: the former, if we take it to mean that there is no such thing as an absolutely new departure in experience; the latter, if it be construed into a denial of the fact that experience is for ever presenting itself to us under new forms. Taken, however, in an intermediate sense, it contains a truth: the ideas which form the content of consciousness, though capable of entering into endless combinations, are limited in number. As from the few notes of the musical scale the composer builds up the complex harmony of the fugue or the symphony, so out of a few elementary perceptions and feelings the statesman, the poet, the philosopher construct their masterpieces each in his respective kingdom of fact, fancy, and thought. It is not easy to resolve these, in the completed forms in which they come before us, into their elements: the original matter is disguised or transformed in the using—the brick faced with marble, the gases cooled into consistency, the separate fused into the whole. And this difficulty is greater or less according to the complexity of the structure: it is easier, for instance, to analyse American institutions than European; the centuries of growth which lie behind the latter have left their history entangled and their origins obscure. In the case of our own country our national character aggravates

the task. Judgement rather than intelligence is the note of the English mind. We distrust ideas as such; they must come to us in the garb of custom, or even of prejudice: it is the reason latent in unreason that commends itself to us; precedent rather than logic is our guide. The Latin races are differently constituted: ideas possess them; the fallacy of logic, than which no fallacy is greater or more mischievous, besets their way. For this very reason, however, it is easier to trace the developement of thought among them than among ourselves: it moves unchecked from premiss to inference and from syllogism to syllogism, ignoring the difference between pure and applied science, careless of the gulf that separates formula from fact. No English writers are so consequent, in the literal sense of the word, as Rousseau, as De Maistre, as Comte. Happily for England, we may believe; for, from the practical point of view, our illogicalness has been our salvation: the more rigorously men reason from necessarily imperfect premisses the wider of the truth are the conclusions at which they arrive. But the logic of French thought, fallacious in itself, facilitates the enquiries of the historian of ideas: nowhere do these command such an assent, gain such a following, or stand out in such strong relief. The German mind is more profound, the English sounder, but in intelligence pure and simple the French is superior to either. It is the soil of all others in which ideas flourish. If we would watch their growth, follow their developement, and inspect their content, we shall do so to the best advantage here.

Nor would it be easy to find a more competent guide than M. Faguet: he is recommended by his qualities, and not disqualified by their accompanying defects. It might, perhaps, be maintained without paradox that these constitute an additional recommendation. There are two M. Faguets indeed, an impersonal and a personal, an exponent and a controversialist: but in both the temperament which has been described as French is dominant, both are possessed by rather than possess ideas. Of both the criticism of M. Pellissier, 'trop cérébral pour être artiste,'* holds good: M. Faguet has more intelligence than sensibility; neither humour, nor sympathy, nor lightness of touch is his. His thinking is as nearly as possible pure brain-work; his one aim is to render the idea to the life. Hence a

* Le Mouvement Littéraire Contemporain, p. 245.

certain indifference to completeness and consistency, because these qualities, as he conceives them, are incompatible with perfect accuracy of description. System—'une idée chez 'ceux qui ne sont pas très capables d'en avoir plusieurs, ou une 'passion chez ceux qui sont incapables de penser autre 'chose que ce qu'ils sentent'—is too limited and too individual for his austerely objective temper. A great writer, he holds—and perhaps he is himself an example of it—is not one man but many men. No one formula expresses him; each has various formulas, one modifying the other, and in its turn modified by the rest: consistency is too dearly bought at the expense of truth. His treatment of Bossuet and Fénelon respectively is an example of this: the former had in him more of the thinker, the latter of the churchman, than we are apt to suppose; and M. Faguet describes without attempting to reconcile or co-ordinate the characteristics of each.* There is a fine detachment in this absence of preconception, this aloofness. Except in the prefaces attached to the several volumes of his works—prefaces which, at once concise and suggestive, call for and will repay scrupulously careful reading—his personal views and sympathies seldom reveal themselves, and when they appear to do so it is rather as pointing out what others have overlooked than as pressing the note of private judgement. M. Faguet is the most impersonal as he is the most intelligent of critics, reproducing rather than depicting, eliciting rather than reading in. If criticism be, as he describes it, 'un don de vivre d'une infinité de vies étrangères, avec cette 'clarté de conscience que ne peut avoir que celui qui est 'assez fort pour se détacher et s'abstraire et regarder en 'étranger sa propre âme,' he may be assigned high rank as a critic; few have mastered the difficult art of putting themselves in the place of others so well as he. So far is this self-effacement carried that a criticism of his works resolves itself in great measure into a criticism of the writers and periods passed under review by him; he is, as nearly as it is possible to be, a reflecting medium—a mirror of ideas. The question that occurs is, What has he seen? And the answer is that little has escaped him: he has seen almost, if not quite, all that there is to see. So much for the impersonal M. Faguet. But, as has been said, there is a personal, contrasting with the other as Mr. Jekyll to Dr. Hyde. Possessed, as before, by an idea, but here by a per-

* XVIIe Siècle, pp. 283, 333.

verted and preconceived idea, he lays stress on the differential in such a manner and to such an extent as to lose sight of the more vital generic content of his conceptions; he is biassed, a special pleader, an out-and-out partisan. It is especially in his treatment of the eighteenth century that he comes before us in this light. Not, it must be admitted, in dealing with its leading men: his summing up of Voltaire, perhaps its most representative figure, though unfriendly, is not, taken as a whole, unjust. But his antipathy to the temper and tendencies of the period is so strong that, while too veracious to tamper with his facts, to produce or omit them arbitrarily, he exaggerates its defects and minimises its excellencies till the result is a caricature rather than a portrait. He has asserted nothing that is contrary to fact, he has left out nothing that is essential; but the whole is seen out of focus, the impression left on the reader is one-sided and untrue to life. One error in an account invalidates the whole calculation: his misconception of the age of the Encyclopædists and the Revolution results in a tendency to misconceive later problems, from which, though he struggles against it with greater success than might have been anticipated, he never wholly frees himself. 'I am not 'going to lay hands on my father Parmenides' is sense as well as piety; what the Eleatic teaching was to Socrates and his disciples the solvents of the Illumination are to the thinkers of our own time. Vainly would we forget the pit out of which we were taken. 'Honour thy father and thy 'mother' is a condition of valid thinking as well as of length of days.

We stand in an exceptionally favourable position for a review of this chapter of our spiritual history. The conventional divisions of time seldom correspond exactly with its real measurement: centuries overlap one another, because the forces that are at work in them are immaterial and escape our categories. But, allowance being made for the want of perspective inseparable from a contemporary standpoint, it is difficult not to believe that the new century coincides roughly with a new age. Partly from religious and political enthusiasm, partly from necessity, the nineteenth century addressed itself to the work of reconstruction: the preceding century had destroyed the fabric of society; the walls of Jerusalem must be rebuilt. The attempt was unsuccessful; in some cases the reconstruction was premature, in others artificial, in all inadequate, because stereotyped. Salvation was to be found in a dogma—monarchy, the

republic, the papacy—or in a system—the philosophy of Hegel, or Comte, or Aquinas. That a given number of such solutions should have been advanced would not in itself indicate a new age, for the questions which they profess to solve remain open, and further solutions similar to those already attempted might be proposed indefinitely. But we should be dull indeed had we not learned by experience that ready-made solutions of this kind are worthless, that no one formula is large enough to embrace the infinite complexity of things. Dogma, be its content what it may, is provisional and relative: it is like the stream whose waters, though flowing between the same banks, are for ever changing; nay, the permanency of whose banks is apparent only, since these too, worn by the current and acted upon by the forces of sun, rain, and frost, change. The value of systems is historical:—

> 'Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be.'

Scholasticism, for example, is a moment in the history of thought, vitally connected with its previous and subsequent movements; but to identify it with thought in itself is to lose sight of its real significance, and misconceive the whole problem of philosophy. It is a pseudo-science which puts forward pretensions of this kind; the veil of the temple is not so easily lifted. Things are not simple; their explanations, therefore, cannot be simple. 'Teach thy tongue to 'say, "I do not know,"' said the wisest of the Rabbis: we must wait.

Our stock of ideas, it has been said, is limited. Is Virtue one? Is Virtue knowledge? What is the definition of Justice? Such questions as these, familiar to Plato and the Sophists, are discussed under a slightly altered phraseology to-day. Of these questions that of the relation of the One to the Many is perhaps the deepest and the most far-reaching: a commonplace of Greek philosopy, a theme for the rhetoric of the orator and the declamation of the schoolboy, it underlies every political revolution, every social and economical developement, every religious reform.

> 'The One remains, the Many change and pass.'

As soon as men began to reflect, the contrast between the two forced itself upon them; as they emphasised one or other they leaned to this or that philosophical school. A Parmenides, contemplating the unity and permanence of the universe, overlooked the endless process of life into which thought resolves

it—as one who, lost in wonder at the first view of the infinite expanse of ocean, should conceive it, as did the Seer of the 'Apocalypse, 'a sea of glass, like unto crystal,' forgetting the many waters of which it is composed: a Democritus or a Leucippus, fascinated by the endless play of the atoms out of which the world, as we know it, is constructed, forgets that these have meaning and value only inasmuch as they serve and constitute an order outside and beyond themselves. How many antitheses does this original divergence of view cover!—law and liberty, the static and the dynamic element in society, socialism and individualism, orthodoxy and free thought. In the first stages of society the community is paramount; it is more important that men should act according to law than that they should act freely or even rationally. There is a certain reason implicit in law; and in early days the advantage to be gained by improving on this is more than counterbalanced by the discipline of submission, the subjection of the ungoverned passions of semi-civilised man to control. But as time goes on a certain amount of self-restraint becomes habit, and so second nature; and the welfare of society demands not only the maintenance of the social tie, but, to a greater or less extent, the emancipation of the individual, self-realisation on his part over against as well as in the community, freedom to initiate, to think, and act on his own responsibility. Neither factor, the pressure of the One or the action of the Many, can be left out of account with impunity; but, according to circumstances, this or that is the more prominent of the two.

Mankind does not progress in a straight line, but, like a ship, tacking. On the whole, and taking a wide field of observation, there is advance; but at a particular time or place there may be retrogression, real or apparent: 'obser-'vation with extensive view' is necessary to determine the drift of tendency and purpose in human affairs. The Middle Ages are often misjudged for want of this extended vision; it is easy to see in them nothing but violence and darkness, the abuses of feudalism, the tyranny of the secular and the crushing weight of the spiritual arm. That crimes of violence were rifer, that pestilence and famine were more frequent, that less value was attached to human life as such than now, is true. But no picture is all shadow; and, in particular, to regard the period as one of intellectual stagnation is a vulgar error. Scholasticism, which we are apt to identify with the systematised orthodoxy of St. Thomas,

produced mystics like Erigena and critics like Ockham; there were thinkers at Paris and Oxford as hardy and as unfettered by tradition as at Berlin and Tübingen to-day. The sense of confinement that characterised the age as a whole was due to the material limitations under which it suffered. Ideas appealed to a larger public than had been the case in the slave States of antiquity, where a high culture limited to the governing class contrasted sharply with the degradation of the proletariate, on which this rested. But a vehicle was wanting; the mechanical means of the diffusion of knowledge fell short of the growing desire to know. The invention of printing marked the end of the old and the opening of the new era. The Sorbonne, in calling for its abolition, and coupling the demand with another for the suppression of heresy, showed a true appreciation of cause and effect. The mediæval idea was outgrown: it survived only by reason of the material conditions in which medieval society found itself; when these disappeared it fell to dust, like a mummy taken from a vault into the open air. The printing press was a circulating medium of intellectual commerce; knowledge became current; everywhere there was a ferment and a stir. The coincidence of this invention with the discovery and diffusion of classical manuscripts was opportune; had it been discovered earlier or later its results on civilisation would have been other than they were.

'Dès lors un départ très net s'établit : d'une part le livre critique et le livre du xvie siècle, ceux-ci imprimés, portatifs, facilement lisibles, incroyablement multipliés, d'autre part le livre du moyen âge, manuscrit, peu maniable, susceptible, peu lisible, et introuvable.' (Seizième Siècle, p. x.)

It came at the psychological moment when the literature of Greece and Rome, over and above its intrinsic worth, had the charm of novelty, and so imposed itself to the exclusion of all other :—

'L'imprimerie a à peu près supprimé le moyen âge. . . . De là pour un temps qui a été long, qui à certains égards dure encore, cette idée assez répandue que le moyen âge n'existe pas, qu'il est comme un grand vide dans l'histoire de la pensée humaine. De là ce mot si étrange et si significatif de Renaissance, désignant l'esprit antique comme esprit de vie, le seizième siècle comme résurrection, le moyen âge comme mort, mise au sépulcre et long anéantissement de la pensée humaine. Jamais peut-être, et non pas même aux commencements du christianisme, et non pas même, en France, à la fin du xviiie siècle, l'orgueil humain ayant pour forme la réaction contre le passé et le mépris de la tradition, quitte à remplacer celle qu'on laisse par une

autre, ne s'est déclaré avec une telle force et un pareil enivrement.' (Seizième Siècle, p. x.)

Hence an immense sense of liberation; it was as if the prison doors had been opened and the captive set free. M. Faguet remarks justly that the Renaissance, like humanism and the Reformation, was a return to the past; but it was to a past which was conceived as the golden age of humanity: men had lived in a cloister since it had been left behind them; now they came out into the light and air and picked up the thread of life where it had been dropped. The *joie de vivre* pervaded existence; the sun rose again over the horizon, the lurid mists with the shapes of darkness that peopled them fled before the advancing day. The imitation of ancient models, which subsequently became a conventionalism, was at first a spontaneous reaction against the archaic stiffness and constraint of mediæval standards. The 'Voti Solutio' of Joachim du Bellay has all the freshness and charm of Catullus—

'Jam mihi mea reddita est Columba;
Vos tristes elegi, valete longum:
At vos molliculi venite versus,
Dum cano reditum meæ Columbæ.
Quam plus oculis meis amabam,
Cujus basia blandulumque murmur,
Lusus, nequitiæ proterviores,
Et morsus poterant micante rostro,
Ipsum vincere passerem Catulli.
Nam mellita fuit, venusta, bella,
Pulchra, candidula, atque delicata
Nil mage ut queat esse delicatum
Mellitum magis aut magis venustum.
At vos hendecasyllabi frequentes,
Versus molliculi venustulique,
Adeste huc precor, et quot estis omnes
Formosæ Veneri bonisque divis
Votum solvite pro meâ Columbâ'—

while Marot developed the capacity of the vernacular as the vehicle of a subtler sentiment than that of antiquity:—

'Puisque de vous je n'ai autre visage,
Je m'en vais rendre hermite en un désert,
Pour prier Dieu, si un autre vous sert,
Qu'autant que moi en votre honneur soit sage.

'Adieu amours, adieu gentil corsage,
Adieu ce teint, adieu ces friands yeux!
Je n'ai pas eu de vous grand avantage;
Un moins amant aura peut-être mieux.'

The philosophy of the movement is seen at its best in Montaigne. Inquisitive rather than enthusiastic, averse from dogmatism, orthodox or otherwise, penetrated by the sense of relativity, without illusions, something of a fatalist, the strong common sense which, while deficient, it may seem to a foreigner, in the French as a nation, is, curiously enough, characteristic of individual Frenchmen, runs through him; his element is the mean. The temper of the Renaissance, indeed, was in no sense revolutionary. It emancipated the individual from the iron pressure of his environment, but neither in the Church nor in the commonwealth did it lean to extreme courses. In the latter, indeed, its tendency was to strengthen central at the expense of local authority; one ruler, it was thought, was more likely to be amenable to reason than many, and unity of government was a source of strength to the State. Nor in religion was there any wish to break away from the established order; bowing in the house of Rimmon was tolerated perhaps to excess. The attitude of such men as Erasmus or Montaigne to the Church differed little from that of the more moderate school of Catholics to-day. Stress was laid rather on the rational than on the miraculous in religion; there was a desire to reform abuses, to return to evangelical standards, to fall back from historical Christianity on the teaching and Person of Christ. But all this was within the limits of Catholicism: strange as it may appear, the antagonism between the Renaissance and the Reformation was marked. For Protestantism did not spring panoplied into existence, as did Athene from the head of Zeus: * it was as dogmatic in its original form as Catholicism, and its doctrines were narrower; as tyrannical, and its tyranny, being new, threatened to be more oppressive than the old. The aim of Calvin was to establish a theocracy of which the preachers were to be the governing body; had it been successful, the little finger of King Stork at Geneva would have been thicker than the loins of King Log at Rome. Individualism in religion—witness the Anabaptists in Germany and the harmless Quakers in England and America—was repressed as ruthlessly by Protestant as by Papist; to tolerate error, it was believed, was to betray truth. That the Reformation bore religious liberty in its womb is true; but it had not strength to bring forth its offspring: it developed its fundamental ideas—and their

* Cf. Ritschl, 'Geschichte des Pietismus,' pp. ii. 88.

importance cannot be over-estimated—within the limits of the text of Scripture interpreted by the necessarily inadequate exegesis of the time. Hence, as its name implies, the movement aimed rather at the correction of abuses than at an enlargement of the spiritual horizon. Of Calvin M. Faguet says with truth, 'il a l'esprit théologique et un cœur qui n'a pas le goût du divin;' * the orthodoxy of Wittenberg became in the second generation as lifeless as that of Trent. For the time being liberty and learning suffered; a controverted text of St. Paul, misunderstood by both disputants, was of more account than a dialogue of Plato; petty questions of Church organisation outweighed the larger and more lasting interests of mind. Nor was this loss to intelligence compensated by gain to religion, which does not flourish most when most in evidence: piety is a tender plant, and loves the shade. It is probable that those are most truly religious who are so unconsciously: introspection, material or spiritual, is a morbid symptom; it is unhealthy to be for ever thinking about one's health. The treachery and bloodshed which characterise the religious conflicts of the sixteenth century are doubtful proofs of religion; it is possible to make the Gospel of less account than party—to be a sectary, Protestant or Catholic, without being a follower of Christ. What is vital in religion is that which good men hold in common, not that which separates them from one another; to lay stress on the latter is to take husks for corn.

The temper of the seventeenth century differed from that of the sixteenth. Weary of the theological labyrinth in which they had lost themselves, men turned from religious controversy to the more useful task of self-improvement, and set to work to make the best of the elements of well-being which they found to hand. Nor were these inconsiderable: learning, taste, and refinement flourished; in Corneille, Racine, and Molière the drama reached its climax; in Descartes modern philosophy began. With lower aims, the success of the age was greater; if it did not reform the Church or solve the riddles of the world, at least it did not deafen the one with discordant clamour or deluge the other with blood. With the notable exception of Pascal, which admits of a pathological explanation, the representative men of the time were not greatly troubled about their souls. Of the two great prelates of the age Bossuet was a churchman

* Seizième Siècle, p. 195.

rather than a religionist—'un conseiller d'Etat,' Rémusat describes him; 'homme de gouvernement de la tête aux 'pieds.' Fénelon, indeed, with all his reputed gentleness, was as intolerant of independent thinking in religion as his great rival; he was the scourge of the Jansenists, and when engaged in the 'conversion' of Protestants in Aunis and Saintonge did not scruple to call in a regiment of dragoons to co-operate in the pious work. But the orthodoxy which it was sought to enforce by these rough methods was political rather than religious; the mind of the age was set on other than religious things. It was the Augustan period—courtly, dignified, classical in the sense in which classicism is native to French literature: movements, Parnassian, naturalist, symbolic, and the rest, come and go; this remains.

'Les Français sont très sensibles à cet ascendant. . . . Ce culte fait partie de notre patrimoine classique. Il est parmi nos *sacra*. Notre xvie siècle l'a mis en honneur, notre xviie siècle l'a soutenu. Au commencement du xviiie on en perdait le sens; mais vers la fin il revivait avec une force singulière, avait son contrecoup, et ridicule, et terrible aussi, sur les mœurs et sur l'histoire.' (Dix-huitième Siècle, p. 147.)

The One, to go back to our formula, was more prominent in it than the Many. Bossuet deliberately renounced excellence in other departments in the higher interests, as he believed them, of unity. 'Aisément il eût pu être un 'Pascal, un La Rochefoucauld, un Leibnitz, un Montesquieu. 'Une préuve, c'est qu'il a été tour à tour l'un ou l'autre, 'chemin faisant, et sans vouloir s'y tenir.' * Some allowance must be made for national sentiment; it is difficult for a Frenchman to look at the Eagle of Meaux quite dispassionately; but the criticism is substantially just. If Bossuet distrusted ideas in others—in Richard Simon, for instance—his distrust was based not on the hatred that dull men bear to intelligence, but on considerations of public policy: if he kept the understanding of others in subjection, at least he dealt the same measure to his own. Burning questions, however, are not extinguished by being shelved; the problems of the preceding age had fallen into the background mainly because at the time they concerned a class rather than the community as a whole. Under changed circumstances and in another setting they were bound to recur. These circumstances and this setting were provided by the eighteenth century; the century which produced Voltaire and Rousseau, and ended in the explosion of '93.

* Dix-septième Siècle, p. 287.

M. Faguet is no admirer of the eighteenth century. 'Ni 'chrétien ni français' is his judgement on it: it saw the extinction of the religious and the weakening of the patriotic idea. That of the former he assigns mainly to the growth of the scientific spirit, that of the latter to the cessation of anything like political life in France. Each of these causes, no doubt, acted in the direction indicated. The progress of physical science tended to direct attention to facts rather than theories, and to subordinate the supposed interests of the other world to the more tangible concerns of this; it developed the sense of evidence, and indisposed men to take assertion for proof. The highly centralised government of Louis XIV., concentrating as it did the power of the State in the hands of the Crown, and excluding the citizens as such from the conduct of affairs, was fatal to anything like public spirit; men's energies were diverted into other channels and directed to other ends. But a larger view may be taken. It is possible to question the value both of the religion and the patriotism to which the eighteenth century was fatal: to believe that the removal of the outworn husk was in each case the condition of the liberation of the genuine content of the notion; that it was imperative that the love of God and country should appear under new forms. Patriotism—and the same holds good of the loftiest human passions—is an ideal sentiment, founded on a material basis, the good of the commonwealth; when this is cut away it falls for want of support. And the absolutism of the time had lost sight of the good of the commonwealth. Dynastic had taken the place of national considerations: wars were undertaken for no public advantage, but to gratify the ambition of a sovereign; battles were fought that a king's mistress might witness a combat, cities sacked to silence the complaints of soldiers clamouring for their pay. All this was foreign to the best traditions of the past. The French monarchy, though absolute, was not, till the reign of Louis XIV., despotic: there was a fixed, though unwritten, constitution; there were local representative bodies—Conseils Généraux and Régionaux—charged with administrative and executive functions, and possessing powers of taxation; there were independent municipalities, tribunals, parliaments, and, last of all, the States-General, representing the nation as a whole. These institutions had practically disappeared, not by process of law, but by desuetude. Far-sighted men like Fénelon urged their revival, as a means of infusing new blood into the body politic; Montesquieu, in a striking

passage, pointed out the unintelligence inseparable from despotic government: 'l'extrême obéissance suppose de 'l'ignorance dans celui qui obéit; elle en suppose même 'chez celui qui commande. Il n'a point à raisonner; il n'a 'que vouloir.' But thinkers were few; the influence of the court and the indifference of the natural leaders of the people were too strong for them: their words fell on deaf ears. It was not so much that the eighteenth century destroyed patriotism, as M. Faguet would have it, as that patriotism had ceased to be a virtue. The implicit sentiment of the Middle Ages was no longer possible: it had to pass over into the explicit and conscious stage as a condition of survival; and this was impossible under existing circumstances. The world had come to years of discretion—not suddenly, indeed; the process had been long and slow; but, as is usual in such cases, its recognition of its maturity was, or seemed, sudden. The question Why? had to be faced at every turn; where it could not be answered, or was answered unsatisfactorily, assent and obedience were withheld. It was not till the armies of the Directory drove back the tide of invasion from French soil, and, flushed with enthusiasm and success, overran Europe, rousing the nations to fight not for throne and altar only, but for the very existence of the national idea, that the Why? of patriotism was answered, and patriotism in the modern sense of the word born. So with religion: it had ceased to be religious; its sufficient reason was gone. An eminent Catholic writer has attempted to account for the Reformation by the Church's virtues: men were weary of her beneficence, her prayer, her sacraments, her hands lifted to bless. This is rhetoric, not history. A religion perishes not of its virtues, but of its vices: had Catholicism been such as and no more than its apologists describe it, Europe would have been Catholic to-day. And what is true of the sixteenth century is true also of the eighteenth. It was the misfortune of the Church that, owing to perhaps inevitable circumstances—the survival of the medieval union between Church and State, the conservatism of human nature (especially ecclesiastical human nature), and those personal and class interests from whose bias even clergymen are not exempt—she was associated, not to say identified, with the worst and most oppressive features of the old *régime*. The often-quoted 'Écrasez 'l'infâme' was a cry of hatred, not of Christianity as such, still less of its Founder, but of the burden of spiritual and material terrorism, which lay on men like an incubus, crush-

ing out freedom and life. Orthodoxy had become a matter of police regulation, unintelligently framed and brutally administered: the Calas case—which cannot be too often retold, for the history has repeated itself *mutatis mutandis* in our own time—accounts for and justifies the light in which it was regarded by right-minded men. It would have been desirable, no doubt—greatly desirable—that this state of things should have been reformed from within. But if there is one thing which history can be relied on to show it is this: that no sincere reformation of religion or of religious societies can be looked for from within. Partial reforms have been, and may again be, attempted; the secular clergy has endeavoured to reform the religious, and the religious the secular, the Pope the bishops, a Council the Pope. But the indifferent success of these attempts has furnished a plausible excuse for their discontinuance: the sufficient reason of Ultramontanism is the proof afforded by the Councils of Basle and Constance that the rule of many is more intolerable than the rule of one. The permanent dictatorship of Rome was accepted by the Church as the lesser of two evils; but it brought with it, as a consequence, the petrifaction of religion, the overweighting of the kernel by the shell. The Catholic reaction which followed the Reformation accentuated those tendencies: the Papacy became the tool of that Spanish-Austrian absolutism, which has been a curse wherever its blighting shadow has fallen.* Where would Europe have stood to-day, what would have been the fate of learning, of liberty, of religion even, had the Inquisition and the Index had their way unchecked? The increase of intellectual and spiritual freedom which the various Churches enjoy has been purchased for them by heretics: Luther has deserved better of Catholicism than Philip II. or Alva, Voltaire than De Maistre or Veuillot. The negative movement of the eighteenth century, irreligious itself, worked for religion: it let in light and air, it drove out those who bought and sold in the sanctuary, it cleansed the shrine.

It is with greater justice that the reproach of inconsideration is brought against the period:—

'Il était tout neuf, tout primitif et comme tout brut. La tradition est l'expérience d'un peuple; il manquait de tradition, et n'en voulait point. Aussi, et c'est en cela qu'il est d'un si grand intérêt, c'est un siècle enfant, ou, si l'on veut, adolescent. Il a de cet âge la fougue,

* Cf. Cavour, von F. X. Kraus, c. 1.

l'ardeur indiscrète, la curiosité, la malice, l'intempérance, le verbiage, la présomption, l'étourderie, le manque de gravité et de tenue, les polissonneries, et aussi une certaine générosité, bonté de cœur, facilité aux larmes, besoin de s'attendrir, et enfin cet optimisme instinctif qui sent toujours le bonheur tout proche, se croit toujours tout près de le saisir, et en a perpétuellement le besoin, la certitude et l'impatience.' (Dix-huitième Siècle, p. xii.)

The criticism amounts to this: that in its generous ardour for reform it attempted the impossible—a break with the past, and a new departure independent of it; hence Taine's criticism that the Revolution neither destroyed nor created despotism, but gave it a new form. Sincerely and enthusiastically philanthropic, it underrated the complexity of social problems and of economic facts. A twofold source of error was opened in consequence: forgetting that with all its faults the *ancien régime* was the historical form which the national life had taken, the reformers discarded not only its abuses but the elements of permanent value which it contained; forgetting that ideas can only be applied to concrete facts when allowance has been made for the difference between the actual and the abstract, they relied on *a priori* reasonings, overlooking the realities with which they had to deal. Such errors revenge themselves. But it may be questioned whether it is possible to avoid them except at the price of stagnation, whether they are not the condition under which progress is brought about. The inertia of men in general is such that they are not moved without a disproportionate expenditure of force; for a generation to free itself from the burden of ages dead and gone a certain self-complacency and limitation of view, together with an incapacity to understand the past and its own dependence on it, are required.* Our no doubt superior wisdom has been dearly—some may think too dearly—bought. We live in an age of half-beliefs and half-scepticisms; we see so many reasons for and against each alternative that we cannot decide for either, but oscillate between the two. To say 'I do not know' is one thing; to acquiesce in ignorance where vital interests of the individual or the community are at stake is quite another. This state of mind is inconsistent not only with action—and one part is to act—but with intellectual sincerity. Knowledge, if speculative and no more, is a doubtful good; it is only as leading to truth and directing conduct that it has significance and worth. If

* Cf. Harnack, Dogmengeschichte, i. 29.

the malady of thought has chilled the blood in our veins, if a nerveless agnosticism has emptied philosophy of its content and paralysed energy and will, we may look back with regret to the robust thinkers of the Illumination with their strong sense, their hopefulness, their vitality, their vigorous affirmations and denials. Their yes was yes, and their no no. They denounced a lie as a lie; we satisfy ourselves with the jesting 'What is truth?' of Pilate: they were confident that there was no evil without a remedy; we half suspect that there is no remedy for any evil: they disbelieved, or thought they disbelieved, in God, but believed in goodness; we disbelieve in goodness, but believe, or think we believe, in God. 'Pecca fortiter,' said a theologian; their vices and their virtues were those of men.

'Le xviiie siècle, au regard de la postérité, s'obscurcira, 's'offusquera, et semblera peu à peu s'amincir entre les deux 'grands siècles dont il est précédé et suivi.' From the literary standpoint this is so. It was neither profound nor creative; it lived on the surface of things, and was satisfied to reproduce. The shepherdesses of Watteau are representative:—

'Il fut franchement traditionnel. . . . Mais c'était la tradition prise par son petit côté. Pour être dans la grande tradition et dans le vrai classique il ne s'agissait pas de les imiter, il s'agissait de faire comme eux; il s'agissait de comprendre l'antique et de s'en inspirer librement; et au lieu de remonter à la première source, imiter ceux qui déjà empruntent, c'est risquer de faire des imitations d'imitations. . . . Le grand art du xviiie siècle est une manière de mandarinat très lettré, très circonspect, très digne et très impuissant.' (Dix-huitième Siècle, p. xxiii.)

The fact was that there was a great deal to be done on the surface of things; the age was too busy for reflexion or artistic effort. It was practical, perhaps rather Philistine, and had little eye for effects of light and shade.

M. Faguet is on more questionable ground when he tells us that its conquests have been turned against it, that the sciences which it called into being have been fatal to the ideas by which it laid store. That the ideas of the eighteenth century have been revised is true. Politics are no longer regarded as an abstract science, but as a science of observation and experience; history has exhibited the unity of national, biology and its kindred sciences that of individual life. We no longer reason from the social contract; we have ceased to accept the figment of equality; the doctrine of heredity and natural selection have rehabilitated what had been too indiscriminately set down as the prejudices of

aristocracy and race. In pressing this M. Faguet makes the same point that is made by a Catholic controversialist who exhibits the divergence between the opinions of the Reformers and those of modern Protestants. Literally accurate, the criticism is in fact sophistical. The ideas of the eighteenth century have not been modified in the direction of tradition; the most that their modification justifies us in asserting is that, like those of the Reformation, they were not born full-grown. Had they been so they would have been short-lived; to live is to change. A new idea is often for the time being an *idée fixe*, and its propaganda a religion falling little short of the older cults in fanaticism and onesidedness. It was so with Evolution, it was so with the Hegelian philosophy. Neither of these fulfilled the expectations of the first generation of disciples; there is a residuum of the universe which escapes the meshes of the most skilfully framed formula: but each raised the fabric of knowledge higher, and contributed a layer on which later comers build. So with the ideas of the eighteenth century. Their content is to be distinguished from their form; this was of the time and passed with it, that is lasting and remains. The achievement of the age was the assertion of the individual against the community which, defeating its own end, crushed him; over against the sovereign he became a freeman, over against the State a citizen, over against the Church a Christian. And this ground, once gained, was gained for good and all. Later thinkers have shown that the community is as necessary to the individual as the individual to the community, that the citizen realises himself only in relation to the State, the Christian to the Church. But other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid; the Christian religion is not more surely built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets than modern society, develope itself as it may in future, on the Rights of Man. This is matter of fact, not of opinion: De Maistre knew as clearly as Napoleon that France could not be governed after the Revolution as she was before. Discussing with the future Louis XVIII. the terms of a proposed manifesto to the nation, 'If we forget that we are living in '1804,' he said, 'the thing will be a failure; the almanack 'is the most useful book to refer to before we begin.' 'On 'dirait un *libéral*,' is M. Faguet's pertinent comment, 'c'est simplement un homme qui sait ce que c'est un 'gouvernement.' *

* Politiques et Moralistes, i. 4.

The immediate work of the nineteenth century was one of reconstruction; the new wine had burst the old bottles.

'En effet, ce qui a disparu au xviiie siècle dans l'ordre moral, ce sont deux sentiments, le sens du surnaturel et le sens de la tradition; et par suite un grand fait: la religion chrétienne, même réduite par le protestantisme à une sorte de minimum.' (Politiques et Moralistes, vii.)

It would be truer to say that what had disappeared was the dominion of custom, the taking beliefs and institutions for granted and on authority. The human mind had made an immense stride in the direction of self-consciousness; it not only lived, but knew that it lived. The temporary displacement of ideas inseparable from a sudden enlargement of the horizon is not to be confounded with the permanent loss of their content. No element of worth in the past was lost, but the past as a whole was re-stated; what was valuable in it was preserved in new combinations and under new forms. It was inevitable that the first criticism of this advance movement should be hostile, but from this criticism it had everything to gain. It is no advantage to ideas to remain unsifted, the dross encumbering the pure metal, the tares bound in the same bundle with the corn. The atmosphere in which they flourish best is one of criticism: it discriminates, separates content from form, and facilitates developement; the most mischievous form of infidelity is the disbelief in the power of truth to hold its own. Of those hostile critics its ablest and the most uncompromising was De Maistre. It was easy for him to expose the fallacies which underlay not a few of the positions of his opponents—representative government, the law of majorities, equality. Such things are like the dry bones in the valley of vision: it is only when the breath of life has come into them that they possess moral worth. As machinery they are as dead as all machinery in itself must be: the soul of a people is not in them. He did not see that his criticism applied to the machinery on which he insisted—monarchy, aristocracy, the Papacy—no less than to that which he denounced. As machinery each is lifeless; either, if informed by spiritual life, may be effective. The question is, Which, under given circumstances, is the most suitable vehicle of this life? De Maistre's sense of duty was lofty. If he insisted on the rights of kings and nobles, he insisted even more on their duties; if he would have nothing done by, he would have everything done for the people. An intelligent despotism was his ideal form of government. Unfortunately for his theory history shows

us no example of this. An intelligent despot is possible—a Frederick the Great or a Joseph II.: Europe produces one once, perhaps, in a term of centuries. But an intelligent despotism is a contradiction; the conditions that make for despotism are inconsistent in the long run with intelligence either in the ruler or the ruled. So with religion. 'Quand 'on lit de Maistre on a toujours l'idée d'un catholique qui 'n'est pas chrétien.'* The paradox strikes M. Faguet, as it struck Scherer and Sainte-Beuve.

'Figurez-vous un patricien romain du ve siècle qui n'a rien compris à Jésus, mais que les circonstances ont fait chrétien, sans changer le fond de sa nature ni le tour de ses idées, qui apprend que l'empire est détruit, qu'il n'y a plus dans le monde que des souverainetés partielles et locales, qui dans le trouble où le jette un tel désordre s'écrie: "Il reste l'évêque de Rome pour représenter et pour refaire l'unité du monde!" et aux yeux de qui le christianisme n'est pas autre chose; vous ne serez pas très éloigné d'avoir une idée assez nette de la pensée de Joseph de Maistre; et c'est son originalité infiniment curieuse d'avoir l'esprit ainsi fait au commencement du xixe siècle. Il est quelque chose comme un prétorien du Vatican.' (Politiques et Moralistes, i. 61.)

He touches only the outside, the element in religion which is not religious. It is not surprising that he should have been rated so high by Comte. Both were political philosophers; both emphasised organisation, the latter borrowing that of Catholicism for his Religion of Humanity; both in their zeal for society overlooked the ends for which society exists. The kingdom of God is within you: the words rise up in judgement against a merely external conception either of Church or State. The outward exists for the sake of the inward, matter for spirit, the society for the man. To reverse this order is the besetting sin of strong governments. That De Maistre is the founder of modern Ultramontanism is not unconnected with the fact that Ultramontanism has become rather a political than a religious party, sectarian in its temper and secular in its aims.

The stream of individualism let loose by the breaking down of the barriers that had hitherto restrained it parted into two divergent currents—that of liberty and that of democracy. Liberty gives free play to each man's powers, and so gives rise to superiority and privilege: the strong become stronger and the rich richer; the inequalities which had been so galling are restored. And this in an aggravated form. The impersonal capitalist is a harder master

* Politiques et Moralistes, i. 249.

than the territorial landlord or small employer of labour. A joint-stock company has neither heart nor conscience; the system works mechanically, crushing whatever stands in its way. The gigantic Trusts are an example of this. Mr. Norris, in the 'Octopus,' has shown them to us in operation. In the remarkable study 'Que sera le 'XXe Siècle?' M. Faguet discusses the tendencies of modern industrialism which they represent. Free competition was a reform, and here are the results of the reform: 'Il est étonnant—non, ce n'est pas étonnant—il est re-'marquable à quel point les plus belles réformes de 'l'humanité aboutissent à mettre une injustice à la place 'd'une autre.'* Democracy, on the other hand, is above all things jealous of privilege. One man is as good as another. It levels, or tends to level, capacities, efforts, results. And, as liberty unchecked is fatal to democracy, so democracy unchecked is fatal to liberty: 'à l'aboutisse-'ment de leur marche et à leur excès, l'un briserait l'État, 'l'autre établirait le pur despotisme.'* The Liberals of the first half of the century—men of the type of Royer-Collard and Guizot—made use of liberty as a weapon against democracy, the danger of which was fresh in the memory of their generation. The so-called Manchester school in this country worked, unconsciously, on the same lines. Production meant more to it than producers, markets than men. A fair field and no favour was the formula with which it thought to solve social and economic problems—an inadequate formula, because, men being unequal, the field is never fair. Except in England the success of this Liberalism was small. Liberty, in the sense in which it conceived liberty, appealed to few; only the strong could use it. Equality and the sense of political power appealed to many: the current of democracy gained on that of liberalism and bid fair to absorb it. There was something, indeed, at once hard and narrow in the gospel of competition: when an open market was put forward as an ideal, men felt that they had asked for bread and been given a stone. Hence the more or less fantastic schemes for calling a new spiritual power into existence associated with the names of Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Comte. The conception of a manufactured spiritual power is self-contradictory: religions are not made, they grow. The modern religious founder is met by the same difficulty which stands in the

* Questions Politiques, p. 322.

way of the American millionaire who desires to reproduce an Oxford lawn in the grounds of his Chicago palace: both have overlooked a vital factor—time. Positivism as a philosophy is significant; Positivism as a religion ranks with Spiritualism or Christian Science—a folly for which life is at once too serious and too short. One institution was left standing from the ruin of the old world which had before now proved a source of new moral life and energy—the Roman Church; and to her the eyes of many turned. Of the distinguished men who looked for help in this direction Lamennais was the most eminent, nor does his subsequent change of standpoint detract from his significance. The provincialism of the Gallican Church of the Restoration repelled him: he looked beyond the Alps and saw, or thought he saw, a larger theology, a more ambitious policy, a stronger life. When he came to closer quarters with the Curia he was disillusioned. 'It is these unfortunate politics 'that are everywhere destroying religion,' he wrote from Rome. 'Imagine to yourselves an aged Pope . . . sur-'rounded by men to whom religion is as indifferent as it is 'to the Cabinets of Europe—avaricious, blind, and infatuated 'as the eunuchs of the Lower Empire: such are the men 'who have everything in their hands.' This was, perhaps, a rhetorical way of expressing the fact that the standpoint of these dignitaries was not his. He was a genius, they were officials; he anticipated the facts of to-morrow, they had not yet woke to those of to-day.

'Avec une clairvoyance assez remarquable il avait très bien vu ce que beaucoup ne voyaient point, à savoir que les catholiques en France devenaient une minorité. . . . Quand on devient minorité on a besoin de la liberté. Cela est si instinctif que toutes les oppositions sont libérales, et toutes les majorités autoritaires. Les catholiques seront forcés de se réclamer de la liberté, seront forcés d'être libéraux dans dix ans. Qu'ils le soient—et c'est ici le trait de génie de Lamennais—qu'ils le soient tout de suite, alors qu'ils ont encore l'air d'être la majorité, alors que leur libéralisme aura un caractère de dignité, de noblesse et de générosité, et ne paraîtra pas être un expédient de la défaite.' (Politiques et Moralistes, ii. 110.)

The idea of liberty is not only Christian but distinctive of Christianity. The religions of the ancient world were political and local; the common element in them, on which philosophy attempted to build a working system of belief and conduct, appealed only to philosophers: Christianity first dealt with men as individuals, with individual relations, rights, and responsibilities, to be asserted against all comers

and at all costs. M. Faguet restricts this liberty to the Christian, as a member of the Christian community.* This is to begin Church history in the third century, instead of the first. The Christian community of the first days was not a Church but a brotherhood, loosely organised, undogmatic, governed not by fixed laws but by the Spirit speaking through spiritual men. A hierarchy, an elaborate ritual, fixed creeds, and in general all that falls under the head of ecclesiasticism, mark a comparatively late stage of its developement: 'freedom from symbols and articles is abstract-'edly the highest stage of Christian communion and the 'peculiar privilege of the primitive Church. . . . Techni-'cality and formalism are, in their degree, inevitable results 'of public confessions of faith.'† This state of things, however, lay sixteen centuries back: Catholicism had become stereotyped; the policy of Lamennais was diametrically opposed not indeed to any dogma, but—what was, perhaps, even more important—to the spirit of the Church. The long possession of material power, the practical necessities of government, the consciousness of forming part of the established order of things had reduced the Christian idea, originally fluid and in solution, to a state of solidity: its freedom and elasticity were gone. Authoritative herself, the Church had acquired the habit of identifying herself with authority; she had become a centre to which authoritative temperaments rallied, a starting-point from which they worked. This is as true to-day as it was in 1830; the significance of the recent movement towards Catholicism on the part of not a few eminent French writers lies in the fact that it seems to have been brought about by neither religious nor moral motives, but by fear of certain disintegrating social forces. It rests not on love, but on hatred; and its fruits are not those of the Spirit: it appeals to and elicits the worst side of human nature. The Liberal Catholicism of Lamennais was not strong enough to make head against this stream of tendency: it was shattered against the *Mirari vos* of Gregory XVI., as the historical school of Döllinger was shattered against the Vatican Definition of 1870. But ideas remain, though their representatives disappear.

'With the proclamation of the dogma of infallibility,' says a Protestant historian, 'Catholicism reached the highest point of its developement. The principle of authority can go no further. Once this

* Politiques et Moralistes, ii. 97.

† J. H. Newman, 'The Arians of the Fourth Century,' p. 36.

extreme height has been attained a reaction must necessarily follow; and the force which will bring about this movement is just this undue extension of the principle of authority. We have seen the waters of Ultramontanism rise in the course of this century. They have not been from all eternity; they are but of yesterday. In the fifties they first grew greater and greater. As they came so will they go. (Sohm, 'Kirchengeschichte im Grundriss,' p. 239.)

The thinkers of the last half of the nineteenth century aimed lower than their predecessors: their outlook over the future was more confused, their self-confidence smaller, their sense of limitation greater. The temper of this Journal, for example, in its early days was the reverse of Laodicean; its trumpet gave no uncertain sound. There were definite reforms to be carried out, and definite grievances to be remedied: the Whigs of 1802 knew what they wanted, and fought with entire conviction for their ends. Step by step they were attained, but the causes of discontent were moved rather than uprooted; the old problem of the One as opposed to the Many, and the Many as opposed to the One, was with us still. The Middle Liberalism, therefore, was less sure of itself than the Early: as the vastness of the field of knowledge became apparent, specialising was seen to be a necessity; the age of systems, of bird's-eye views of the universe, had been left behind. A disposition to distrust abstract thought showed itself: the temper of the time was critical rather than creative, historical rather than metaphysical; it accumulated materials for reconstruction rather than reconstructed; hence a seeming ineffectualness, an absence of positive results. The effect was, perhaps, a certain remoteness from actual life. A wide field of vision is good, and this involves haze on the horizon. But life is not all horizon: the foreground, the stage on which the action of the piece takes place, must be clear. The temper of the new century is at once more definite and more bent on action; and in these tendencies, perhaps, lies its danger. It is well to be definite if you know, but mischievous if you do not know: certainty is better than suspense of judgement, but only provided that sufficient motives for certainty are at hand. 'Incidit in 'Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim:' every generation reacts against the preceding, and this reaction is apt to go too far. There is among us a certain impatience of doubt, a disposition to rush to conclusions, to try experiments in difficult and delicate subject-matter, to act for the sake of acting rather than of acting prudently and well. But

if criticism without construction means anarchy, construction without criticism means building on sand. The Imperial idea, for example, which has come—and rightly—to mean so much to us, needs pruning, if very ugly parasites are not to attach themselves to it: the need of religion, however urgent, must not throw us back into mediæval superstition, or, what is perhaps a greater danger, a spiritualism in which the clear outlines of truth and falsehood are blurred in a metaphysical mist. 'A most crude recrudescence of neopan-'theism has grown up in the last ten years in a manner 'singularly inconsistent with the bright and clear teaching 'of realities, and faith in realities, with which the century 'commenced,' a distinguished scientist warns us: * nor is M. Faguet without fear of the possible consequences of a religious, or at least an ecclesiastical, revival.

'Je ne serais pas étonné du tout qu'il y eût au xxe siècle une France catholique très vigoureuse; et que Dieu nous en préserve, car elle ne serait pas tendre pour la minorité protestante et libre-penseuse. Et je ne serais pas étonné—car ce n'est pas toujours la majorité numérique qui gouverne—qu'il y eût au xxe siècle une France protestante très énergique; et que Dieu nous en garde pour la même raison que tout à l'heure en sens inverse.' (Politiques et Moralistes, iii. xv.)

Here as throughout the One *and* the Many is the formula: law and liberty, the individual and the community, the whole and the parts—neither can be left out of account, or merged in the other; for the interests of both are, in the last resort, the same.

If knowledge is not itself foreknowledge, it is a step towards it; to know the past and the present is to know the future as an effect in its cause. In 'Que sera le XXe 'Siècle?' M. Faguet, remembering the limitations to which the prophet is subject, and the part played by the unexpected in human affairs, considers coming events in so far as they can be discerned in the shadows they cast before them. Starting from three great facts of the present—democracy, the tendency to the formation of large States, and plutocracy—he deduces the probable characteristics of the future: from the first its conservatism, its pacific temper, its jealousy of anything like superiority or excellence; from the second the decline of patriotism or national sentiment; from the third the vast and increasing power of the financier:—

'Le roi du marché universel, et, à très peu près, le roi du monde

* Lord Kelvin, British Association, 1901.

moderne.' 'Il n'est pas vrai encore, il le sera demain, que, sous tous les gouvernements officiels de la planète, il y a des gouvernements occultes qui dirigent tout sans paraître et qui élaborent la vie politique sans qu'il semble qu'ils s'y mêlent. Il ne sera pas vrai demain, mais il le sera après-demain peut-être, que sous tous les gouvernements officiels de la planète il y a *un seul gouvernement* qui mène le monde et qui tient, sans montrer ses doigts, tous les rouages, tous les leviers d'aiguilleur, tous les fils et toutes les ficelles.' (Questions Politiques, p. 261.)

It is against this government, impersonal, mechanical, unhuman, that socialism is a revolt; a revolt destined to failure, because the force against it protests so passionately, so blindly, is in the nature of things. The economic causes which have brought about our industrial civilisation are inevitable; they partake of that necessity against which even the gods fight in vain. Overgrown democratic States with a tendency to pass over into military depotisms; the disappearance of small nationalities; a plutocracy fiercely but fruitlessly attacked from time to time by the proletariate; governments with socialist leanings restrained by the pressure of the anti-socialistic mass of the electorate; the all but complete disappearance of the old aristocracies, of religion, of morality even in so far as this is based on religion—marriage, the family, the subordination of women; the dying out of the higher forms of literature and art; an immense growth and popularisation of science—these, more or less, are the outlines which the coming age will fill in. The picture is not very attractive; but if it fails to meet our anticipations is it not possible that these have been exaggerated, and that we must resign ourselves to their non-fulfilment?

'On voudrait toujours que ce qu'a eu de bon l'humanité fût acquis et se conservât, en même temps qu'elle fait de nouvelles conquêtes. Il est probable que c'est impossible. Il est probable que ce que gagne l'humanité est compensé par ce qu'elle perd et que, depuis très long-temps, le vrai progrès n'existe plus. Il est probable que l'immense progrès matériel réalisé depuis cent cinquante ans est la rançon d'une décadence religieuse, morale et artistique qui me paraît indéniable, et qu'on ne peut nier que parce qu'elle n'est pas encore accomplie, mais qui est en train de s'accomplir et qui sera éclatante demain.' (Questions Politiques, p. 316.)

The pessimism of this outlook is, we believe, unwarranted. It might be controverted piece by piece. The progress of democracy, for example, has not, so far, been hostile to higher education; such opposition as this has met with has come from

other quarters: nor does patriotism show signs of diminution under popular government; the government of this country is probably the most popular in Europe, but our national sentiment is indisputable: 'les Anglais, comme de nature, 'sont, non point par crises, mais d'une façon égale, le 'peuple le plus patriote de l'Univers.'* But a larger issue may be taken. The belief in progress came in, M. Faguet tells us, in recent times, and is not to be taken for granted. Why should mankind progress? he asks in effect; and, indeed, it is not easy to answer the question. Why should the sun rise to-morrow? We do not know; nor can we be certain, in one sense of the word, that it will do so. But, as the memory of man supplies no instance to the contrary, we are justified in supposing that it will, and in making our plans for to-morrow and a series of to-morrows accordingly. The case of progress is similar. The history of mankind has been one of progress—slow, painful, interrupted here and there, it is true, but still progress. Nor is it the fact that this progress has been limited to science, that morality and religion have declined, are declining, and are likely to decline. Were this so, a gloomier forecast than M. Faguet's would be justified; but the reverse is, in fact, the case. That both have developed to such an extent that the old forms have become inadequate at certain points to the new content, and that this disproportion causes confusion for the time being, such confusion as the smoke and heat of a battle may occasion to the combatants, is true. But these results and the causes to which they are due are temporary; to doubt this is to misread the present and forget the past. The science of morals is, *qua* science, progressive; social morality, as yet in its infancy, is, it is scarcely too much to say, the creation of our own time. In a sense this may seem a return upon the past; for early morality was social, and attached to groups—the family, the clan—rather than to individuals. But it is a return with a fuller consciousness of itself and a larger content: ethical notions have been transformed and purified, as is the Rhône in the Lake of Geneva, by passing through the individual and interior stage. The duties of class to class, and of the individual not only to the class to which he belongs, but to the various social groups which make up the community, are recognised: if, to take M. Faguet's example, morality in the restricted sense of the term is less definite than it was, the uncertainty

* Questions Politiques, p. 270.

is due not to a less but to a greater sense of moral obligation and of the foundation on which this rests. So with religion. Increasing knowledge has made certain religious conceptions no longer tenable: the moral content of theology means more to us than the metaphysical; we distinguish the idea, which is eternal, from the clothing in which it comes to us, which changes as years change. Not a little of the historical basis on which Christianity was believed to rest has been discredited; and, though we need not take the actual analysis as final, there is an increasing unwillingness to regard religion as standing or falling with any alleged fact or event, however well authenticated this may seem to us; a disposition to fall back upon spiritual experience as the criterion of spiritual truth. But to suppose that this change of standpoint on our part is destructive of religion is to confuse its form with its substance: the landscape is not lost but extended as the traveller mounts the hill.

'Les religions, comme les philosophies, sont toutes vaines; mais la religion, pas plus que la philosophie, n'est vaine. Sans l'espoir d'aucune récompense l'homme se dévoue pour son devoir jusqu'à la mort. Victime de l'injustice de ses semblables, il lève les yeux au ciel. Une cause généreuse, où il n'a nul intérêt, fait souvent battre son cœur. Les *Élohim* ne logent pas dans les neiges éternelles; on ne les rencontre pas, comme du temps de Moïse, dans les défilés des montagnes; ils habitent dans le cœur de l'homme. Vous ne les chasserez jamais de là. La justice, le vrai, le bien sont voulus par une force supérieure. Le progrès de la raison n'a été funeste qu'aux faux dieux. Le vrai Dieu de l'univers, le Dieu unique, celui qu'on adore en faisant une bonne action, ou en cherchant une vérité, ou en conseillant bien les hommes, est établi pour l'éternité.' (Renan, 'Histoire du Peuple d'Israël,' i. 15.)

M. Faguet's forecast errs by regarding the present only. If this stood alone, did we see only the actual condition of mankind—the sufferings of the poor, the evil passions of the bad, the vices and frailties of average humanity—we might despair. But these things are not new in history: in spite of, perhaps even through, them we have advanced from small beginnings to great achievements, to a higher level, into a purer air. And, if the present is the material out of which the future is made, the past gives the key to its making: mankind is not going back but forward, and what has been shall be. For—

'Not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!'

Art. X.—*Recueil des Traités et Conventions conclus par la Russie avec les Puissances Etrangères.* Tomes XI. XII.: Traités avec l'Angleterre. Publié par ordre du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. St. Petersburg: 1895–98.

In a Journal that has for a hundred years taken a prominent part in the discussion of national events and transactions, we may properly look to find a valuable record of the course and changes of public opinion. To foreign affairs we have always given special attention; but a retrospective survey of so wide and varied a field, if it were extended over the whole century, would be manifestly beyond the scope of a single article. Our present purpose, therefore, is to take up the relations of Great Britain with one great European state, and to endeavour, by references to some of the leading discussions, in the Journal, of this subject, to illustrate the general principles that have been advocated, and the lines of action that have been followed, at successive periods, in this very important branch of our external politics. It will be seen that frequent allusion is made, for information and guidance, to an official publication of the Russian Foreign Office cited at the head of this article, which is not only a Collection of the treaties and conventions between France and England, but also contains many curious and little-known particulars extracted from the unofficial correspondence between the Russian ambassadors in England and their Government.

The first thought that may occur to our readers will probably be that to go back a hundred years in our political annals is to revive questions that are practically obsolete, that such matters belong to the domain of history, and have no other present interest. We believe it to be possible, on the contrary, to show that the essential features of the situation have undergone little material change, that the immense territorial expansion of the British and Russian empires during that period has mainly served to accentuate apprehensions, and to confirm anticipations, that had already at the beginning of the century arisen between the two countries, and that through all the vicissitudes of European politics the same or similar considerations and circumstances, whether making for or against a good understanding between the two Governments, have influenced their reciprocal diplomacy.

The year 1802, when the first number of this Journal

issued, is memorable for the short gap in twenty years of otherwise unbroken war that followed the signature of a treaty between England and France at Amiens. That the peace thereby proclaimed would be no more than a brief and precarious suspension of arms, was the prediction of almost all European soldiers and statesmen, to whom it was clear that Bonaparte, at the head of the armies of revolutionary France, could not and would not stop short in the beginning of his ambitious career. Neither of the two signatory parties believed that the truce would last; and, indeed, the convention had scarcely been ratified before both of them began to quarrel over its execution. Such a prospect naturally drew together Russia and England in their common distrust of France, particularly because Bonaparte was more than suspected of entertaining designs, which intimately concerned both governments, upon the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. In 1791 the seizure by Russia of Ocsakow had nearly produced a rupture with England; but the French Revolution brought the two Powers again into alliance; and thenceforward the Eastern Question may be regarded as a touchstone of the political interests that have alternately attracted or separated them.

The first article of the Journal upon this subject appeared in 1804, under the heading 'Sketches of the Resources, 'Influence, and Progress of France and Russia.' It is a criticism of an anonymous work with that title, published in 1803, at the portentous moment when the rupture of the Amiens treaty had rekindled a war that was to last, with one interval, for twelve years; and the writer's aim is to demonstrate the peril to which England would be exposed by an alliance between France and Russia. He lays stress on the inaccessibility, to a naval Power, of the Russian frontiers, on the internal resources of her vast possessions, and on her ample means of annoying us both in Europe and Asia without exposing herself to any decisive blow in return. He alludes to the possibility of a combination between the fleets of France and Russia to drive us out of the Mediterranean; and, lastly, he warns us against Russian attempts to disturb or undermine the British dominion in India. To counteract such attempts, he says: 'We must 'entirely conquer the native princes of the Peninsula, and 'after consolidating the Indian empire by force we must 'secure its future growth by reforming the internal ad-'ministration, destroying all the settlements of foreign 'nations, and abolishing the monopoly' (of the East India Company).

Except in regard to the foreign settlements, this advice has been exactly followed; and of the other points to which he draws attention it may be observed that at the present day they have lost little or nothing of their actuality; while another remark of the writer, that the Eastern question is one upon which Russia and France are most likely to disagree permanently, has been on the whole justified by the subsequent course of events, and is still applicable to the present state of affairs. From 1801, however, when Alexander I. succeeded Paul in Russia, the drift of his policy had been towards friendship with England and estrangement from France. The summary of correspondence, in the collection, between the Russian embassy in London and the Czar or his Ministers at St. Petersburg, gives some characteristic personal details. We can readily understand why the ambassador, Count Woronzow, was regarded in Russia as an Anglomaniac, when we find him violently reproving his immediate superior at headquarters, Count Panini, for having opened English despatches that had been rather imprudently confided by our Foreign Office to a Russian courier for delivery to Lord St. Helens at St. Petersburg. Count Panini, to whom such delicacy appeared most unreasonable, replied that the 'perlustration' of foreign correspondence in the post-office was an ordinary expedient in all countries; and he asked where lay the moral difference between this and the practice of bribing clerks for secret information, which had probably been one of Count Woronzow's duties in London. But Woronzow rendered more important service to England by strenuously advising the Ministry of 1803 not to evacuate Malta, on the ground of its inestimable value as an obstacle to the manifest designs of Bonaparte upon Egypt and the Levant. And it was largely a conviction of the identity of their interests in regard to the preservation of the Ottoman Empire from French influence or encroachments, that contributed towards bringing England and Russia into their coalition against Bonaparte; though even at this time we hear of the Russian agents complaining that the English backed up the Sultan's barbarous administration, and of the English agents in Turkey retorting that Russia supported the Christian subjects to an extent that seriously weakened the Ottoman Government. It is, indeed, this distinction of attitude and points of view that has throughout lain at the base of all the political controversies, out of which grave complications,

and one great war, between Russia and other European Powers over Turkish affairs have arisen in the course of the nineteenth century.

The third coalition of the European Powers against Napoleon was shattered by his victories at Austerlitz and Jena. In 1806 he had disabled Austria, had crushed Prussia, and was throwing his whole force upon Russia, the only member of the original alliance that still held out against him on the Continent. Into the vortex of this furious strife the Eastern Question was inevitably drawn. Napoleon had sent an embassy to secure the ascendency of French influence in Persia; and he created a serious diversion of the Russian forces by persuading the Ottoman Sultan to declare war against the Czar and to occupy Moldavia and Wallachia. The manœuvre succeeded admirably, for a Russian force was at once detached to drive the Turks back across the Danube, whereby Austria, for whom Russia would be a much more dangerous neighbour in that region than the Turks, was estranged by jealousy and alarm; and the English made a futile effort, by sending Sir Thomas Duckworth with a squadron to the Bosphorus, to overawe the Sultan and enforce the withdrawal of his troops. In 1806 the Emperor Alexander had propounded to the English Cabinet his view that since the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire seemed inevitable, the time had come for uniting the Slavonic races of the Balkan peninsula into a kingdom under Russian protection. To this overture Charles Fox made no distinct reply, though he told the Czar's envoy that if Turkey went to pieces, the English would take Crete and Alexandria. In an article of the Journal for February 1813, on the 'Foreign Policy 'of England in 1806–7,' the difficulties of our position at that moment are clearly explained. With French influence supreme at Constantinople, and a Russian army in occupation of Moldavia—which the Czar was by no means desirous to relinquish, being indeed inclined to make peace with Napoleon on terms that would allow him to keep it—with Austria protesting but powerless, Prussia for the time annihilated, and the Berlin decrees blocking out English trade from the Continent—our nation might have been excused for some despondency. And the articles published about this time in the Journal are directed towards laying stress on our discouraging prospects at this stage of an exhausting war, and towards proving the impracticability of maintaining the contest against Napoleon on the land. These

gloomy anticipations seemed to be confirmed by the victory of the French at Friedland in 1807, and by the treaty of Tilsit, when Russia made peace with France and broke off all her relations with England, ostensibly provoked by Canning's bold and resolute seizure, upon secret information, of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. Yet it is clear that the Emperor Alexander neither trusted Napoleon very far, nor was disposed to quarrel seriously with England. Before the Russian ambassador quitted London he had a confidential interview with Canning, who assured him that a friendly understanding with Russia had always been a fundamental object of the English political system, warned him that the alliance with France would prove unstable and short-lived, and told him that if Russia persisted in it the English would be obliged to make peace with France, leaving Napoleon to do his pleasure on the Continent. In fact, although a state of war between Russia and England existed nominally from 1808 to 1812, not a shot was ever exchanged between them; and the Russian squadron, which surrendered at Lisbon to our fleet, was kept in honourable custody at one of our ports, upon the amicable understanding that the ships would be restored in good order whenever peace might ensue.

England was now entirely isolated, without a single ally on the mainland of Europe. 'France,' says a writer in the Journal for July, 1809, 'has conquered Europe, that is the 'melancholy truth.' Our first attempt to help the Spaniards in their insurrection against Napoleon had failed; and the general belief was that by encouraging their resistance we should only cause useless bloodshed. And the article goes on to prophesy that the Russo-French alliance would continue until Russia should have satiated herself with the spoils of Turkey, where the war was still going on. But it soon became manifest that the views of France and Russia on the Eastern Question were by no means identical; for when Napoleon proposed to Alexander a joint expedition across Asia against the British in India, it was intimated to him that the first step ought to be the occupation, as a base of operations, of the Turkish provinces, and possibly of Constantinople. No plan of marching across Asia to India could succeed unless both Constantinople and Tehran were either in the possession or under the control of the combined armies, for the purpose of collecting supplies and securing communications. But while Napoleon did not care to let loose Russia upon Turkey, the Russians were equally in-

disposed to see the French in Persia, where the Shah had welcomed a French embassy for the sole reason that it promised him protection against the Russians. To lend a hand in the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, with the risk of planting Russia on the Bosphorus, did not at all suit the policy of Napoleon, who foresaw some difficulty in securing his own share of the plunder, and objected that England would certainly take Egypt. With this latter contingency the Russians were probably as little concerned in 1809 as when in 1853 the Emperor Nicholas offered Egypt to the English; but the point has been always one upon which the French have been very susceptible; and the Eastern Question was undoubtedly among the elements of dissension between the two emperors that led up to the open breach in 1812, and to the reconciliation of England with Russia.

When, in that year, Napoleon marched upon Moscow, Russia lost no time in making peace with England and Turkey; and the furious warfare began that ended finally at Waterloo. So long as it lasted, the attention of Europe had been entirely diverted from Asiatic affairs; but when general peace had been restored in Europe the Eastern Question reappeared. In 1817 we find the Russian Government expressing much dissatisfaction at the constant attempts of the English Government to intervene in the dealings of Russia with Turkey and Persia, and categorically denying our right to do so. Count Nesselrode declared formally that the relations of Russia with the states, and peoples of Asia on her frontier were matters lying altogether outside the principles regulating international procedure in Europe, and must be classed as domestic affairs in which the mediation of foreign Governments was inadmissible. Although the English Cabinet did not openly join issue upon this declaration, being at the time on a friendly footing with the Czar, yet when, a few years later, Russia interposed actively in aid of the Greek insurgents against the Sultan, the inveterate divergence of policy and interests that has ever since thrown Russia and England into opposition upon Turkish questions became manifest. Russia stood forward as the champion of an oppressed Christian people, and England as the upholder, at all hazards, of the independence, if not of the integrity, of the Ottoman Empire. It was impossible to persuade the English nation that the designs of Russia were simply humane and disinterested; while the Russians, not entirely without reason, reproached

England with systematically propping up, from selfish motives, an effete, barbarous, and rotten despotism over a Christian people who were fighting gallantly for freedom Prince Lieven declared to Lord Londonderry that the Emperor would not stand aside coldly to witness the massacre of his co-religionists. 'What, then, is to be the 'remedy?' said the British Minister; and his apprehensions were by no means quieted by the reply that it might be necessary to occupy some provinces of Turkey. The English Government were willing to concert measures for the liberation of Greece, but to enforcing it by a war that might break up the Sultan's empire they objected persistently; while, on the other hand, Nesselrode argued that until the Turks felt us to be in earnest they would make no concessions at all. The experience of all negotiation with Asiatics bears out what he wrote on this occasion to the Russian envoy in London:—

'Il est une vérité incontestable, que l'habitude de négocier avec la Porte nous a révélée, c'est que les gouvernements orientaux sont doués d'un sentiment extraordinaire pour distinguer les simples démonstrations, quelque caractère qu'on leur imprime, des résolutions sérieuses dont l'accomplissement ne manque pas de suivre l'annonce. C'est par suite d'un principe politique et religieux que les orientaux ne transigent qu'avec une nécessité absolue.'

We must admit that the Tory Government of England clung to outworn traditions, and showed a nervous hesitation to act resolutely that accelerated the crisis they were endeavouring to avoid. The French proposed a joint guarantee of the Ottoman Empire's integrity, but Russia flatly refused to agree; and when Canning pressed upon Prince Lieven an offer to mediate between Persia and Russia, he answered that Persian affairs were the exclusive concern of Russia. Canning's death in August, 1827, removed the only Minister whose energy and popularity might have enabled him to control the situation, and the flood-gates were violently thrown open. Two months afterwards, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by Admiral Codrington at Navarino, our Cabinet acquiesced reluctantly in hostilities that had been contrary to their wishes or intentions. Early in 1828 the young and ambitious Emperor Nicholas, disregarding English remonstrances, declared war against Turkey; the Continental Powers approved or held aloof; and Great Britain was left to ineffectual protests and expostulations.

'Unquestionably,' we wrote many years later, 'the weakest and most perilous moment in the whole history of Turkey was in 1828,

when Russia chose to attack her. The Porte had been engaged for six years in a sanguinary struggle to put down the Greek insurrection, which she was too weak to do. In 1826 Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon the dissolution and destruction of the janissaries—amounting to at least 40,000 men—the flower of the old Turkish army. The number of men who had received a military training under the new system did not exceed 80,000; and these, backed by about 100,000 horsemen, constituted the whole Turkish force. . . . At Constantinople itself such was the dread of a military insurrection against the Divan that 30,000 of the best troops were kept in the capital to preserve order, so that only 25,000 men could be spared for the fortresses on the Danube, and 30,000 to operate in the field. The state of the fleet was even worse, for it had been destroyed at Navarino, and the Russians were absolute masters of both seas and of the mouths of the Danube.'

The Russians were so sure of success that they proclaimed their conditions of peace almost simultaneously with their declaration of war; and their army confidently anticipated no more than a 'promenade militaire.' Nevertheless, the stubborn resistance of the Turks so changed the aspect of affairs that, to use the words of Count Moltke, who was on the scene, the exertions of two campaigns, an expenditure of one hundred millions of roubles, and the sacrifice of considerably more than 50,000 men, 'had brought, in 1829, '20,000 Russians to the gates of Adrianople'; and the conclusion of peace liberated General Diebitsch from a most dangerous position. The real condition of the Russian army was not, however, known at the time, for the Duke of Wellington wrote in 1829 to Lord Aberdeen: 'It would be 'absurd to think of bolstering up the Turkish power in 'Europe. It is gone, in fact, and the tranquillity of the 'world, or, what is the same thing, the confidence of the 'world in the permanence of tranquillity, along with it. I 'am not quite certain that what will exist will not be worse 'than the immediate annihilation of the Turkish power.' Yet the Ottoman Empire was still, as we now know, very far from its end; for the policy of Russia has never been to destroy it for the benefit of others, or to co-operate in the establishment of independent Christian states on the line of her advance towards Constantinople and the sea. Count Nesselrode emphatically declared in a despatch of 1830 that it was entirely 'contrary to the views of Russia to substi-'tute for the Ottoman Empire states that would ere long 'become rivals of her own power, civilisation, industry, and 'wealth'; so that the deadlock between antagonistic policies was in no way loosened, and the sick man was kept alive

because it was impossible to settle the disposition of his property.

This perpetual dilemma reappeared at the next acute crisis of the Eastern question, when Russia assumed the novel part of Turkey's protector. Mehemet Ali, the founder of modern Egypt, raised the standard of revolt against the Sultan, defeated his armies, and would have marched upon his capital but for the interposition of the European Powers. It was no more to the mind of the Russian statesmen that the Empire should be overturned by a rebellious viceroy than that its European provinces should become Christian states; and the Emperor Nicholas openly affirmed that a disorderly and decrepit rulership on the Sea of Marmora was much more to his interest than a fresh and vigorous dynasty. The two Powers whom the question has usually separated were on this occasion in agreement. 'When 'Russia and England,' said Lord Palmerston, 'come to an 'understanding, the peace of Asia is assured'; and the treaties of 1840–41 did produce a quiet interval; while from the profound resentment of France at her exclusion in 1840 from the European concert we may date, as the Russian ambassador complacently observed at the time, a rekindling of the jealousy and irritation against England which has ever since made Egypt a bone of contention and wrangling between the two nations. The next twelve years brought little change in the relations between Russia and England, although the developement of Russia's advance in Central Asia began to alarm the English Ministry. Lord Palmerston's dismissal from office in 1851 was indeed welcomed by all the Continental embassies in London, whom his bold and restless spirit kept in continual perturbation; and it is amusing to read, in the Collection of Treaties, the *résumé* of his life and character written for the Russian Government by Baron Brunnow; a *nécrologie détaillée* upon the man whose career was assumed to be 'finished.'

What altered the whole European situation and made a serious displacement of the pieces on the chessboard, was the restoration of a Napoleonic empire in France. The aged Duke of Wellington, whose conversation with Brunnow (May, 1852) is quoted in the Russian Collection, predicted that Louis Napoleon would speedily ruin himself, for he could neither lead armies, being no soldier, nor maintain them upon pillage, as his uncle did, nor trust them to another general who might become his rival; nor could he rule despotically a country that had been accustomed to

constitutional government. In short, the Duke said, an empire without a real emperor cannot last, but in the meantime Europe must again unite in the ancient alliance against France. Although the Second Empire did last much longer than Wellington expected, we may admit that the end justified his anticipations; but the turn of events went entirely contrary to his proposed combination. The Emperor Nicholas, while he did not object to recognise the French Empire, persisted in ignoring the title of Napoleon III., and he took umbrage at the refusal of the English Government to follow him in making this somewhat frivolous distinction.* Sir Hamilton Seymour in vain told him that the English people would never risk war over a title; and Lord Malmesbury assured Baron Brunnow in London that the figure III. was a simple arithmetical figure without dynastic signification; whereupon Nicholas noted on the margin of his ambassador's despatch, 'C'est 'misérable, quoique prévu.' In the war that broke out two years later France and England were arrayed against Russia, and once again the Eastern question, which Baron Brunnow compared to chronic gout, produced a formidable disorder in the body politic of Europe.

The views and conclusions of the Russian Foreign Office on the state and prospect of affairs in 1853 are recorded in the Collection with some interesting particulars. In England Peel and Wellington, the Conservative leaders, were dead; and under Lord Aberdeen a fusion of Whigs and Peelites had coalesced into a ministry which included almost all the distinguished politicians of the period. 'Such a group of remarkable men,' Nesselrode wrote to Brunnow, 'alarms me; for I have observed that since Pitt's 'day England has always been better governed by medio-'crities, like Liverpool and Castlereagh, than by men of 'genius like Canning and Peel, who only damaged the 'position of their administration.' It is quite possible that too much energetic talent at the head of our affairs did not always suit Russian diplomacy; and we find that notwithstanding these misgivings in regard to the plethoric intellectual constitution of the English Cabinet, the two

* 'L'Empereur Nicolas fit sur le rapport de son ministre à Londres l'annotation suivante: "C'est fort bien; mon avis serait de ne l'appeler que Louis Napoléon-Empereur des Français. S'il s'en fâche, tant pis pour lui, et s'il devient grossier, Kisselew quittera Paris."' (Recueil des Traités.)

Russian statesmen congratulated each other on the premiership of Lord Aberdeen. Count Nesselrode was the more anxious that the 'secular friendship' between his country and England should continue, because it seemed to him impossible for Louis Napoleon to keep his throne without a war; and he predicted with much shrewdness that to invent one the French Emperor would stir up strife between Russia and Turkey. Louis Napoleon, writes the Russian Chancellor, will say to himself:—

'To set up again the empire for the empire, without extending its limits, would be no better than a ridiculous parody. I ought to do more than the elder Bourbons, who took Algeria, or than Louis Philippe, who broke up the Netherlands kingdom; in any case, I cannot do less. If I try for more territory in Europe, the result will be a coalition against France; so I must look eastward. I must encourage Turkey to provoke and defy Russia, and when war ensues the coalition will be against her, not against me; since Prussia will be null and indifferent; Austria, if she is not neutral, will favour the Porte; the fighting will be at a long distance from French frontiers; and the navies of England and France will make short work of Russia's maritime forces. Supposing, finally, that Russia overthrows the Turkish empire and seizes the principalities—she cannot take everything, and so the partition will begin.'

This imaginary soliloquy does credit to Nesselrode's penetration and foresight; but surely the moral that he himself should have drawn from it was to avoid quarrelling with Louis Napoleon about a trifle, particularly since he saw clearly, and said, that no Power except England could or would restrain the French Emperor from breaking the peace of Europe. But Baron Brunnow reported from London that the English no longer believed the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, in its integrity, to be practicable or desirable; also that Lord Aberdeen had said to him emphatically, 'I hate the Turks,' adding that nothing in the course of his political life had been so painful as the obligation to support them. 'We are approaching,' the Baron wrote, 'an epoch 'when England will acquiesce in the conclusion that this 'empire has run its course, and when nothing will remain 'but to consider what is to be done upon its dissolution.' Yet he admitted the existence in this country of a secret fear of Russia as the enemy of liberal progress; and Lord Aberdeen's attitude was so uncertain and wavering that Brunnow began, as he said, to despair of bringing such a weathercock as 'ce pauvre ministre' to point steadily in one direction.

'When we take all these things into account,' observes the editor of the Russian Collection, 'it is easy to under-'stand the fatal issues of the diplomatic "pourparlers" 'between England and Russia on the Eastern Question.' Beyond doubt, he affirms, the Emperor Nicholas sincerely wished peace to be kept, yet he acted in a manner to excite all those fears and susceptibilities that it was of vital importance to soothe. He made an enemy of Louis Napoleon by giving him offence on a point touching his personal dignity. He completely misapprehended the real state of public opinion in England, though in this matter his ambassador was chiefly to blame; and last, not least, by the excessive candour of his discourses with Sir Hamilton Seymour upon the imminent fall of the Ottoman Empire and the political reconstruction that must follow, he entirely forfeited the confidence of the English ministry, and raised to the pitch of consternation their dread of his ambitious designs. The Emperor relied, moreover, so thoroughly upon the support of Austria—because in 1849 he had saved the Hapsburg dynasty from the Hungarians—that he actually assured Sir H. Seymour that he could speak for Austria as for himself. In short, he had altogether misjudged the situation, and disregarded the advice of old and wily counsellors like Prince Paskievitch, who warned him not to attack Turkey in Europe, and said that the right course was to push forward gradually in Asia Minor, but that, if war in Europe became inevitable, the first step must be to defeat or disable Austria.

Such are the observations, in summary, of a writer in the Russian Foreign Office upon the predisposing causes that brought about the Crimean war, and they tend to corroborate the opinion that we are inclined to adopt. That this war was a blunder on the part of England has now become a popular commonplace, at any rate among those who form their judgements at secondhand, although it has never been accepted in this Journal. We may admit the possibility that resolute plain-speaking to the Emperor Nicholas, when he first made his confidential overtures to our ambassador, might have deterred the Czar from attacking Turkey, and that more skilful diplomacy at a later stage might have prevented the catastrophe at Sinope. It may also be maintained, though the doctrine is very disputable, that the conservation of the Ottoman Empire was not worth the blood and money expended for its protection. Nevertheless, when we look back attentively to the circumstances of the

time—to the temper of the Russian emperor and to the policy of Louis Napoleon, to the irritation of the English people at the invasion of the Danubian provinces, and above all to the indignation aroused, rightly or wrongly, by the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope—we may find cause for doubting seriously whether it would not have been impossible for our Government to arrest the course of hostilities or to mediate peace with honour. There is truth in the saying that the understanding of history is spoilt by our knowledge of the events; for the real historical question is not whether what was done has turned out ill, but whether they who did it could have acted otherwise at the time. One thing is certain—that the war effectually crippled for twenty years the resources of Russia for vigorous aggression in Europe and Asia. But against this must be set the disadvantage that the alliance between England and Russia, or at least the tradition of common interests, which began with the coalitions against the first French empire and was mutually recognised as a policy for fifty years, was broken down in 1854, and has never since been cordially revived. From this war may be dated, we believe, the feeling of distrust, the propensity to condemn offhand and indiscriminately the motives and movements of Russia, that have more than once disturbed the calm judgement of the English nation at times when the fair and dispassionate consideration of a dispute on both sides of it might have adjusted some acrimonious controversy.

The principal object of the Crimean war was to put an end to the arbitrary intervention of Russia in the affairs of Turkey, on the understanding that the Sultan pledged himself to treat his Christian subjects fairly and justly. But it was morally certain, and might have been foreseen, that the Sultan would not, probably could not, fulfil this condition; and it might have been as surely predicted that the powerful impulses and interests which have always brought Russia into collision with Turkey, would set her forward again so soon as she should have recovered strength. Sympathies of race and religion combined with political expediency, almost necessity, to intensify the irresistible attraction; for just as expansion beyond sea became an essential condition of England's natural growth, compelling her to build up a great navy, and to seize points of vantage on all the coasts of the world, so the enlargement of her dominion on the land, with access to the seaports, is of vital importance to Russia, and a great army is the essential instrument of her

military policy. Interposed between this vast warlike empire and the open waterways of the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, lay, and still lies, the only European country in which Islam and Christianity are still at internecine strife, convulsed by religious and racial antipathies, where the Christian population is still demanding relief from tyrannous oppression, and the Oriental fierceness of its Mahomedan rulers is heated by perpetual dread of revolt. To the Osmanli Sultan reform spells ruin; nor has the faith of Mahomet ever been reconcileable with western civilisation. In such a situation it was futile to expect that the treaty of Paris, in 1856, would do more than bring Russia to a temporary halt, and give the antagonists breathing-time. Four years later, in 1860, Prince Gortschakoff invited the attention of all the Great Powers to the 'painful and precarious' condition of the Christians in the Balkan peninsula; and the general trend of affairs in Europe soon played into the hands of Russia.

The alliance of the Western Powers, which had dictated the treaty of Paris in 1856, was paralysed by the fall of the French Empire in 1870; and by her peremptory repudiation of the clause relating to the Black Sea Russia recovered the position from which it had been the main object of that treaty to debar her. The international guarantees of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire had lost their sanction. In 1875 Prince Bismarck distinctly avowed that if Russia were preparing to execute her plans in Eastern Europe, Germany would do nothing to oppose her; and in 1876, when Servia and Bulgaria were in a fermentation of revolt and ferocious massacres on both sides, it was plain that Russia was preparing to strike in. The state and prospect of affairs were then, as our Journal observed at the time, very similar to the position in 1828. As the earlier crisis was produced by the Greek insurrection, which gave Russia her pretext and opportunity, so the rising in the Balkan peninsula again brought Russian armies to the Danube; and in both cases diplomacy failed to prevent war. As public opinion in Europe had favoured the insurgent Greeks fifty years before, so in 1876 there was a strong manifestation of sympathy among the Western nations for the Servians and Bulgarians. Against this high tide of popular sentiment it was vain to oppose such warnings as those given in our Journal for 1876—that the triumph of Russia would lead to a great and disproportionate increase of her power, would lay Turkey prostrate, and would nevertheless frustrate the best hopes of

the Christian races for political independence, by reducing them to be vassals under Russia. In an article of July, 1877, we said:—

> 'The only result of these Eastern wars and revolutions that we should hail with true satisfaction would be the rise and establishment of an independent Christian Power . . . but that is precisely the consummation to which Russia will never assent. She had far rather see Constantinople in the hands of a feeble Turkish government than allow it to be the centre of a free Christian State . . . and the point of difference between ourselves and the Russian statesmen is in reality not so much what is to be done with the Turks as what is to be done with the Christians.'

It is just this difference, indeed, that has retained us in the inevitable dilemma that has always confronted the Western nations in their dealings with the question; for we can find no way of turning out the Turks without letting in the Russians; and it is solely because no issue has hitherto been discovered from this dilemma that the existence of the Ottoman Empire in Europe has been indefinitely prolonged.

When, in April, 1877, the Russian army crossed the Pruth, the expectation of a 'military promenade' was as confidently proclaimed by the experts in war and strategy as it had been in 1828. In six weeks after the passing of the Danube its advanced guard was to be in Constantinople, and General Loris Melikoff was to 'walk over the Turks in 'Asia.' On the other hand, an article in our volume for 1877 pointed out that Turkey had then, what she had not in 1828, a powerful navy, and was mistress of the Black Sea—'the direct result of the destruction of the Russian 'fleet and the great arsenal at Sebastopol twenty years 'ago'—and that this command of the inland waters enabled the Turks to ship effective reinforcements to Asia Minor—where the Russians underwent a serious repulse on the Armenian border—and latterly to transport 20,000 troops from Albania round Greece to the Dardanelles. The Turk, who was to be driven 'bag and baggage' out of Europe, fought all the better because he carried little or none of such things; and after a desperate and protracted struggle the Russian army found itself before Constantinople in a not much better condition for further operations than when Diebitsch reached Adrianople in 1829. In that year the Duke of Wellington had ordered the British fleet to be in readiness to enter the Dardanelles. In 1878 the fleet did proceed to Gallipoli; and the treaty of San Stefano was soon afterwards modified by the treaty of Berlin, which sub-

stantially diminished the territory of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, while it strengthened considerably the commanding position of Russia upon the Asiatic frontier of Turkey.

'Much has been said for the last hundred years of the integrity and the independence of the Ottoman Empire. The words have been inserted in twenty treaties, and have survived their original meaning. The loss of the integrity of its dominions is not fatal to any Power. . . . But it is otherwise with the loss of independence. A State may be reduced in territory, and survive it; but a State which ceases to be mistress of its own actions and sovereign in its own dominions ceases to be a State at all. Her policy is absorbed in that of a dominant Power. Her very armies and fleets may be used by that Power against the nations and interests to which that State, when independent, was most closely allied. Under such a treaty of subjection the Ottoman Empire might be reduced to a condition analogous to that of the Moghul Empire and its dependencies under the British rule in India, and the native armies would be converted into forces to be wielded at will by the paramount Power. The remote situation of Hindustan deprives that country of all political influence over the relations of foreign States; and the possession of that empire by England does not threaten the security of any other nation. But that would not be the case with the dominions of Turkey. Her capital is a seat of empire, commanding two seas, and her provinces in Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt must always be of the most vital importance to the military, naval, and commercial interests of all civilised nations. The maintenance of an independent and non-aggressive Power in those countries is of the utmost importance to the world.'

Thus wrote the 'Edinburgh Review' in April, 1878; and although a Russian journal might now rejoin that England has nevertheless since occupied Egypt, and that her possession of India has in fact greatly increased her political influence among the nations of Europe—not to mention Asia—yet this extract goes straight and vigorously to the root of the Eastern question. We may add that not only have guarantees of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire been frequently proposed, in the vain hope of ending the strife over it, but the Empire's dismemberment and partition have been from time to time suggested with the same benevolent intention. So long ago as in 1807 the Prussian Government intimated to Napoleon that 'le partage de la 'Turquie Européenne serait le moyen d'accommoder toutes 'les parties intéressées,' and Egypt was allotted to England as falling naturally to her share. The fact that neither of these two remedies, nor indeed any other, has ever been found practicable, goes to prove how deep-seated is the disease that has been produced in the general European

system by an alien element that can neither be assimilated nor expelled. All the wars and treaties of the nineteenth century have left the problem, in its essence, unchanged. The first cause of all these difficulties may be traced back historically to the fall of the Greek Empire on the Bosporus, and to the indelible animosities of race and creed that have been generated by the consolidation of a despotic Oriental rulership in the lands of Christian Europe. No greater misfortune has ever befallen the European Continent than the occupation by Mahomedans of Constantinople, one of the finest positions in the world, commanding the best lines of communication between Europe and Asia—a position admirably adapted to be the centre, as it was for nearly a thousand years, of civilisation and commerce, and which has instead become a fortress of barbarism, an extinguisher of light and national life, the focus of unending discord, persecutions; and ferocious internal struggles of a kind that has long since disappeared elsewhere in the West. It is a grave and melancholy reflection that commercial rivalries, religious jealousies, and political dissensions in Europe should at first have betrayed or broken down the defence of such a position against the Asiatic invader, should afterwards have aided and abetted him in extending his conquests, and latterly should have defeated all attempts to be rid of him. When the Venetians, for the purpose of monopolising the Asiatic trade, then the richest in the world, diverted the Latin crusaders against the Byzantine Empire, they dealt a heavy blow to the bulwark of Christianity on the frontiers of Islam. In the sixteenth century the French king, Francis, was in open alliance with the Sultan in the war against the Emperor, Charles V. And towards the end of the seventeenth century the wasting inroads of the Turkish armies up to the walls of Vienna were instigated by Louis XIV. with the object of weakening Austria. The irresistible expansion of Russia south-eastwards towards the Black Sea and the Danube, after the partition of Poland, greatly increased the necessity of preserving a balance among the European Powers. Out of all these causes and consequences has arisen within the last hundred years the existing situation, in which the most enlightened European nations have become the unwilling protectors of ignorant misrule, and a Government that is far behind the rest of Europe in everything except military power, stands forward as the champion of Christianity and the liberator of oppressed European populations.

Nor are we much nearer to any radical cure of this

Asiatic plague than at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The outer provinces of the Ottoman Empire in Europe have been stripped off like the leaves of an artichoke; but the core still remains; and the prize is as valuable as ever—to Russia more valuable than ever, because she has been gradually drawing nearer, and would be better able to hold it, than heretofore. Firmly planted on the Dardanelles and the Bosporus, with the adjoining territory on both sides well in hand, Russia could lock up the Black Sea, could bar the Danube mouths, could threaten the whole Levantine seaboard, and could issue forth at will into the Mediterranean through a securely fortified outlet; she could defy all the naval strength of Europe to molest her coasts, for, except perhaps on the North Pacific coast, her frontiers would be unassailable by sea. And it must be remembered that the loss of all their European territory, including their capital, would not merely relegate the Turks to Asia and leave the Sultan his rulership over Asiatics; it would utterly ruin the Ottoman dominion, not only by the collapse of its revenues and financial credit, but because the Russians would, indeed must, seize all the northern shore of the Black Sea and the provinces that lie adjacent to Constantinople across the straits, so that at least the whole northern region of Asia Minor would rapidly fall under their sovereignty. The Turks would be driven back into the interior, losing all command of the sea; the princes and tribes of Arabia, who detest the Osmanli yoke, would revolt; and the rest of their Asiatic provinces would probably go to the maritime Powers of Europe after some pretty quarrelling over the division of the spoils. When we consider that some turn of Fortune's political wheel, such as another great war in western or central Europe, might bring such events within the range of possibility, and crown the enterprise upon which Russia has been engaged since the days of Peter the Great, we need not wonder that her policy should still be to thwart and disconcert the only settlement that would accord with the interests of the rest of Europe. We have now recapitulated, in general terms, the views and conclusions upon the Turkish problem that have throughout been represented to the English public in this Journal; and though we do not claim for them the merit of any peculiar insight or foresight, we may at least credit ourselves with consistency and earnestness in drawing attention, at each succeeding phase of the Eastern question, to the important considerations that are bound up with it.

We have reserved for separate discussion the relations between England and Russia in Central Asia, although they have always had a direct bearing, which has gradually increased in weight, upon the general policy of both governments in the East. But whereas the condition of the Ottoman Empire must necessarily affect the interests and exercise the diplomacy of at least four out of the six great European Powers, the affairs of Central Asia may be said to concern Russia and England exclusively, which is a considerable simplification of a problem that is in its main complications similar. We have the same phenomena of the contact between powerfully organised modern states and backward unstable kingdoms which can neither be mended nor ended, the same jealousy of rival European governments closely watching each other's movements and thwarting one another's policy. Yet the material difference is that the case with which we are now dealing is one not of the intrusion of an Asiatic rulership and race into the European family, but of the encroachment of European dominion upon Asia. Down to the end of the seventeenth century the long contest for the borderlands of the two continents, which may be dated in modern history from the Crusades, had been turning in favour of the Asiatics; for, except in Spain, Christianity had never recovered any part of the lands that had been overrun by the irruption of Islam into Asia Minor and Southern Europe. In the first half of the eighteenth century, however, England, through her command of the sea, had planted herself firmly in India, and had thereby acquired a position that took Western Asia, so to speak, in reverse; while at the end of that century Russia was pushing onwards from the north-west as England had been advancing from the south-east. The long wars in Europe for the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century absorbed the attention and resources of Russia; and until Napoleon had been overthrown the chief solicitude of our Government, in England and India, was to counteract the intrigues, at the Persian capital, of France. The idea of the vulnerability of England in Asia seems to have first taken actual shape in the mind of Napoleon; it is the natural consequence of the acquisition by an island Power of a valuable dominion that is accessible to an enemy by the mainland. Yet, when we look back upon the distance and difficulties that separated the Russian and English frontiers in the year 1815, it is certainly remarkable to find in an article of our Journal for that year the following

passage. The writer is complaining that Russia conceals her geographical knowledge of Central Asia, and he goes on to say:—

'They have told us little, though they must know much. It is not quite improbable that they may have restrained their liberality and love of publicity from a determination to make the threat, if not the accomplishment, of an invasion of India a part of every future quarrel with Great Britain. That such a determination has become an established maxim of policy at St. Petersburg is very little dissembled at that capital, even during the paroxysm of friendship under which kings and emperors at present labour.'

The paroxysm has long ceased, but the policy survives, and must have been considerably encouraged by the rapid approximation of the two frontiers, so distant some eighty years ago. It has since been once or twice distinctly affirmed; and it has certainly influenced, for the last forty years, the whole external relations of our Indian Government with the adjacent states in Central Asia.

In those early days Russia's assertion of her entire irresponsibility to Europe for her doings in Asia may have not been unreasonable; but it was never allowed by England. In 1816 the British Government offered to mediate between Russia and Persia with regard to the execution of the treaty of Gulistan, when the Russian Minister, in refusing the offer, declared that all such interference was inadmissible. But it was impossible for us to recognise this exclusive principle, for we had already treaties with Persia; and our anxiety grew in proportion to the increase of Russia's preponderance at Tehran, which soon became, and is at this moment, the central point and battle-ground where the two rival diplomacies meet and contend in Asia. Then, in 1838, the English accused Count Simonitch, the Russian envoy at the Persian capital, of having instigated the Shah in his attempt to seize Herat, a frontier fortress of Afghanistan, with the sinister purpose of making it a stepping-stone in the surreptitious advance of Russia towards India. 'This 'notion,' Pozzo di Borgo wrote from London to St. Petersburg, 'is disquieting almost every one here, notwithstanding its 'improbability and absurdity'; and he seems to have reproached Palmerston with having spread it merely out of his habit of systematically stirring up agitation against Russia. The Emperor Nicholas, in reply, formally repudiated any design of disturbing our security in India, though he had nevertheless sent a political agent to Kabul; and the correspondence fell into the usual tone of recriminations

exchanged between the two Governments, each of them professing the most blameless intentions while intimating that the other's actions were indefensible. The only point upon which they agreed cordially was that the independence of the Asiatic states lying between their two spheres of occupation or influence must be strictly respected. The restless malignity of Palmerston, we are told, embittered these deplorable misunderstandings; he kept Pozzo di Borgo waiting two hours in the antechamber of the Foreign Office; he occupied Karak Island on the Persian coast and refused to retire; he persisted in sending an English army from India to Kandahar and Kabul; he contaminated public opinion, the ambassador writes, by publishing slanderous reports of Russian intrigue; and Pozzo di Borgo concluded that nothing remained but to select beforehand the points in Central Asia at which Russia could best do battle against England.

To the Emperor Nicholas it appeared that his ambassador was taking Palmerston and the English public too seriously; and these sombre anticipations of an inevitable collision he did not share. His aim and desire at that time was to secure an effective alliance with Great Britain. Nesselrode declared that the supposed antagonism between Russia and England was purely imaginary, that their real interests would never clash, and that 'in the vast spaces of Central 'Asia' there would be ample room for the commercial enterprise of both countries. Nevertheless their mutual suspicions and misunderstandings were revived by the expedition of General Peroffsky against Khiva in 1840. As the English were at that moment in occupation of Kabul, it is not difficult to comprehend why they were startled by the news that Russia was taking a long stride towards the frontier of Afghanistan, where their position was of itself sufficiently insecure. On the other hand, it was not easy to convince Russia that when we had made a considerable advance from the south-east she had no right to make a corresponding movement from the north. Lord Palmerston was energetic, as usual, in his protests; but the Duke of Wellington took the contrary view: he declared that the expedition was quite justifiable, and, what was more, that the predominance of Russian influence in Central Asia was a fact which it was useless to deny or dispute. But in admitting this to Baron Brunnow, who was now the Russian ambassador in London, he added a warning that for military adventures in Asia success is often no less embarrassing than a reverse,

since if you fail you are seriously entangled, and if you succeed it becomes almost impossible to draw the line where you can stop. The whole history of the expansion of the two great European dominions in Asia is summed up and explained in these words, which were speedily corroborated by events, for Peroffsky's army perished in the Khivan desert, and an entire division of British troops was annihilated in the passes between Kabul and Jelalabad. On both sides the advance had been premature. Khiva was left untouched for thirty years, and nearly forty years passed before an English regiment again crossed the frontier of Afghanistan. Military and political complications of great importance recalled the attention of both Russia and England to European affairs; nor were the movements in Central Asia resumed until other and nearer differences had been settled, for an interval, by the Crimean war.

Yet it must have been obvious that this suspension of activity meant only that each party was strengthening the base of its operations and reconnoitring more cautiously the intervening ground. The annexation, in 1849, of the Punjab to British India carried the British frontier up to the foot of the Afghan hills, and secured our command of the passes leading up to Kabul, as the conquest of Sinde four years earlier had thrown open the route to Kandahar. With the Afghan Amir, however, we had concluded a friendly treaty, and when in 1856 the Persian king again attacked, and this time captured, Herat, we made war upon him until he evacuated the place. A few years later Russia's movement began again with the expedition, in 1864, against the chiefship of Kokand, and the occupation of part of its territory, when Prince Gortschakoff took the opportunity of explaining by a diplomatic circular despatch the policy of Russia in Central Asia, from which the subjoined extract may be quoted :—

'The position of Russia in Central Asia is that of all civilised States which are brought into contact with half-savage nomad populations, possessing no fixed social organisation. In such cases it always happens that the civilised State is forced, for the security of its frontier and its commerce, to exercise a certain ascendency over its most undesirable neighbours. To put down raids and plundering, the frontier tribes have to be more or less reduced to submission; but when these tribes have taken to peaceful habits, they are in their turn attacked by the more distant tribes, and the State is bound to defend them and to punish their assailants. Hence the necessity of distant, costly, and periodically recurring expeditions; for if the expedition withdraws after punishing the robbers, its retirement is ascribed to weakness.'

This part of the Russian despatch might have been written, word for word, by Lord Lawrence from Simla, so exactly does it describe the British position in front of the tribal country on the north-west frontier of India; and the English Government might have safely drawn their conclusions as to the future in Central Asia from their own Indian experience of an identical situation. But Prince Gortschakoff proceeded to assure all foreign governments whom it might concern that in Kokand he had found, instead of nomad tribes, a more solid, compact, and better organised state, 'fixing for 'us with geographical precision the limit up to which we 'are bound to advance, and at which we must halt,' because, on the one hand, to upset Kokand 'would draw us on from 'annexation to annexation'; while, on the other hand, there was fair hope of arranging friendly relations with it. The shortsightedness of this latter anticipation almost casts a doubt on its sincerity; yet it appears to have been honestly meant, and one must conclude that Central Asian politics were not yet clearly understood at St. Petersburg. It proved but too true that, as Prince Gortschakoff recorded in his despatch, 'the moral force of reason and of the interests of 'civilisation had as yet no hold upon Asiatics.' For the making of treaties with the Khans of Turkestan was like weaving ropes out of their desert sands; nor was it possible to retain amicable relations with a set of reckless brigands and man-hunters. The occupation of Kokand brought the Russians into speedy collision on their new frontier with fresh enemies; the whole state was soon annexed to protect it from the Amir of Bokhara, with whom war broke out in a year; and in 1868 Samarkhand was taken. The diplomatic correspondence that passed at that period between the Russian and English Cabinets seems futile enough when we look back on it. The English ministry inquired anxiously when and where the Czar intended to stop, and hinted that his assurances were less satisfactory than his acts; while Prince Gortschakoff replied with declarations, probably genuine, of his reluctance to advance, but would make no formal engagement to stand still. Meanwhile Bokhara had fallen under complete subjection to Russia; and each step necessitated another, until in 1873 the last of the minor independent chiefships was extinguished by the capture of Khiva, which established Russia on the Lower Oxus, and brought her within measurable distance of the Afghan frontier. The whole history of these consecutive events and transactions was related and commented upon in a volume

published by the late Sir Henry Rawlinson in 1875, 'England and Russia in the East,' and in a series of articles (afterwards published separately) by the late Mr. John Wyllie, an Indian civilian of great promise who died early. Their views and proposals differed; for Rawlinson, a soldier before he became a diplomatist, advocated what has ever since been labelled as the Forward Policy, the system of meeting and forestalling the advance of Russia towards India; while the programme of masterly inactivity, of strengthening ourselves within our Indian frontiers, avoiding obligations and adventures beyond it, was supported by Wyllie. He was moreover disposed to regard with equanimity the substitution of Russian rule for the 'barbarous Islamism' of the Central Asian khanates; whereupon Rawlinson observed, in a preface to his second edition, 'that the school of 'politicians represented by the Edinburgh Reviewer consti-'tuted the most dangerous enemies that are to be found to 'the peace and security of India.' To give quotations from these writings would now be superfluous, since the rapid accomplishment of predicted facts has now carried us beyond the ground over which the debate was then ranging; but the time for settling a definite policy had then obviously come.

The vast interior spaces, outside the two spheres of Russian and English dominion or influence, had now been materially diminished; the whole region north of Persia, from the Caspian to the Oxus, was under the military administration of a Russian governor-general; and the unexplored mountains beyond, up to the borders of China and Afghanistan, were open and unoccupied. The general situation had now taken shape and outline; the Eastern question was enlarging itself into the problem of Central Asia, conditioned by different circumstances, yet fraught with similar apprehensions and inevitable consequences; for the long and inconclusive discussions between England and Russia became concentrated, then and thenceforward, upon Persia and Afghanistan. It had been agreed on both sides that the integrity and independence of Persia should be preserved. But while in Europe the neutralisation of a state by compact among powerful neighbours answers very well, in Asia the system has certain incurable disadvantages. The constitution of Asiatic kingdoms is founded entirely upon military strength; they subsist upon a state of intermittent war; their dynasties are maintained by the force and personal capacity that the ruler can exercise in governing large

groups of subjects who are united and divided by distinctions of race and religion; their peoples have not acquired the coherence of a nationality. These states make no treaties; they fix no boundaries; the very titles of their rulers have no territorial or national significance; their properties have no acknowledged landmarks; they take when they have the power and keep what they can; the provinces with their populations are transferred easily from one master to another; it is a condition of society that perpetuates instability and leaves open the field to restless ambition. Now, the intrusion into such an arena of governments belonging to a much more organised type paralyses the vitality of the indigenous states. If they are petty chiefships, subsisting by pillage, they provoke destruction; if they are large loosely constructed kingdoms, they are confined within regular frontiers; the free play of expansion or contraction is stopped, and immobility produces internal decay. Not only must they henceforward live peaceably with their neighbours abroad; they are also required to keep order at home, and if they cannot put down revolts or civil wars the European government next door will insist on helping them to do so. The result is that the native prince rules not by his own vigour or popularity, but by the support and sufferance of a foreign protector; and his administration sinks from bad to worse. For in Asia an effete dynasty or an incapable king is speedily supplanted by foreign invasion or domestic rebellion; and when this natural method of reform is interdicted a kind of political dry-rot sets in to sap the state's whole constitution by degrees. One reason why the Osmanli Sultans have so long held out on the Bosporus is that the European Powers have never yet interfered with the violent changes that unseat weak or unlucky sultans and viziers, by conspiracy, assassination, or intrigue; they have never attempted to set up a puppet, like Tewfik Pasha in Egypt, where it soon collapsed into the arms of its exhibitors. And the strength and splendour of the Moghul empire during four long reigns may be ascribed to the historical fact that each successive emperor fought his way to the throne. In the words of one of those daring men who put an end to the Emperor Paul of Russia, this is the 'grand remède Asiatique' which is employed to save an Oriental despotism when the disease of misrule becomes intolerable; but it is rightly shocking to the ideas of civilised polity, and it involves a risk of dangerous commotions that cannot be allowed.

Such is the full operation of a European protectorate in

Asia, and although the ancient Persian monarchy has not yet fallen completely under this *régime*, it is lapsing into a state of tutelage between Russia and England. After two or three ineffectual attempts, by his predecessors, to resist the arms or influence of either Power, the Persian king has subsided into immobility within the frontiers that have been marked out for him by the solicitude of his two guardians. His condition is better than the Sultan's in this one respect—that he has no Christian subjects whose appeals against his authority might furnish a pretext for interference with his domestic affairs; and his old-fashioned armaments can be treated with unconcern. All his western frontier marches with Turkey, from whom he has nothing to fear, since any quarrel will at once bring down European intervention; while on his eastern frontier with Afghanistan any dispute must be referred, under treaty, to England for arbitration before other measures can be adopted; his southern seaboard is vigilantly watched by British warships, while the Russians take charge of his northern frontier. The peaceful succession of the legitimate heir to the Persian throne is provided for by an understanding between the two European Powers in their common interest to prevent intrigues or insurrections, and his foreign relations are virtually under their management. All that he can do in the way of asserting his independence is to foment jealousy between his formidable neighbours by negotiating a foreign loan, or by favouring some project of a railway, or by revising his tariff on foreign trade, when the English and Russian embassies are at once drawn into controversy over the detection of each other's sinister aims at commercial or political ascendency. The result of placing Persia under this kind of guardianship has been to preserve her territorial integrity in a condition of stagnation and decay. The ruler cannot govern well, and is not permitted to misgovern scandalously; he is under much closer control than in Turkey. Such an outrage on common humanity as the recent massacres of Armenians in Asia Minor could not have been perpetrated within the Shah's territory without speedy ruin to his independence; and the Porte can deal with foreign financiers at its good pleasure.

Yet the situation of these two States has this essential similarity—that they are both maintained as weights in the balance of European Powers, as barriers against the predominance in Western Asia of any single Power, which might command the main channels of communication, by

sea or land, between the two continents. One consequence has been that the overland railways across Asia have never yet been made at all, for the Russian line through Siberia is a military work of no interest to the outer world. So the Persian kingdom subsists as a great inanimate block or buffer that serves to keep the Russian and English possessions apart in South Asia, and to fend off the advance of Russia towards the Persian Gulf, where the English navy has for more than a century established an indisputable maritime supremacy. But the Russian line of penetration into Central Asia during the last forty years has avoided Persia, and has run eastward along its northern border towards Afghanistan, making a sweep round its upper provinces along the Oxus. It has not been the policy of this Journal to accentuate the notes of alarm that were so vehemently sounded in other quarters over these movements. When we look back over the discussions of the time, and over the official negotiations about England's proposal that Russia should agree formally to place a bar across her own path by establishing a broad neutral zone, of country mainly desert or occupied by nomad tribes, between the respective spheres of influence claimed by the two empires, it must be admitted that they were little more than futile attempts to stave off a foregone conclusion. Neither in physics nor in politics is the theory of a vacuum admissible, and all the vacant spaces on the world's map are being rapidly filled up. It was vain and even unreasonable to suppose that diplomatic protests would retard the subjugation by Russia of the wild Turcomans, or prevent the occupation of Merv; while by encouraging the tribes to resist we were merely expediting their destruction. It was undoubtedly desirable that Russia should be restrained from acquiring a position close to the Afghan frontier that enabled her at will to disquiet England by threatening a state under our protection; but our reasons for opposing such a move on the strategical chessboard were precisely those which induced Russia to make it. The Czar's minister said plainly that neither the Russian nor the English frontier in Asia was likely to stand still, and he even hinted that no permanency could be expected until they should have met. As this was just the eventuality which the English statesmen were strenuously determined to ward off, their whole policy was thenceforward directed upon securing the independence and integrity of Afghanistan.

The ruffled current of events was now fast running into

troubled waters. Russia had formally assented to the system of avoiding all contact between the possessions or protectorates of the two empires in Asia, and agreed to treat Afghanistan as beyond her sphere of action, stipulating for a similar disclaimer from England with regard to Bokhara. Here at last seemed to be a definite arrangement that might end misunderstandings; yet it had been hardly settled when General Kauffmann's 'letter of courtesy' from Tashkend through the Amir of Bokhara to the Amir of Kabul revived the exchange of remonstrances and explanations between the two European governments. That it is difficult, if not impracticable, for two adjacent states to abstain entirely from occasional intercommunication, may be admitted; and the complications arising from interdicting it are by no means likely to cease. The English Government, however, dissatisfied with the professions of Russia, and becoming anxious to strengthen their connexion with Kabul, pressed Sher Ali, in 1876, to receive a special envoy from India. The Amir refused; the Indian Government naturally resented a rebuff; and when the Russo-Turkish war exploded in Europe, the despatch, in 1878, of a Russian envoy to Kabul, with whom the Amir proceeded to sign a treaty, offensive and defensive, broke off sharply the strained and suspended relations between England and Afghanistan.

The course and vicissitudes of the second Afghan war are now matters for history; nor is it our purpose to narrate them. When the Amir Yakub Khan, after his father's death, offered to make peace with us, he was required to receive a British envoy at Kabul, and to cede certain tracts that would facilitate our command of the routes leading into Afghanistan. As hostilities had arisen immediately out of a refusal by the late Amir to admit a British envoy, it was taken almost as a matter of course on both sides that his admission should be a condition of peace; but it is now clear that the demand should not have been made. All Afghanistan had been thrown into confusion by the English invasion, and by the death of the Amir Sher Ali. His son, Yakub Khan, with no experience or strength of character, had as yet no hold upon the country, no money to pay his troops, and little influence over a fierce intractable people, whose inveterate hatred of the foreigner was inflamed by the presence of a British officer at Kabul. It might have been foreseen that Colonel Cavagnari's position there would be surrounded by risks, and also that the whole fabric of our friendly relations with Afghanistan, as it had been built upon the treaty of

Gandamak, depended on his safety. Within three months his assassination brought it down with a terrible crash; and thus, while during the first period of the war we had been fighting the Amir, in the second we found ourselves engaged in the much more arduous task of fighting the Afghan people. Kabul was captured by the brilliant and daring march of Sir Frederick Roberts upon the capital; Kandahar, which we were just evacuating, was retained; but although we managed to keep a firm military hold of these two important points, the Indian Government was placed in an awkward dilemma—we could neither stay nor go. To occupy permanently the whole country was impossible; while if we abandoned it to masterless confusion by withdrawing our troops, the whole war had been waged to no purpose. In England public feeling and political parties were greatly excited by these events; for the opponents of the forward policy triumphed in the fulfilment of their predictions that it would lead to disaster; and Mr. Gladstone's thunderous denunciations of the men and measures that had brought us into this predicament undoubtedly expedited the fall of Lord Beaconsfield's administration in 1880. But from this deadlock we were most fortunately extricated by the appearance on the scene of Abdurrahman, who had been living under Russian surveillance for ten years across the Oxus, and whose release at this juncture may not uncharitably be ascribed to an intention of increasing our perplexities, whereas in fact it provided us with a way of escaping from them. With politic sagacity the Viceroy of India, Lord Lytton, at once made encouraging overtures to him as an acceptable candidate for the vacant rulership; Lord Ripon completed what his predecessor had begun; and by the end of 1881 Abdurrahman, recognised and subsidised by the British Government as the Amir of all Afghanistan, began the twenty years of a long and energetic reign which crushed out all local resistance to central authority, and has left to his successor an organised government with a regular revenue, and an army that is well furnished with the weapons of modern war.

At the present moment, therefore, we have reached another stage in the long evolution of the conditions and circumstances inseparable from the peculiar situation that has been created by the spread of European domination in Asia. The two leading Powers, Russia and England, have closed in upon Persia and Afghanistan; and while the exertions made by England throughout the nineteenth century to

arrest the absorption by Russia of the central region have inevitably failed, they have, at any rate, so far succeeded as to preserve the independence, if not the integrity, of both these kingdoms. Russia, on her side, has consolidated a formidable position along the whole northern border of these territories, from the Caucasus to the Pamir ranges on the Chinese frontier, whence she can overawe Persia by her proximity to Tehran, and can menace Afghanistan from a military station within thirty miles of Herat. But the real pivot upon which the future developement of this situation must turn is evidently in Afghanistan, where Kabul is for Central Asia what Constantinople is for Europe—the cardinal point of wide, circular, half-veiled movements at a distance all round it. In Persia our commerce has material interests, and the reasons, political and military, for preserving her independence are of serious importance, yet they are comparatively indirect and secondary, with a view to ulterior eventualities. Russia might use a paramount influence at Tehran to assume exclusive charge of the future railway lines across Persia to the sea; she might acquire control of the state's customs, and might establish a naval station on the Persian Gulf that would interfere with our interests in those waters and might even flank inconveniently our maritime communications with India. She might insist on territorial cessions or privileges in Eastern Persia that would bring her down on the western frontier of Afghanistan, and place her where she might some day turn the great quadrilateral of mountains in the Afghan midlands by a march across the open country lying between Seistan and Kandahar. We do not believe that such a distinctly hostile demonstration would ever be made by Russia wantonly, or except under what she might hold to be adequate provocation on our part; yet we have already shown that the idea of so disposing her forces in Asia that she might be ready to alarm and preoccupy England at some critical conjuncture, in Europe or elsewhere, has long been conceived by Russian statesmen and soldiers. Nor, indeed, could a rival, whose path towards Constantinople we have crossed twice in the last fifty years, be expected to overlook such an obvious manœuvre on the field of political strategy.

What may be called political strategy, indeed, is a game that can only be played upon an arena where the motions of two parties opposed to each other are not embarrassed by considerations for neighbours or neutrals. It is a contest in which they avoid meeting, but are engaged in marching

and countermarching on the ground between the two camps, with little more regard for the proprietors than would be shown by two generals in a campaign. The intervening states are too weak to interfere in a match between antagonists whose power is to them irresistible; they are compelled to await the result, upon which their own destiny depends; they endeavour to conciliate both sides, until finally they become the prize of the stronger. After this manner have Russia and England been manœuvring against each other in Asia during the last fifty years or more; and nothing indicates more significantly the radical impotence of Asiatic kingdoms, or their territorial incoherence, than the fact that these movements are still going on, as each step taken from one camp is held to necessitate a corresponding step from the other. We have recently learnt from the English newspapers that the Government of India is marking out a railway from Quetta, our headquarters in Beluchistan, westward in the direction of the Persian frontier. The line is well within British jurisdiction, yet in St. Petersburg the journalists have at once sounded the alarm, declare that the independence of Persia is threatened, and call upon their Government to retaliate by an advance towards the same point through Persia from Russia's Transcaspian railway on the north. And the report of a Russian exploring party among the snow-clad mountains and valleys of the Pamir highlands—in the borderland of three empires, China, India, and Russia—is the signal for irresponsible demands upon the Indian Government to lose no time in crossing the lofty ranges that bound its impassable northern frontier, and to set up fresh landmarks in the deserts beyond. In the nearer East some German financiers have acquired from the Sultan a concession for a railway through Asia Minor to Baghdad and the Persian Gulf, a project that will develope the whole of that country, and will open out a natural line of through communication between Europe and Asia. The 'Novoe Vremya' immediately draws attention to the strategic importance of such a railway, protests that it will 'enormously 'prejudice' Russian trade, will enfeeble Russia's influence in Asia, and will be injurious to the interests of France. The general result is that while, as we have shown, the spontaneous operation of those restorative forces which bring out energetic races and dynasties has been checked throughout this unlucky continent by European ascendency, the suspicious jealousy and political ambition of Europe withhold the introduction of those civilising agencies which are

the only benefits that can be offered to palliate the destruction of these antique societies. In our Indian Empire we have openly undertaken the business of civilisation; but in Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan the European protectorate is upholding, for its own purposes, an irresponsible internal despotism; and the increasing pressure from without upon China, the competition and reciprocal counteraction of the Powers that are now enveloping her, are likely to reduce her before long to a similar condition. Her outlying territories may be pared off by gradual encroachment; and the central mass will then be placed under a joint 'guarantee of inde-'pendence and integrity,' which is becoming the formula that signifies the supremacy of Europe over all the sovereignties of Asia. With a state under this system the next step is usually to accept large loans from the European money-market, for the developement of its resources and the reform of its armament, upon an assignment of revenues or a concession of special privileges to the most influential among its protectors; and all such operations are important politically: they disturb the balance of power among the guarantors. But when an Oriental ruler has dealt largely with European financiers he is like an Indian ryot among moneylenders; his lands are mortgaged until his independence becomes nominal; it exists through the sufferance of powerful creditors, none of whom will allow any one of them to enter into possession.

The only state in Central Asia that has still preserved real internal independence is Afghanistan. Nepal might be added; but in the great field of world-politics this highland principality, shut in between India and Tibet, is of no account. The Afghan Amir has no foreign debt; he permits no kind of interference in his administration; he can be cruel and oppressive at his pleasure, because the English subsidy enables him to keep up an army that would stifle any resistance. Yet full sovereignty he does not possess; for our support of his dynasty, and our guarantee of his territory, are given conditionally on his leaving the control of his foreign relations to the British Government. Our policy has thus far succeeded in consolidating between Russia and India a substantial kingdom, formidable within its own mountains, out of a country distracted by incessant civil wars and tribal unruliness—a kingdom not to be lightly overawed or meddled with from either side. The Afghan people, fanatically united in religion, and not seriously divided by race or language, are perhaps nearer the form of

what in Europe is termed a nationality than the subjects of any other Asiatic state. But in proportion as their Amir has increased his military strength and riveted his authority, he has naturally become less amenable to English influence or advice; the yoke of our protectorate begins to gall him; and his people, with two occupations of Kabul by an Indian army fresh in their memories, are dangerously suspicious of any close dealings between their ruler and the infidels. We thus find ourselves pledged to the protection, and responsible for the good behaviour, of an ignorant and intractable rulership, whose frontiers on the north-west are in contact with the dominions of Russia, on a line where the lowlands along the Oxus offer no obstacle to an invader, and where a Russian military station has been posted within striking distance of Herat.

The situation is evidently insecure, for we stand pledged to the defence of the Amir's territory, yet we are nevertheless unable to exercise an immediate superintendence over his actions. The external relations of Afghanistan are understood to be under our control; but to direct them without a British representative at the seat of government is exceedingly difficult, and to the admission of such an agency neither the Amir nor his people are likely to consent; they regard it as the first step towards foreign subjugation. The consequences are that the Amir is the only independent ruler in the world at whose capital there is no diplomatic resident, and that the English Government is left without influence or even information regarding the course of affairs which might be of great importance. Moreover, although we may have consented to this exclusion in deference to Afghan susceptibilities, the Russians are troubled by no such considerations, nor can they be expected to neglect an opportunity of adding to our embarrassments. So recently as in August last a Russian newspaper was insisting upon the urgent necessity for abrogating certain clauses of the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1873 that prevent direct and regular intercourse between the Transcaspian province and Afghanistan, declaring that the establishment of Russian consular agencies in the latter country had become indispensable for the developement of Russian trade in Central Asia, and asserting confidently that the Government at St. Petersburg had taken up the question. We have here an ominous note of warning that may recall to us the demand, in 1870, for the abrogation of the Black Sea clause in the treaty of Paris; and though the Amir must be equally averse to the admission of

any European representative, he has neither strength to resist nor jurisdiction to decide; for the demand would be addressed to England, and by England it must be answered.

To conclude. As the focus of our disputes with Russia in Europe throughout the nineteenth century has been at Constantinople, so in Afghanistan lies the knot of all the complications that have entangled the relations of the two Governments in Central Asia. The Turkish and the Afghan questions exhibit varieties of the same problem, with a fundamental similarity in the conditions and main features. The Ottoman Sultan and the Amir of Kabul are the two most important Mahomedan rulers in Asia; they keep the strongholds of Islam, and derive their internal strength from their command over a warlike population whom they are training and arming for modern warfare; they can rely on its fanatical enthusiasm and instinctive resistance to foreign civilisation. Yet in both instances the existence of their kingdoms really depends on the balancing of the European Powers that press upon their frontiers; and this equilibrium has hitherto preserved them, because both the Sultan and the Amir occupy positions, strategical and political, on the world's map of such importance that no single European Power can be permitted to eject them, while a partition could only be contemplated, at least by England, as the last resource for terminating a hazardous war. In these circumstances the Turkish question seems at the present moment likely to be quiescent, so long as the present stationary aspect of international affairs in Europe continues; but Afghanistan has a new Amir, whose character and capacity are as yet untried, while the Russian Government appears inclined to raise a discussion that may bring up again the very delicate subject of his foreign relations. In political settlements everywhere there is no finality, and in the climate of Asia they are apt to be particularly short-lived; nor is it a matter for surprise that awkward points have a tendency to reappear. Yet it is greatly to the interests of both European Governments that a friendly attitude should be preserved in regard to the Afghan frontier, for the tranquillity of all Asia depends upon a good understanding between England and Russia at its centre.

No. CCCCIII. will be published in January, 1903.

INDEX.

A.

Albanian Question, The, review of books concerning, 55—Albania and Armenia compared, 55—distrust of the Turk, 55—allegiance acknowledged only to chiefs of clans, 56—Turkish authority exercised through tribal chiefs or hereditary Beys, 56—chief's importance measured by number of Martinis, 57—clan quarrels and blood-feuds, 58—agriculture not flourishing, 59—hospitality, 59—gratitude, 60—Northern Albania called by Turks 'Savage Land,' 60—Gheg language, 60—Ghegs against Slavs, 61—Tosks, Liaps, and Tchams, 61—Skipetar or Albanian, national name for Ghegs and Tosks, 62—Mohammedanism and Christianity, 63—Austrian and Italian religious and political propaganda, 65—Russo-Austrian rivalry, 68—Hellenic influence in Epirus, 69—Albanian League at Athens, 70—proposed Albano-Grecian State, 71—Sultan's policy, 72—Turkish persecution of Greeks in Epirus, 75—Wallachian Epirots, 77—fate of Albanian League, 78—Ali Pasha, 80—Castriot family, claimants to Albanian throne, 80—Albanian *entourage* of the Sultan, 82.

B.

Bagehot, W., review of his book on 'First Edinburgh Reviewers,' 275.
Bourinot, Sir J., his 'Federal Government in Canada' reviewed, 464.
Bridges, R., his 'Return of Ulysses' reviewed, 84.

C.

Cockburn, Lord, his 'Life and Letters of Lord Jeffrey' reviewed, 275.
Collins, J. C., his 'Early Poems of Lord Tennyson' reviewed, 84.
Colquhoun, A. R., his 'Mastery of the Pacific' reviewed, 210.
Copinger, W. A., review of his book 'On Authorship of First Hundred Numbers of "Edinburgh Review,"' 275.
Coulevain, P. de, two of his books reviewed, 120.

D.

Darwin, F., his 'Life and Letters of Charles Darwin' reviewed, 366.
Darwinism, The Rise and Influence of, review of books concerning, 366—Darwin's voyage on the 'Beagle,' 366—joint paper by Darwin and Wallace before Linnean Society, 367—'Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection,' 367, 385—classification of living things into genera and species, 369—Ray and Linnæus on 'constancy of species,' 371—Jussieu's natural system of botany, 373—Robert Brown's study of developement, 373—Lamarck's theory on variation of organisms, 374—'inheritance of acquired characters,' 376—theory of descent, 377—Lyell's

'Principles of Geology,' 378—developement of Huxley's views, 379, 390—Darwin's 'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication,' 381—plants and animals of ancient Egypt compared with those of to-day, 381—influence of environment on variation, 384—Lord Kelvin, 386, 396—Richard Owen, 387—Descartes, Newton, and Kant, 388—Cuvier, 389—De Candolle, 390—Von Baer, 390—common ancestry of men and apes, 392—discontinuous variation, 392—late Duke of Argyll's criticisms, 393—American scientific opinion, 394—Weissmann, 395—Lord Salisbury, 395—Professor Weldon, 396—natural selection as affecting man, 399.

Drama, Modern English and French, review of books concerning, 178—distinction between 'ancient' and 'modern' drama, 179—Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' 180—arrangement of Elizabethan play-house, 182—platform-stage, 183—Drury Lane in Colley Cibber's time, 183—Congreve's plots, 185—mad-scenes, 185—acting and 'spouting,' 186—rhetorical plays, 187—gradual modification of stage-technique, 188—Theatres Regulation Act of 1843, 189—picture-stage, 189—free trade in drama in France, 190—French love of didactic moralising, 191—Diderot as dramatic critic, 192—Dryden on French plots, 193—Rostand and Romantic movement, 193, 202—Dumas, Scribe, and the new drama, 194—French drama a criticism of life, 195—English idea of the theatre as a place of 'entertainment,' 196—Augier and Dumas *fils*, 197—Hervieu and Brieux, 201—Robertsonian drama, 203—Sir H. Irving, 204—Ibsenites and anti-Ibsenites, 206.

Duff, Sir M. E. Grant, his 'Victorian Anthology' reviewed, 436.

Dutt, R. C., his 'Epics of Ancient India' reviewed, 319.

E.

Edinburgh Review, The, review of the first century of its history, 275—Lord Jeffrey's forecast of its prospects, 275—Sydney Smith the first editor, 276—Jeffrey's editorship, 276—names of first contributors, 277—Jeffrey's college days, 278—its motto, 279—Longman and Constable joint publishers, 279—its buff and blue colours, 280—topics treated in early numbers, 280—French Revolution, 280—Lake poets, 281—metaphysics, 281—balance of power in Europe, 281—Brougham's views on Britain's splendid isolation compared with those of Mr. Gladstone in 1870, 283—remuneration to writers, 285—'Quarterly Review' started as a Tory rival, 285—article on French aggression in Spain, 286—Sir Walter Scott, 287—Moore's challenge to Jeffrey, 290—changes of publishers, 290—Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' 291—Napoleon's escape from Elba, 292—Reform, 293—abolition of slavery, 294—Catholic Emancipation, 294—reforms in criminal law, poor law, political representation, &c., 295—'Blackwood's Monthly Magazine' appears as a rival, 296—Macaulay's essays, 296, 301—Sydney Smith's sermon on Queen Victoria's accession, 297—Macvey Napier's editorship, 298, 300—Brougham's attacks on Lord Melbourne, 299—Carlyle, 302—Macaulay's criticism of

Gladstone's 'Church and State,' 303—John Stuart Mill, 304—Empson, Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, and Henry Reeve as editors, 304—Dr. Arnold and the 'Oxford Malignants,' 306—Dean Stanley, 307—Mr. Gladstone's extremist policy and the Whig principles of the Review, 308—Irish Land Acts and Home Rule, 310—Liberal Unionism, 311.

Education Bill, The, review of, and of Report of Board of Education, 236—machinery created by the Bill, 237—Act of 1870 and the religious difficulty, 238—Bill of 1876 extending compulsory attendance and free education to voluntary schools, 239—Act of 1897 establishing aid grants to voluntary schools, 240—financial inequality between rate-aided and other schools, 240—Cowper Temple clause concerning religious teaching, 241—Bill of 1902 and its concessions to the voluntary principle, 243—various solutions of the religious difficulty, 244—secularisation of schools in North-West France, 245—the parson no longer sole manager of voluntary schools, 246—secondary schools, 246—'higher elementary' schools in France, 247—technical instruction, 249—evening continuation schools, 250—'block grant' instead of payment by results, 250—Cockerton judgement, 251—age-limit for elementary education, 252—Parliamentary grant for evening schools, 252—new authority to control education, 253—financial arrangements under the Bill, 255—training of teachers, 256.

Egerton, H. E., his book on British Colonial Policy reviewed, 464.

Eighteenth Century, review of M. Emile Faguet's literary studies, 507—Montaigne, 515—Bossuet, 517—religion and patriotism, 518—social problems and economic facts, 521—literature, science, and politics, 522—Hegelian philosophy, 523—De Maistre and Ultramontanism, 524—liberty and democracy, 525—Positivism and Christianity, 527—Liberal Catholicism, 528—socialism, 531—progress of mankind, 532.

Empire, The, and the Colonies, review of books concerning, 464—Colonial Conference and Mr. Chamberlain, 464—schemes of combined Imperial defence, 464—commercial relations with the colonies, 466—preferential tariffs, 467, 469—dread of militarism, 468—military consolidation, 469—Imperial federation, 471, 485—representative government in Cape Colony, 472—Australian Commonwealth Act, 473—protectionist tariffs, 473—Alien Immigration Act and labour question in Queensland, 474—federal Government's postal service and Tasmanian sweepstake business, 475—policy of thrift, Lord Hopetoun's resignation as governor, and delay in choice of site for new Australian capital, 476—federal Supreme Court, 476—jealousy between States, 477—powers of new federal parliament, 478—Canadian federation, 480—stages in evolution of confederation, 482—attempts to federate West India islands, 483—federation in South Africa, 484.

England and Russia during the Nineteenth Century, review of some treaties and conventions, 534—'Edinburgh Review' of 1804 upon alliance between France and Russia, 535—Czar Alexander I.'s friendship for England, 536 — coalition against

Bonaparte, 536—Eastern question, 537—Russian alliance with England after Napoleon's march on Moscow, 539—Turkey as a bone of contention, 539—Duke of Wellington on instability of Ottoman Empire, 541—Mehemet Ali's rebellion in Egypt, 542—Napoleon III. and Czar Nicholas, 543—Anglo-French alliance against Russia, 543—Nesselrode's forecast of Crimean War, 544—Russo-Turkish war, 547—entry of Dardanelles by British fleet, 548—England in Egypt, 549—Central Asia, 552—Persia and Afghanistan, 553—disasters to Russians at Khiva and to English at Khyber Pass, 554—British annexation of Punjab and treaty with Afghan Amir, 555—Russian conquest of Kokand, Bokhara, and Khiva, 556—Indian frontier, 557—Persia's protectors, 559—Merv, 560—second Afghan war, 561—Pamir and Chinese frontier, 563—railway through Asia Minor to Persian Gulf, 564—relations of Russia and England with the Afghan Amir, 565.

English Novel, The, in the Nineteenth Century, review of Mr. W. Raleigh's book concerning, 487—critical opinion in early numbers of 'Edinburgh Review' of some contemporary novels, 487—Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, 488—Jane Austen, 488, 490—Scott, 489—novels with a purpose, from Dickens and Thackeray to Meredith and Hardy, 495—Mrs. Humphry Ward, 497—love scenes indispensable in popular fiction, 498—Stevenson's adventure stories, 499—Joseph Conrad, 499, 500—'Richard Feverel,' 500—treatment of the sex problem in English and French literature, 500—Hewlett, Barrie, Kipling, 503—dramatic fiction, 503—discussions as to method, 504—decadence of the novel, 505.

English Scenery, The Causes of, review of Lord Avebury's book concerning, 97—interchanges of sea and land in prehistoric times, 97, 108—testimony of Ovid and Herodotus to geological exchanges, 98—Niels Steensen's inferences from fossil remains, 99—Byron's idea of immutability of mountain and ocean, 100—effect of atmosphere on aspect of sea-scape, 100—weather forecasts, 101—dramatic diversity of English sky, 102—unpicturesque landscape and its compensations, 103—geological explanation of existing scenery, 105—rivers, 107, 114—measurement of geological time, 110—glacial epoch, 112—why Britannia rules the waves, 113—sea cliffs, 115—influence of animals on scenery, 117.

F.

Faguet, E., some of his books reviewed, 178, 507.

G.

'*German Empire of To-day*,' by 'Veritas,' reviewed, 343.

Government and Trade, review of publications concerning, 343—London pre-eminent as a commercial port, 344—construction of docks, 345—Thames Conservancy, Trinity House, and Watermen's Company, 346—opinion of Royal Commission on decadence of Port of London, 346—inadequacy of present dock accommodation for ocean-going ships, 347—proposed unification of control

under a public Port Authority, 350—natural advantages of London, 351—public ownership of docks and harbours, 351—American Board of Inquiry into 'docks and terminal facilities,' 352—river management in Continental countries, 352—German trade rivalry, 353—British and German consular services compared, 355—nationalisation of railways, 356—subsidies to steamship lines, 357—American shipping 'combine,' 360—Hamburg-American line and North German Lloyd, 360—case for and against subsidies, 362—importance of commercial education, 364.

Grey, Charles, first Earl, review of publications concerning, 408—early years, 409—military training under Wolfe, 410—battle of Minden, 411—battle of Kloster-Kampen, 412—siege of Havana, 413—aide-de-camp to the King, 413—operations against American colonists, 414—battle of Brandywine, 414—surprises General Wayne, 414—defeats Washington at Germantown, 415—night attacks on isolated ports, 415—gives evidence on conduct of American War, 416—defence of Plymouth against French and Spaniards, 417—lieut.-general and Knight of the Bath, 418—defence of dockyards, 418—Pitt's scheme for capture of French West Indies, 419—Sir Charles Grey in command of land forces, 420—capture of Martinique, St. Lucia, and Guadeloupe, 424—negro constabulary organised, 426—fighting with the French in Guadeloupe, 427, 429—yellow fever, 429—false charges levelled against him by West Indian merchants, 429—division of prize-money, 431—Privy Councillor, commander of Southern district, and Governor of Guernsey, 431—created Viscount Howick and Earl Grey, 433—relations with his officers and men, 434.

H.

Harrison, Prof. W., his 'Commonwealth of Australia' reviewed, 464.

Hastings, C., his book on 'The Theatre' reviewed, 178.

Henley, W. E., his 'Lyra Heroica' reviewed, 29.

Hugo, Victor, review of his works, 156—popularity in Paris, 156—Mr. Swinburne's admiration, 156—some defects in his art, 158, 162, 176—love of antithesis, 159—'L'Art d'être Grand-père,' 161—childhood in Spain, 162—first essays in verse, 163—romanticism, 163—lacks Shakespeare's sympathy with human nature, 164—'Notre-Dame,' 166—later novels, 166—'Les Misérables,' 'Travailleurs de la Mer,' 167—poetry the field in which he reigns supreme, 168—excellence of his technique, 170—'Légende des Siècles,' 173—'L'Année terrible,' 176.

Huxley, T. H., his 'Collected Essays' reviewed, 366.

J.

Jenkyns, Sir H., his 'British Rule and Jurisdiction beyond the Seas' reviewed, 464.

Jones, W., his 'Secret History of Whitehall' reviewed, 139.

K

Knight, Prof., his 'Pro Patriâ et Reginâ' reviewed, 29.

L.

Lambert, B., his 'History and Survey of London' reviewed, 139.
Lang, A., his 'Helen of Troy' reviewed, 319.
Langbridge, F., his 'Ballads of the Brave' reviewed, 29.
Law, E., his 'Kensington Palace' reviewed, 139.

M.

Magnússon, E., and *Morris, W.*, their translations of the Völsunga Saga reviewed, 319.

N.

Napier, Macvey, his correspondence reviewed, 275.
Napoleon III. and the Decline and Fall of the Second French Empire, 1—doctrine of nationalities, 2—war with Austria on behalf of Italy, 3—treaty of Villafranca, 4—annexation of Nice and Savoy, 6—Garibaldi's invasion of Papal provinces, 7—vacillating policy with regard to Italy, 8—liberty of speech accorded to the French legislature, 10—responsible ministry demanded, 11—Rouher appointed Minister of State, 12—the Emperor's concealment of his policy from his advisers, 14—barren sympathy for Polish insurrection, 15—Mexican War, 17—Maximilian's fatal expedition, 22—Bismarck secures French neutrality before attacking Austria, 25—military weakness of France, 26—new weapons and altered tactics, 27.

O.

Ollivier, E., his 'L'Empire Libéral' reviewed, 1.

P.

Pacific, The Mastery of the, review of books concerning, 210—expansion of United States in the Pacific, 211—American annexation of the Philippines and its political importance to Great Britain, 211—Filipinos' dislike of work, 213—Chinese labourers, 213—half-breeds and education, 214—American notions of self-government unsuited to the Philippines, 215—Manila as a rival to Hong-Kong, 216—Singapore, 218—Sandakan harbour, in Borneo, 219—P. & O. Company and its competitors, 220—question of subsidies for steamship lines, 221—Kiao-Chau and German trade, 223—possible awakening of China, 225—China and Russia, 227—Australian federation, 228—New Zealand, 229—transcontinental railway between West and South Australia, 230—coloured aliens and labour question, 231—New Guinea, 232—British Columbia, 233—Canada and Pacific trade, 234.
Passos, J. R. dos, his 'Commercial Trusts' reviewed, 343.
Peace in South Africa, review of the agreement as to terms of surrender of the Boers, 260—peace rejoicings and postponed Coronation, 260—racial misunderstandings, 261—British supremacy secured, 262—suspension of Constitution of Cape Colony, 264—preponderance of Dutch among white races in South Africa, 264—terms offered to and accepted by the Boers, 265—Lord Kitchener's appreciation of bravery of defeated burghers, 266—

future of Cape Colony, 267—question of temporary suspension of Cape Constitution, 271.
Phillips, S., his 'Ulysses' reviewed, 84.
Poetry in the Nineteenth Century, review of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's book concerning, 436—Campbell, 438—Crabbe, 439—Coleridge, Scott, 440—Byron, Shelley, 441—Keats, Moore, 443—Wordsworth, 445—Darley, Beddoes, 446—Wells, Landor, 447—Tennyson, 449—Browning, 451—Mrs. Browning, Arnold, 453—Clough, De Vere, Sir H. Taylor, Kingsley, 454—Macaulay, Patmore, 455—Alex. Smith, 456—William Morris, Rossetti, 457—George Eliot, 458—Jean Ingelow, Christina Rossetti, George Meredith, Swinburne, 459—Heber, Barham, Bailey, Fitzgerald, Sir Lewis Morris, Bridges, De Tabley, 461—Newman, Faber, Keble, 462—humorous poets, 462—Watson, Phillips, Kipling, 463.
Pope, J., his 'Memoirs of Sir J. Macdonald' reviewed, 464.

R.

Race Heroines, Three, in Epic Story, review of books concerning, 319—Helen of Troy, 319; problem of her guilt or innocence, 320; compared with Iseult, Cleopatra, and Cressida, 323—Brynhild of the Völsunga Saga, 324; prose version of her story, 326; magic cup of forgetfulness, 328; undeviating affection, 329; death of Sigurd and Brynhild, 331—Sita, heroine of the Rāmāyana, 332; Hindu ideal of womanhood, 332—Draupadi, heroine of the Mahabharata, 334—Sita's marriage to Rama, 335; wanderings with her husband in his banishment, 336; treachery of King Ravan, 337; Rama's search for his stolen wife, 337—Sita, released after fourteen years, incurs the unfounded suspicion of Rama, 338—Sita's fiery ordeal, 339—Rama banishes his wife to the forest, 339—Sita's appeal to Mother Earth to prove her innocence, 340—three ideals of womanhood compared, 341.
Racial Contrasts in Fiction, Some, review of book illustrating, 120—Anglo-Saxon ideal and its American exponents, 120—M. de Coulevain's 'Noblesse Américaine,' 121—differences between American and French races, 122—American womanhood, 123—Father Sheehan's 'Luke Delmege,' 129—conflict of Irish and Anglo-Saxon ideals, 129.
Raleigh, W., his book on the English novel reviewed, 487.
Royal Palaces of London, The, review of books concerning, 139—Whitehall, built by Hubert de Burgh, and afterwards residence of Archbishops of York, 139; Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, 140; Inigo Jones's scheme for rebuilding, 140; execution of Charles I., 141; Charles II.'s court, 141; James II. and William and Mary, 142—St. James's Palace, 143; Hospital of St. James's supplanted by Manor House, 143; Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, 144; Tudors and Stuarts, 144; birth of 'Old Pretender,' 145; George I. and II., 146; George III. and IV. 147—Kensington Palace, bought by William III., 148; Queen Anne, George I., 149; George II., III., and IV., 150; birth of Queen Victoria, 151; Queen Victoria's first council, 151—

Buckingham Palace, from Charles I. till to-day, 152; Gordon riots, 154; rebuilt by George IV., 154; London residence of Queen Victoria and birthplace of King Edward VII., 155.

S.

Sachs, J. von, his 'History of Botany' reviewed, 366.
Scartazzini, G. A., his edition of 'Divina Commedia' reviewed, 84.
Shaw, B., his book on 'Plays' reviewed, 178.
Sheehan, Rev. P. A, his 'Luke Delmege' reviewed, 120.
Sheppard, E., his books on Royal Palaces reviewed, 139.
Smith, Rev. Sydney, his contributions to 'Edinburgh Review,' 275.
Stanley, A., his 'Patriotic Songs' reviewed, 29.

T.

Thomson, H. C., his 'China and the Powers' reviewed, 210.
Todd, A., 'Parliamentary Government in the Colonies' reviewed, 464.
Trevelyan, Sir G., his 'Life of Lord Macaulay' reviewed, 275.

U.

Ulysses, The Last Voyage of, review of books concerning, 84—accretions round original story, 84—what became of him after slaughter of the Suitors? 86—Teiresias's prophecy of mode of his death, 86—Odyssean relics in an Iberian city, 87—fanciful etymology of 'Lisbon' from 'Ulysses,' 88—Ulysses as a Lusitanian colonist, 81—Dante's vision of Ulysses and Diomed united in punishment, 88—Ulysses reveals to Dante the story of his last fateful voyage, 89—Tennyson's version of Dantesque tradition, 93—'Odyssey' completed in 'Divine Comedy,' 96.

W

Wallace, A. R., his 'Darwinism' reviewed, 366.
War and Poetry, review of some poems, songs, and ballads, 29—Hebrew ballad of Jael and Sisera, 31—Homeric and Roman war poems, 32—bards of Norsemen, Danes, Saxons, 32—chivalry and forgiveness of enemies, 33—'Kinmont Willie,' 34—'Brave Lord Willoughby,' 34—sea-ballads of Armada times, 35—Addison's 'Campaign,' 35—'Hearts of Oak,' 36—'Burial of Sir John Moore,' 37—Byron's 'Waterloo' and Campbell's 'Hohenlinden' and other patriotic lyrics, 38—Tennyson's 'Light Brigade,' and Sir Francis Doyle's 'Private of the Buffs,' 40—Sir Alfred Lyall's poems of the Mutiny, 40—songs of American Civil War and Afghan War, 41—South African war sonnets, 42—Sir Harry Smith at Waterloo, 45—Macaulay, 46—poets of young Ireland, 47—Henry Newbolt, 47—Kipling, 48—Tolstoy and other modern writers upon war, 50.
Willyams, Rev. C., his account of campaign in West Indies in 1794 reviewed, 408.

END OF VOL. CXCVI.

Spottiswoode & Co. Ltd., Printers, New-street Square, London.

Edinburgh
REVIEW.

No. 402.

October 1902.

Edinburgh
REVIEW.

No. 402.

October 1902.

Edinburgh
REVIEW.

No. 402.

October 1902.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY

Do not
remove
the card
from this
Pocket.

Acme Library Card Pocket
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File."
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU, Boston

P
Le
E

Edinburgh Review
Vol. 196. July-October, 1902.

60315